Nov. 18, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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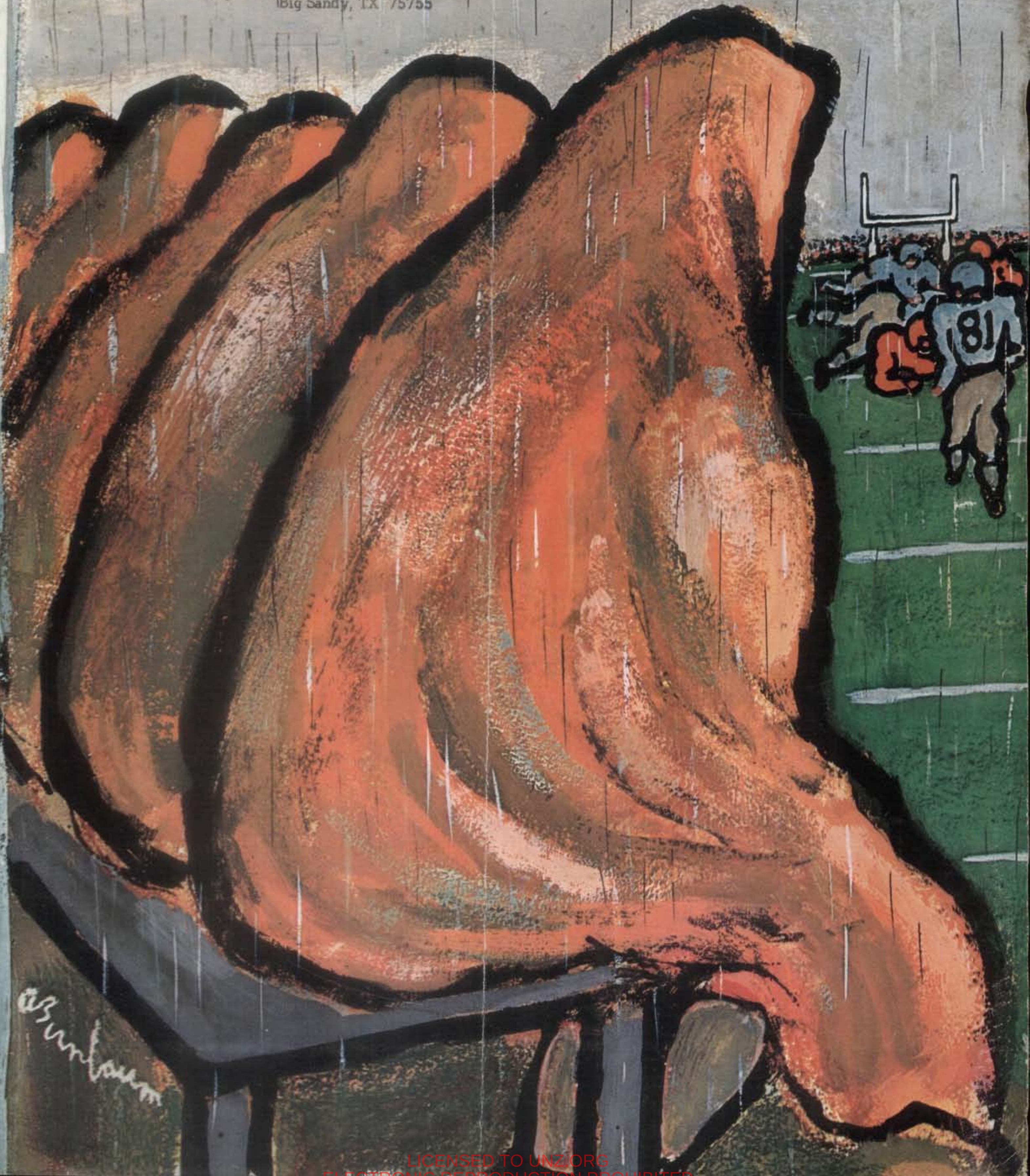

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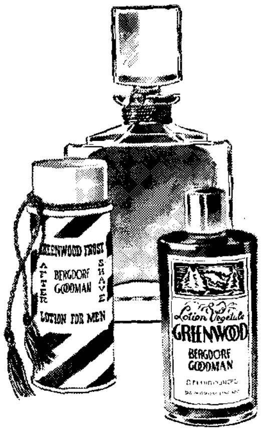

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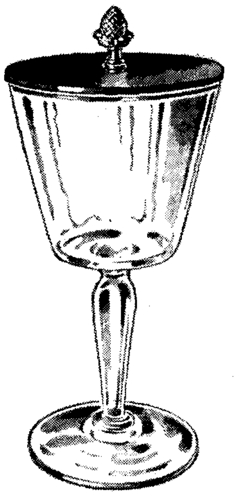

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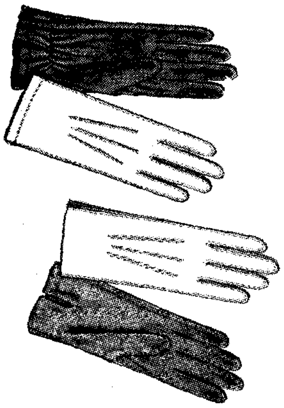

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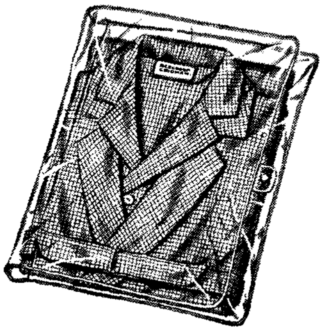

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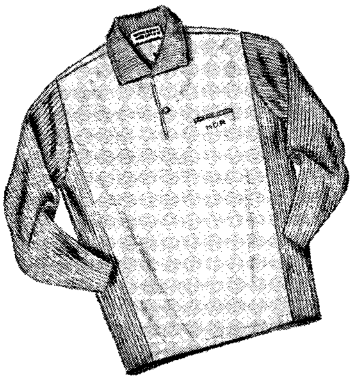

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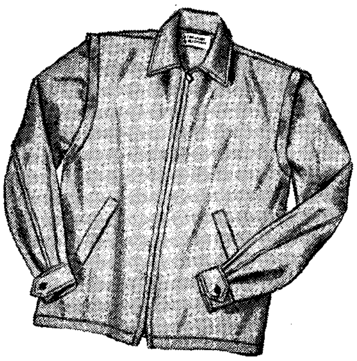

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 23. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BLOOD, SWEAT AND STANLEY POOLE—Most of what goes on in this farce about the peacetime Army has gone on in any number of other farces about the same subject, but Peter Fonda, a new recruit to Broadway, manages to be amusing in a rather amusing part. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE CARETAKER—A moth-eaten tramp moves in on two brothers in London, and the results, whether they are comic or dreadful or puzzling, are consistently fascinating. The playwright is Harold Pinter; the actors are Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, and Alex Davion; and the director is Donald McWhinnie. All of them are English imports of the highest quality. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 19.)

COME BLOW YOUR HORN—Neil Simon's rather weak comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

THE COMPLAISANT LOVER—Graham Greene has created a very funny hotel-bedroom scene to serve as a centerpiece for this comedy about adultery among the British middle classes, but some of his other inventions are not quite so successful. Michael Redgrave, Googie Withers, and Richard Johnson are husband, wife, and lover, respectively, and Gene Wilder, as a valet, and Bert Nelson, as an acquaintance of the husband, are most helpful. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A FAR COUNTRY—Kim Stanley is impressive in this play by Henry Denker, which deals with Freud's first experiment in psychoanalysis, but the element of suspense is sorely lacking. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 25.)

GIDEON—Fredric March and Douglas Campbell make an entertaining team as they go about portraying, respectively, God and Gideon in this Biblical drama by Paddy Chayefsky, but their colloquies are not fascinating enough to hold one's attention through two acts and five scenes. The play was directed by Tyrone Guthrie, who has assembled a strong cast to help the principals along. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

MARY, MARY—Very funny dialogue superimposed on the old theme of an estranged couple who are trying to get back together. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell do this comedy by Jean Kerr proud. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

PURLIE VICTORIOUS—Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee in Mr. Davis's farce about some spirited Negroes and their obsolete white boss on a plantation in Georgia. As a playwright Mr. Davis is uneven, but as an actor he is fine. Miss Dee does some expert clowning as a wide-eyed country girl. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Moves on Monday, Nov. 20, to the Longacre, 48th St., W., CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

A SHOT IN THE DARK—Harry Kurnitz's adaptation of Marcel Achard's "L'Idiote," which turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy maid. The scene is the chambers of an examining magistrate in Paris, and while the question-and-answer business has a lulling effect at times, Julie Harris (the maid), William Shatner (the magistrate), and Walter Matthau and Louise Troy (Miss Harris's employers) are pretty droll when they get a chance. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WRITE ME A MURDER—Frederick Knott's mystery drama gets a good grip on the spectators' interest just often enough to be mildly diverting. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies turn in worthy performances. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

CARNIVAL—The plot of this adaptation of the movie "Lili" is a little slow in getting under way, but once it hits its stride, there are plenty of stimulating doings, including a free-wheeling tent show where everything from puppets to jugglers is on display. Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard give plenty of lift to the proceedings, which were directed by Gower Champion. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

AN EVENING WITH YVES MONTAND—The French minstrel singing assorted ballads with his usual manly charm. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

FROM THE SECOND CITY—A revue from Chicago. The comedy is topical and generally quite lively, although a few of the topics seem just a little dog-eared. The eight Chicagoans in the cast are fresh as paint. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING—Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser, and a couple of other collaborators are responsible for this funny show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world no matter how many people he has to push around on the way up. Robert Morse gives a galvanic performance as this ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is hilarious as the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., which employs Mr. Morse. The comedy also has some diverting performances by Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, Paul Reed, Ruth Kobart, and Sammy Smith. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

KEAN—In the early nineteenth century, Edmund Kean was a king among English entertainers. If he had appeared in anything like this, he would have been deposed. The book is heavy-handed, the music mostly dreary, the dancing ordinary, and the performances dull. Alfred Drake has the unfortunate assignment of representing Kean. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

KWAMINA—Old Africa of the conjuremen vs. New Africa of enlightened youth in a bout that is only fitfully interesting. There are, however, a number of good tunes, by Richard Adler, and a lot of sinewy dances, created by Agnes de Mille. Sally Ann Howes, Brock Peters, Ethel Ayler, and Robert Guillaume line out the tunes with enthusiasm and skill. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LET IT RIDE!—An adaptation of the twenty-five-year-old comedy "Three Men on a Horse" that is nowhere near as lively as the original. George Gobel plays the greeting-card writer who has a knack for picking horses, and Sam Levene and Barbara Nichols make a comical team as a gambler and his doxy. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MILK AND HONEY—Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. Their adventures are hardly enthralling, but there is a lot of boisterous folk dancing by the natives. The book was written by Don Appell, and the music and lyrics—nicely rendered by a cast headed by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon—were created by Jerry Herman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SAIL AWAY—The songs, book, and direction of this only so-so musical are by Noël Coward. Elaine Stritch, Alice Pearce, Patricia Harty, James Hurst, and Grover Dale head the cast, and the setting is a British cruise ship with a cargo of Americans aboard. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CAMELOT: An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. William Squire, Julie Andrews, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly,

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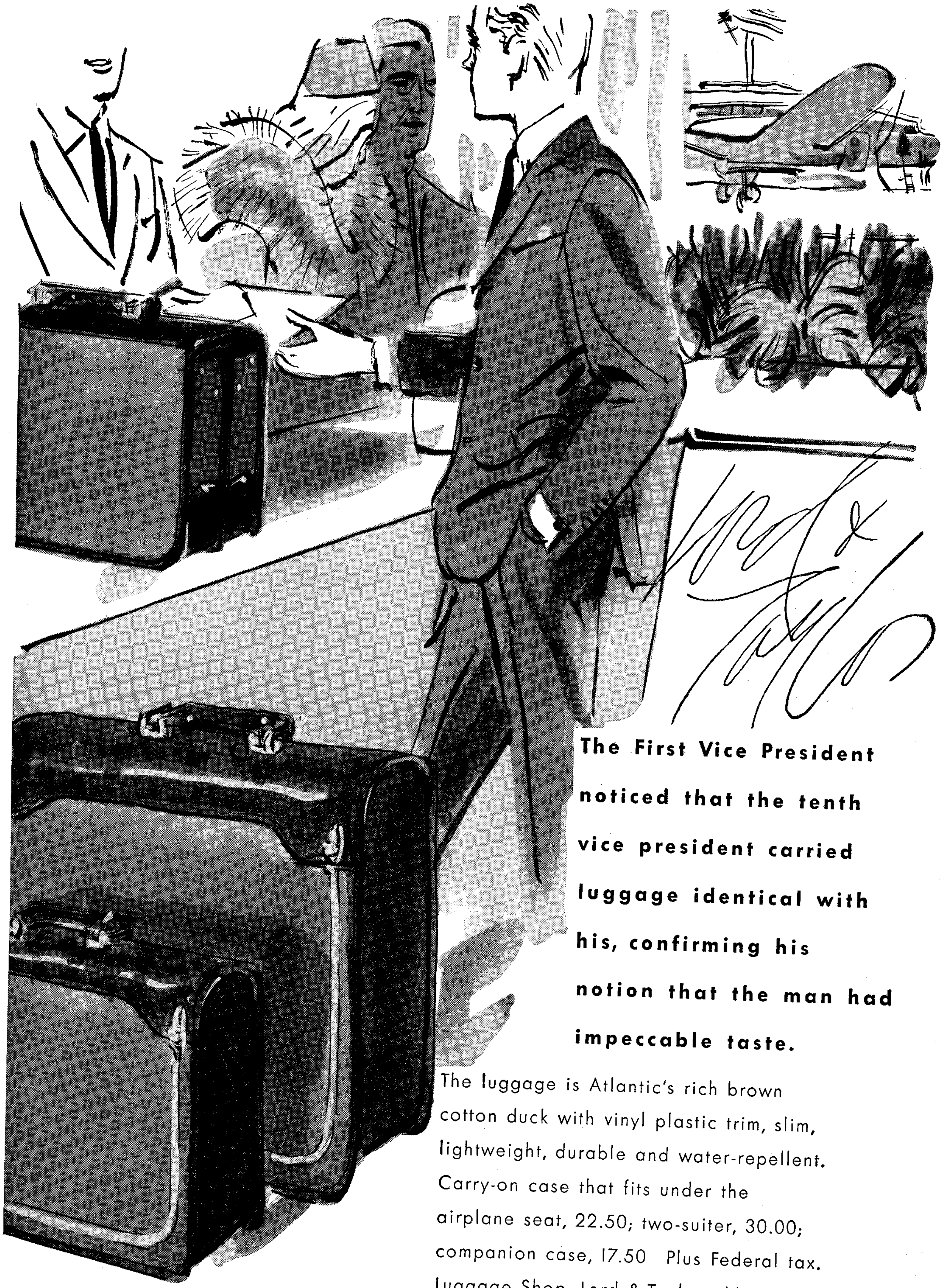

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.) . . . **DO RE MI:** Several underworldly specimens try to horn in on the jukebox business. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker have the leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **IRMA LA DOUCE:** A French item involving some very seamy characters. Elizabeth Seal is Irma. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Martha Wright in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN:** Tammy Grimes as a hoyden from rural Colorado who crashes society at home and abroad. The score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE GAY LIFE—A musical (based on Schnitzler's "The Affairs of Anatol") with a book by Fay and Michael Kanin, lyrics and music by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, and a cast that includes Walter Chiari, Barbara Cook, and Jules Munshin. The producer is Kermit Bloomgarden, the director Gerald Freedman. Opens Saturday, Nov. 18. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:50. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS—A London import, by Robert Bolt, with Paul Scofield, Leo McKern, George Rose, and Albert Dekker. Directed by Noel Willman and produced by Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 22. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

ALL IN LOVE—David Atkinson in a musical based on Sheridan's "The Rivals," with book and lyrics by Bruce Geller and a score by Jacques Urbont. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

THE AMERICAN DREAM and **THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The second play, unfortunately, is more tract than drama. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—Through Sunday, Nov. 19: "Utopia, Limited." . . . ¶ Starting Thursday, Nov. 23: "The Vagabond King." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Thursdays, except Nov. 23, through Sundays at 8:40; Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

THE AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD—A play by Fernando Arrabal imported from Paris and translated by Richard Howard. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

THE BALCONY—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is gaudy rather than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

BELLA—A musical with a book by Tom O'Malley and Lance Barklie, lyrics by Mr. O'Malley, and a score by Jane Douglass. Opens Thursday, Nov. 16. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE BLACKS—More Jean Genêt. This time we are ferried, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

CLANDESTINE ON THE MORNING LINE—Rosetta LeNoire, James Earl Jones, and Shauneille Perry head the generally lively cast of this slight, sentimental comedy about the carryings-on in a restaurant in the Negro district of an unnamed city. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE CONNECTION—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 8:30, Saturdays at 10:30, and Sundays at 2:40.)

DIFF'RENT—Marian Seldes in the Eugene O'Neill drama. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-3646. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:45.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

GHOSTS—Ibsen's ideas and the character of Mrs. Alving are as good as new, but some of the dramatic machinery has rusted a bit over the past eighty years. Leueen MacGrath, as Mrs. A., heads a good cast. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

IN THE JUNGLE OF CITIES—This 1922 Bertolt Brecht play, concerning a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

MANY LOVES—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays, except Nov. 21, and Sundays at 8:30.)

MISALLIANCE—Philip Minor, who directed this revival of Shaw's comedy, rates high marks for its breeziness and clarity. The actors do well, too, especially Donald Moffat, as Mr. Tarleton; Lidia Prochnicka, as the Polish acrobat who drops in on his house party; and Emery Battis, as Lord Summerhays. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—President McKinley liked it. In the cast are Marion Brash and Rome Smith. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

2 BY SAROYAN—"Talking to You" and "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning" are the one-act plays that make up the pair. The first is a murky, brooding fable. The second, as nutty and jolly as a Christmas party, is first-class Saroyan—or at least James Broderick and several other members of a generally good cast persuade us that it is. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

NOTE—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

DANCE PROGRAMS

MAZOWSZE—A company of a hundred Polish folk dancers and singers, with a symphony orchestra, appearing here for the first time. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Dec. 3.)

BAYANIHAN PHILIPPINE DANCE COMPANY—Two performances, the evening one for the benefit of the American Field Service. (Metropolitan Opera House, Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3; for tickets, call JU 2-4090. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 8:30; for tickets, call MU 9-1780.)

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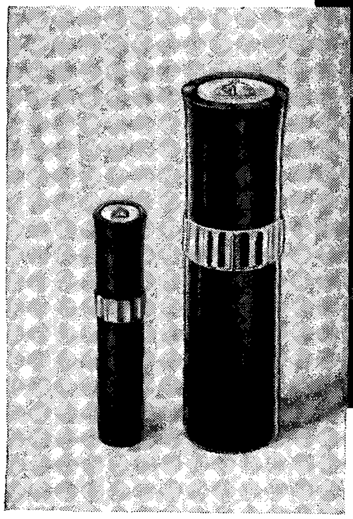

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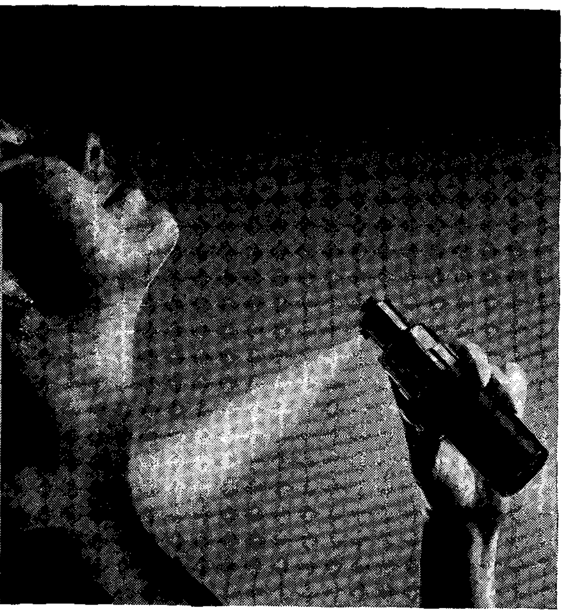

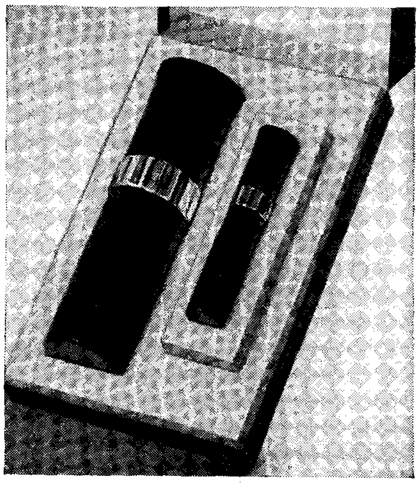

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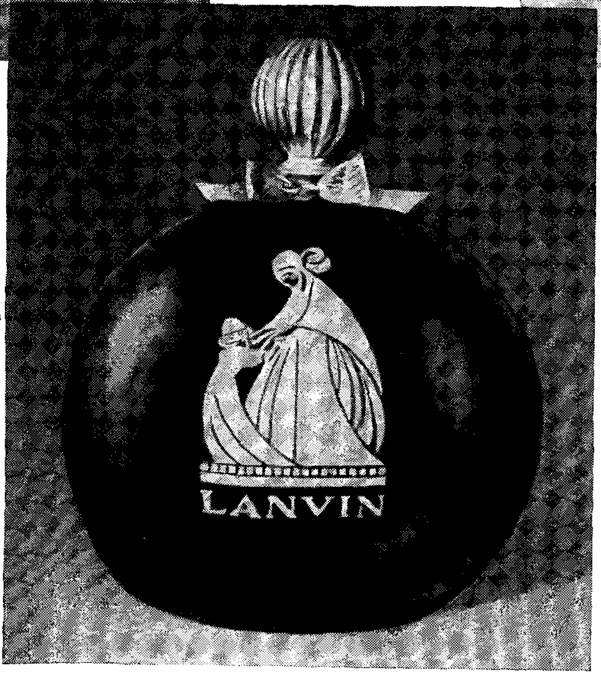

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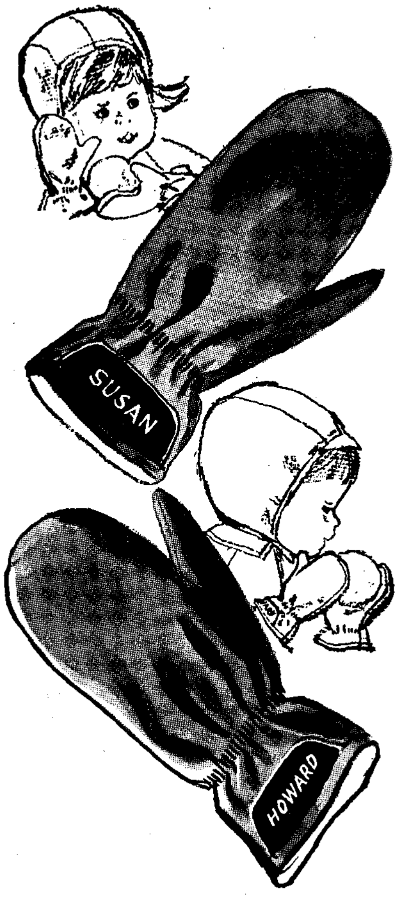

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

South. Among them will be Pearl Primus, Percival Borde, Jean Léon Destiné, Diahann Carroll, Olatunji, and Cannonball Adderley. Early arrivals can wander through an exhibit of African arts and crafts set up in a reproduction of an African village. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8 and 11; Saturday, Nov. 25, at 3:30, 8, and 11; and Sunday, Nov. 26, at 5 and 9. For tickets, call PL 7-1197.)

Paul Taylor—With his dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 8:40. For tickets, call IN 1-6299.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A new housing project (no transients) that offers de-luxe accommodations, such as wine with every course. Freddy Alonso's and Joe D'Orsi's dance bands keep up a permanent chatter.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Sunday, Nov. 19, is the last night for "Steppin' in Society," a revue that often makes the Cotillion Room a sadder but not a wiser place. Pat Bright and Jack Haskell are the best known of the inmates. On Tuesday, Nov. 21, a revue christened "Sounds of Love" will take over. The news that Fay De Witt and Wilbur Evans are involved is encouraging. Once at dinner and once at supper is the regimen for both occurrences, and in between Stanley Melba's orchestra and a trio do tons of dance music. Closed Mondays.... ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's minuscule group of musicians offers invitations to the dance all week long.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The chef's special in the Persian Room is Diahann Carroll, and the recipe (which appears to be a secret to the world of girl singers) makes her quite a dish. Emil Coleman's big dance band, which can lay great emphasis, and Mark Monte's set of eager beavers look after the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Tea-for-two piano, whose author is Kurt Maier, is performed in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and reprised in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine.... ¶ The pomp-and-circumstance Rendez-Vous is a playground for the small dance bands of Charles Holden and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—There's dancing in the Grill every evening but Sunday to the seventeen-man band of Si Zentner, an out-of-town squadron that is on an interesting sugar-and-Ellington diet.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The dinner and supper recitals in the Maisonette by Colette Renard, the night-blooming flower of the original, or Paris, "Irma la Douce," come to an end on Wednesday, Nov. 22. Next evening's arrival will be Jean Sablon, whose songs are all reminders of the Parisian age of elegance. At other times, these stately walls ring gently to the whirligig breathings of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba swizzlers. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—After eight-thirty, the noble Columns offers sailing along on Moonlight Bay (which in this case could easily be the Bay of Naples) to the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's circumspect orchestra and a small Latin class. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite arias in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tomorrow-we-fly set, which is definitely not open stock, infiltrates the Embassy Club (where Lazaro Quintero's orchestra speaks with a Latin accent, when the alternating trio is not being as American as blueberry pie, from eight-thirty until two) and the Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi's violin begins a vigil at eight). Both arenas are closed on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—People who don't believe what they hear about night life in Las Vegas and Miami will find the Empire Room a convenient check point, for Sophie Tucker is now being bold as brass in song and story at the dinner and supper hours. Milt Shaw's and Emery Deutsch's orchestras play for the guests' getting-up exercises. Closed Sundays.

Note—Anyone wishing to view or become wholly involved in the twist, a virus for which there is no known cure, may as well repair (in the circumstances, the *mot juste*) to the **PEPPERMINT LOUNGE**, 128 W. 45th St. (CI 5-9363), where Joey Dee's band and the Starlighters are in session every night, or the **CAMELOT**, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135), where Alan Freed, a dismounted disc jockey, will have two bands on the range seven days a week, which includes a one-o'clock Sunday matinée. The next building to fall before the termites will be the **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310), where a brace of Kansas twisters will strike up their bands on Monday, Nov. 20.

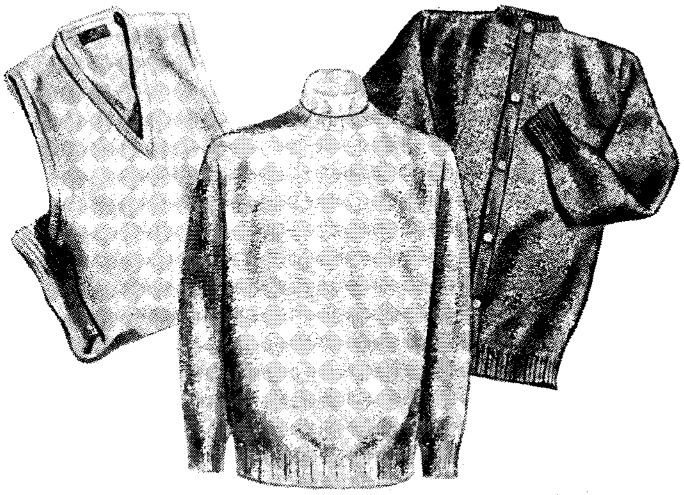
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder at bar and table. Budd Gregg's piano, which gets under way at eight, sets the pace. The Plush Room, a cosy afterthought to the rear, opens at ten-thirty, when Gwen Bari, a girl who's decided to take up singing, goes to work on her ballads. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Dear old golden school-of-life days. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight, and from then on Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders share the evening stint—lovelorn single and strike-me-pink double piano. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini, Leoncavallo, and the rest of their mob dined here and wrote down tunes on the tablecloth, which is now ensconced on the music rack. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. The resolute little opera company goes through hell and high water, Italian division, every night, and Mr. B.'s dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The patter of tiny feet, all of them imported from Seville, is setting innumerable stamps of disapproval on everything that's wrong with life and love life. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Cast out the moat in the eye of the beholder as he crosses the drawbridge into this toyland, and you have an up-to-date restaurant, whose tables are circumnavigated by Norbert Faconi's Casanova violin every night but Sunday.... **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol, staffed by a chef who believes that calories can be fun, by Hermann Primus's zither from six to ten, and thereafter by Greta Keller, whose chatelaine manner and indigenous songs thrive mightily in the mountain air. No music Sundays. ... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Midsummer nights in a long-lost but awfully happy Budapest, where silence is a vacuum abhorred by the tenor of Tibor Rakossy and the deeper voicing of fiddles and zimbalons. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Some of the pleasantries, done in oil, are on the walls of this art gallery; the rest, on display after ten, happen on the bandstand. Danny Apolinar, who turns his sharp tongue on the clichés of the pop singers, removes himself and his trio on Saturday, Nov. 18, and Nikki Price, a pleasant surprise of a newly born soprano, departs the same night. On Monday, Nov. 20, another crew, including Andy Hamon (a tenor in the best romantic manner), sets up shop. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A seat of the mighty, and suitably upholstered. The Cinzano-with-lemon-peel is interlaced, between eight-thirty and maybe two, with the piano of George Feyer, which is all Venetian glass. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Somewhere within a forest of Moorish arches and columns is a piano that's casually stroked by Conrad Monjoy. In addition, on Fridays and Saturdays, Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing from ten until one. No music Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarterdeck of the ship-of-state bar sits a piano that is addressed respectfully from time to time, between cocktails and one, by Victor del Monte. No music Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A good deal of this particular Vienna is simply travelogue. Its saving grace is the guilelessness with which its song and instrumental music are set forth. Monica Boyár, a far cry from Vienna (the Dominican Republic, specifically), is the major caroller. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Appian as the day—or, rather, the night—is long. Up and down the Way wanders a stream of earnest violinists belonging to Herman Honigsberg, often trailed (at a respectful distance) by accordions. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The eighth hill of a famous city on the Tiber. The music, which (like the cuisine) is wholly regional, comes from a closely knit group of melodists who operate from six until two. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The vast acreage embraced by the Casino-on-the-Park offers, between cocktails and supper, piano by Steven Weltner, a judicious mixture of sentiment and science. His night off is Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hard-core but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A quartet of flamenco singers and dancers show up now and then to blow their little Spanish tops. The rest of the time, a piano muses in a corner. No flamenco on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Fasts can be broken here from six in the evening until one in elaborate surroundings, and often to the tune of Marty Berns' warmhearted piano. No music Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A South Sea Islands resort where one cannot help suspecting that half the lovely indigenes are vacationing airline hostesses. The proper stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through supper every night of the week; Jorge Rios, the pianist, guitarist, and singer in the bar, fries other fish on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX,** 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): In the commissary of the St. Moritz, Jimmy Lyons' trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are the sidemen) is making its eloquent *Nachtmusik* from dinner until well after the theatre every night but Monday, as well as at a Sunday preamble from two to eight.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Thirty or forty splendid sisters under the skin, which is just about all they wear, take part in the immense new pageant that winds its luxurious and leisured way across the stage, accompanied by Rafael de Cordova's breathless young ballet troupe, the Wallendas' dizzying aerial ballet, the mummery of the Arnaut Brothers, and lots and lots of well-choreographed flummery. Danc-



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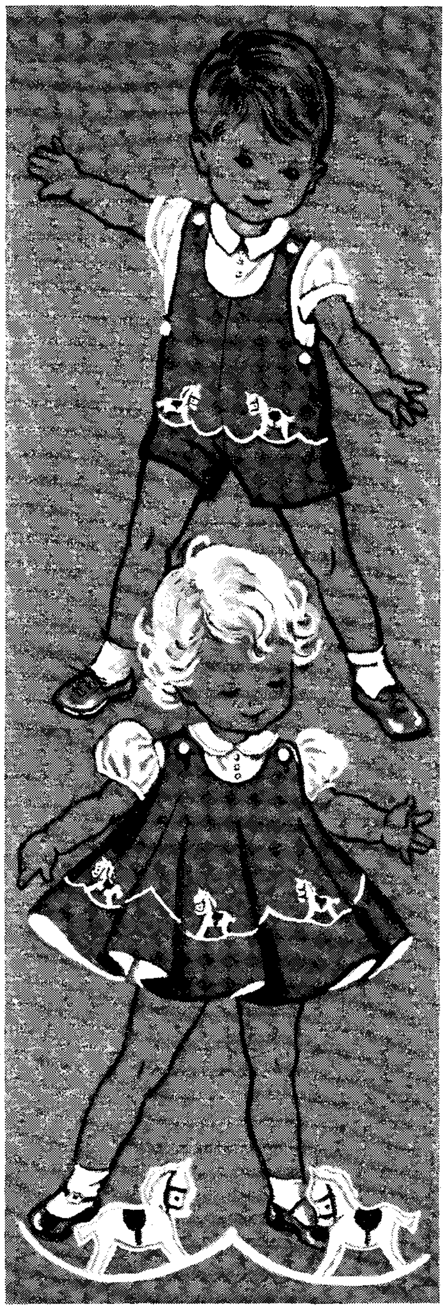

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The private life of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme is being fully explained, along with enough songs to make it into a musical, by the hero and heroine. Eight lovely handmaidens do their choreography in look-Ma-I'm-dancing fashion. The onlookers are also permitted the use of the floor.

SUPPER CLUBS

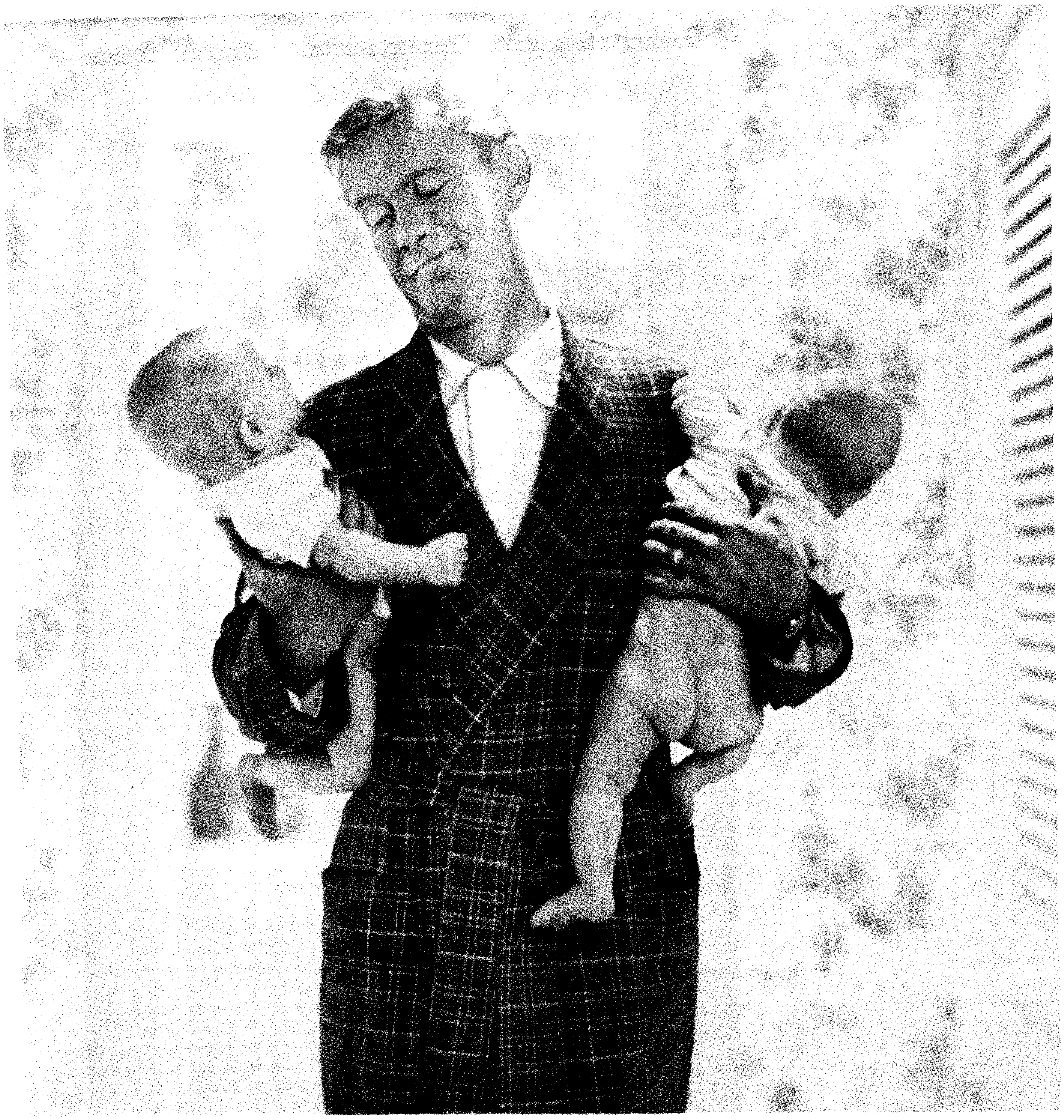
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The often very funny things that happen every day to Pat Harrington, Jr., on his way to Lindy's. This bumper-to-bumper crop of Arabian Nights' tales is supplemented by the antics of Barbara Heller, a humorist who's been rather scarce in this town. The piano of Otis Clements anoints the interludes.... ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's cocktail and dinnertime piano, which is *mis en bouteille au château*, takes place every night but Sunday. After ten-thirty, this glade is the exclusive property of Bobby Short, his piano, and his catnip ballads. He stays home Saturdays so that he can do a Sunday matinée from five to eight.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's newest report to the nation, the revue known as "Seven Come Eleven," covers a multitude of sins, human and inhuman, in the course of a remarkably merry ninety-minute catechism. The chief crusaders are two long-term inhabitants of the Monk household (Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson); they're assisted by two former Yalies (Rex Robbins and Philip Bruns) and two recent graduates of "Do Re Mi" (Donna Sanders and Steve Roland). It goes on at nine-fifteen and midnight. William Roy and Carl Norman are the life-giving piano accompaniment. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dressed to the Nines" is Julius Monk's left hand, which knows perfectly well what his right hand is doing. This smaller revue, now a year old but still young in spirit, happens twice a night, too, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. The central heating is the work of a girl pinwheel named Freddie Weber; the touch of Venus is the work of a fawn named Lovelady Powell; the efficient male hustle-and-bustle comes from Jim Sheridan and Pat Fox. Double piano is set forth by Robert Colston and Robert Milrad betweentimes, and this music begins around nine. Closed Sundays.... **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): It looks like any of a dozen Village *boites*, but it happens to house Phil Leeds, with his personally conducted tour through the picturesque byways of his mind, and Felicia Sanders, whose skillful voice can at times almost overwhelm audience and song alike. Closed Mondays.... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): A handsome bid to recolonize these United States, done with aplomb and majesty (Queen Victoria, at a guess). The bait is comprised, *inter alia*, of shepherd's pie, Bass's ale, wondrous stage sets, a noble master of ceremonies (the name is Fred Stone), and a variety show (Victorian again) that is sometimes sprightly, sometimes a part of the British Empire the sun might just as well have set on. The cast is ten members of the London Players Theatre. They appear at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays, and at seven and ten on Sundays. Closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, the perpetual Boys' Town of Spain, are melting butter in their mouths whenever they stop marching and countermarching long enough to snare an aria. The dancing of the customers, which is practically compulsory when the band really warms up, is an extra dividend.... ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's tense voice does flamenco songs so persuasive that half the audience joins in.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Max Kaminsky's band, still clinging to tradition, is busy letting freedom and the welkin ring simultaneously. Bob Wilber is part of the troupe, and so is Mr. Condon. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Great minds at work; namely, Thelonious Monk's abstract thinking at the head of his quartet, and the vigorous ratiocinations of Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer at the head of their quintet. On Tuesday, Nov. 21, a distinct change of pace is due: Clara Ward's Gospel Singers, in place of the Terry-Brookmeyer bonfire. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Peggy Lee, at times *la belle dame sans merci* and at times a mourning dove, sings with such intensity and purpose that for once all other tongues in this vast music hall are silent. The big Quincy Jones band is her boon companion. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): A survivor on a street that has fainted almost dead away. Here Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Garvin Bushell—are carrying on in blampety-blamp style the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Johnny Windhurst and his Sheridan Squares—Cutty Cutshall and Cliff Leeman are two of them—are upholding the faith of our forefathers with great emphasis. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The quintet of Cecil Taylor, whose piano can suggest the throes of Earth in the process of creation, is setting forth its views of the new music with a stereopticon that requires four-dimensional lenses. The Taylors lay off Tuesdays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): What comes from the carefully thought-out Don Shirley trio, which is inside the oval bar every night but Monday, is practically *risorgimento* jazz. Frances Thompson, who does the intermission piano, gives an excellent account of herself, too.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Cacophony and tympani vs. euphony, which comes in a poor third. Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins head up one quintet of roustabouts, and Cozy Cole heads up another. On Friday, Nov. 17, Gene Krupa's quartet and Charlie Shavers' foursome will take over the firing line. Sundays are devoted to other musicians.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Stan Getz will extract his final *bel-canto* phrase from his horn on Wednesday, Nov. 22, which (naturally) is closing night for his foursome. The quintet owned by Eddie Davis and Johnny Griffin exits the same evening. A day later, Maynard Ferguson's screaming meemies and Junior Mance's happy breakneck trio will check in. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' quartet is apt to shoot before it even sees the whites of the customers' eyes; Harold Quinn's trio takes things more philosophically. On Monday, Nov. 20, Red Allen's blast-furnace foursome succeeds the Jones boys. Sundays are potluck bouts between extra hands.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Chris Connor's voice is rewriting the nation's songs to suit its own free fancy, and Herbie Mann's Wild West Indian raiding party is engrossed in any number of tom-toms. Les McCann's trio will replace the Mann act on Tuesday, Nov. 21. Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 23-26, Stan Getz's quartet will also be there. Mondays are devoted to jam sessions by visiting musicians.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Not much further out of town than the music it affords. Toshiko Akiyoshi's piano and Charlie Mariano's horn invent good new-school dialogue with which to embellish their quartet. Closed Mondays.... **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): This academy of the fine arts, redecorated during its long vacation, is now the sounding board for the quartet of Sonny Rollins, who has also had quite a holiday. Ray Bryant's terse, close-coupled trio is the group's agile



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sparring partner. On Tuesday, Nov. 21, the Bryants will give way to the Jazztet, a worthy endeavor in which Art Farmer and Benny Golson still take part. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A manual for the instruction of the young in the ways of traditional thinking and playing. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, the crew of instructors should include Wild Bill Davison, George Wettling, Buster Bailey, Cliff Jackson, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, and Panama Francis's band, which does the twist. Dancing, too—on the ceiling, probably.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

FERNANDEZ ARMAN—Montages; through Dec. 5. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JULIUS BISSIER—Abstract paintings by a contemporary German artist; through Dec. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

AARON BOHROD—Trompe-l'oeil paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

ANTOINE BOURDELLE (1861-1929)—Sculptures and drawings by the French artist; through Dec. 16. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

JOHN BRATBY—Paintings by a young English artist, a member of the "kitchen-sink" school; through Dec. 2. (Crystal, 54 E. 58th St.)

NICOLAS CARONE—Paintings by an artist of the New York School; through Dec. 2. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CARMEN CICERO—Abstract drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

ALAN DAVIE—A contemporary British painter allied with the Abstract Expressionist School; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

MAX ERNST—Paintings, collages, and other works, from 1919 to 1960; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Large abstractions; through Dec. 2. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Fluent, colorful Abstract Impressionist paintings; through Dec. 2. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

ELISABETH FRINK—Semi-abstract sculptures of figures and animals by a young English artist; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ—Welded-metal sculptures by one of the pioneer Spanish constructivists, who died in 1942; through Dec. 2. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

CARL HOLTY—Abstractions; through Dec. 2. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

KAETHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945)—Sketches, finished drawings, and prints; through Dec. 9. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

ANATOL KOVARSKY—Monoprints (birds and beasts and a few heads) by an artist whose work has often appeared in this magazine; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Price, 3 E. 63rd St. Weekdays, 1 to 6. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

MICHAEL LEKAKIS—Abstract wood sculptures, large in scale; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

TOM LINEHAN—Collages and paintings; through Thursday, Nov. 23. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—A fifty-year retrospective of sculptures (predominantly bronze), ranging from early Cubist works to later pieces on mythological, musical, and religious themes; through Dec. 9. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PEPPINO MANGRAVITE—Semi-abstract oils; through Dec. 9. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

CONRAD MARCA-RELLI—Abstract oil and canvas collages; through Dec. 2. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Paintings and ceramics; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CARL MORRIS—Oils and sumi-ink drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ELIE NADELMAN (1882-1946)—Drawings; through Dec. 2. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

JERRY OKIMOTO—Abstractions; through Dec. 2. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

PICASSO—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

JOHN PIPER—Landscapes, mostly, in oil, water color, and gouache, by a well-known British artist; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—More of his concoctions in paint, construction, and collage; through Dec. 2. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD REDER—A retrospective of drawings and prints; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

KAY SAGE—Collages and other works; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

ALFRED SISLEY—A loan exhibition of paintings (1866-94) by the French Impressionist; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

RAPHAEL SOYER—Early (1921-41) drawings and water colors; through Dec. 7. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5.)

HEDDA STERNE—Abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Polychrome sculptures; through Friday, Nov. 24. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

AUGUSTO TORRÈS—Wood constructions and paintings by the son of the late Uruguayan artist Joaquim Torrès-Garcia. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 5. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JO WARNER AND ART BRENNER—Abstract paintings; through Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

CINCINNATI COLLECTS—Seventy paintings, drawings, and sculptures by American and European twentieth-century masters, ranging from Afro to Zorach, collected during the last three decades by Cincinnatians. For the benefit of the Endowment Fund of the Cincinnati Contemporary Arts Center. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

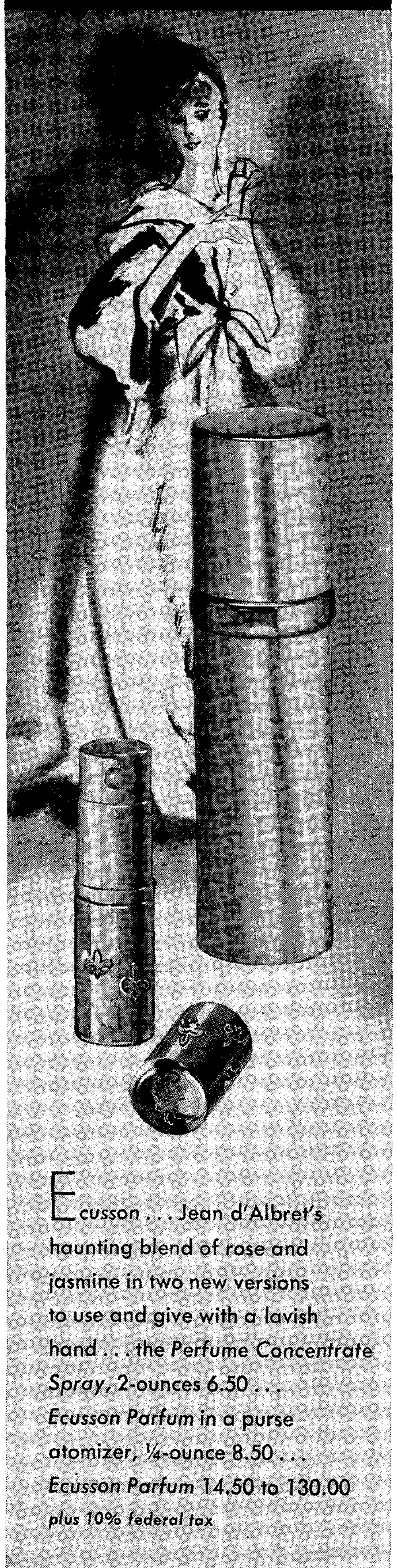
AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The forty-eighth annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America. The prize-winners include Umberto Romano, Ivan Olinsky, and Anthony de Francisci. Through Sunday, Nov. 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **TERRAIN,** 20 W. 16th St.: Nell Blaine, Charles Cajori, and Richard Stankiewicz are among the participants in a showing of paintings and sculptures called "Art As Gaiety;" through Dec. 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 6; Thursday evenings, 8 to 11.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—"Contemporary Trends," an exhibit of paintings by, among others, Pollock, de Kooning, Appel, and Tàpies; through Dec. 16. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: "Representational Italian Art Today," an exhibition chiefly of paintings, by (for instance) Renato Guttuso, Bruno Caruso, and Ausonio Tanda; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Dubuffet, Giacometti, Bonnard, and other painters and sculptors; through Dec. 2. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by such French artists as Vivin, Peyronnet, and Utrillo; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"101 Masterpieces of American Primitive Painting from the Collection of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch," an exhibition of pictures (portraits, historical subjects, sporting scenes, landscapes, and so on) dating from the early eighteenth through



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the nineteenth century, half of them by anonymous artists; starting Friday, Nov. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A showing of about forty of the large-scale cut-and-pasted gouaches (nudes, dancers, leaves, and flowers) to which Henri Matisse devoted his last years; through Dec. 3.... ¶ Twelve stained-glass windows (symbolizing the Twelve Tribes of Israel), along with preliminary sketches for them, designed and executed by Marc Chagall for a synagogue in the new *Hadassah-Hebrew* Medical Center, near Jerusalem; starting Sunday, Nov. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Nude in American Painting," a survey of eighteenth- to twentieth-century pictures, on loan from museums and private collections, by artists ranging from James Peale and Samuel Morse to Jack Levine and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through Dec. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of about fifty paintings by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, Francesco Guardi, Sebastiano Ricci, and other eighteenth-century Venetian artists; through Dec. 16. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Jackson Pollock, Alfred Leslie, Sam Francis, and others are on view in the show, "American Abstract Expressionists and Imagists, 1961;" through Dec. 31.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures by Chryssa, a young Greek artist; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-first annual of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Some of the exhibitors are Morris Kantor, William Kienbush, and Rhys Caparn. Through Dec. 10. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The thirtieth anniversary of the opening of the Museum is being celebrated by an exhibition and the publication of a book, both called "American Art of Our Century." The exhibition contains a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's collection, arranged in chronological order from 1900 to 1960. Through Dec. 10. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "Aïda," with Galina Vishnevskaya, Irene Dalis, Kurt Baum, Anselmo Colzani, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 17: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Nell Rankin, Karl Liebl, Randolph Symonette, and Ernst Wiemann.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 18: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Anna Moffo, Helen Vanni, Nicolai Gedda, and George London.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Daniele Barioni, Lorenzo Testi, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 20: "Tosca," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, and George London.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 21: "Madame Butterfly," with Leontyne Price, Margaret Roggero, William Olvis, and Clifford Harvuot.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 22: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Teresa Stitch-Randall, Rosalind Elias, Roberta Peters, Charles Anthony, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 23: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Sandor Konya, and Anselmo Colzani.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 24:

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"La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Dino Formichini, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 25: "Aïda," with Galina Vishnevskaya, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Anselmo Colzani, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 25: "La Périchole" (in English), with Anna Moffo, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Alessio De Paolis. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Paul Paray conducting on Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 17, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3 (all with Fou Ts'Ong, piano). . . . ¶ Josef Krips conducting on Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 24, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 26, at 3 (all with Shura Cherkassky, piano).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:15.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 20, at 8:40.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Karl Boehm conducting the last in a series of concerts, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Eastman Wind Ensemble—Frederick Fennell conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Anna Xydis—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Johnny Mathis—Pop singer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Henri Honegger—Cello. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 5:30.)

Frank Glazer—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—The first two in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 17, and Friday, Nov. 24, both at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

International Society for Contemporary Music—A program of works by Arnold Schoenberg, performed by, among others, Matthew Raimondi, violin; Edward Steuermann, piano; and the Gramercy Chamber Ensemble. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff—Duo piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—The Lenox Quartet, in a program of contemporary chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3 and 9.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in two in a series of ten recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, and Friday, Nov. 24, both at 8:40.)

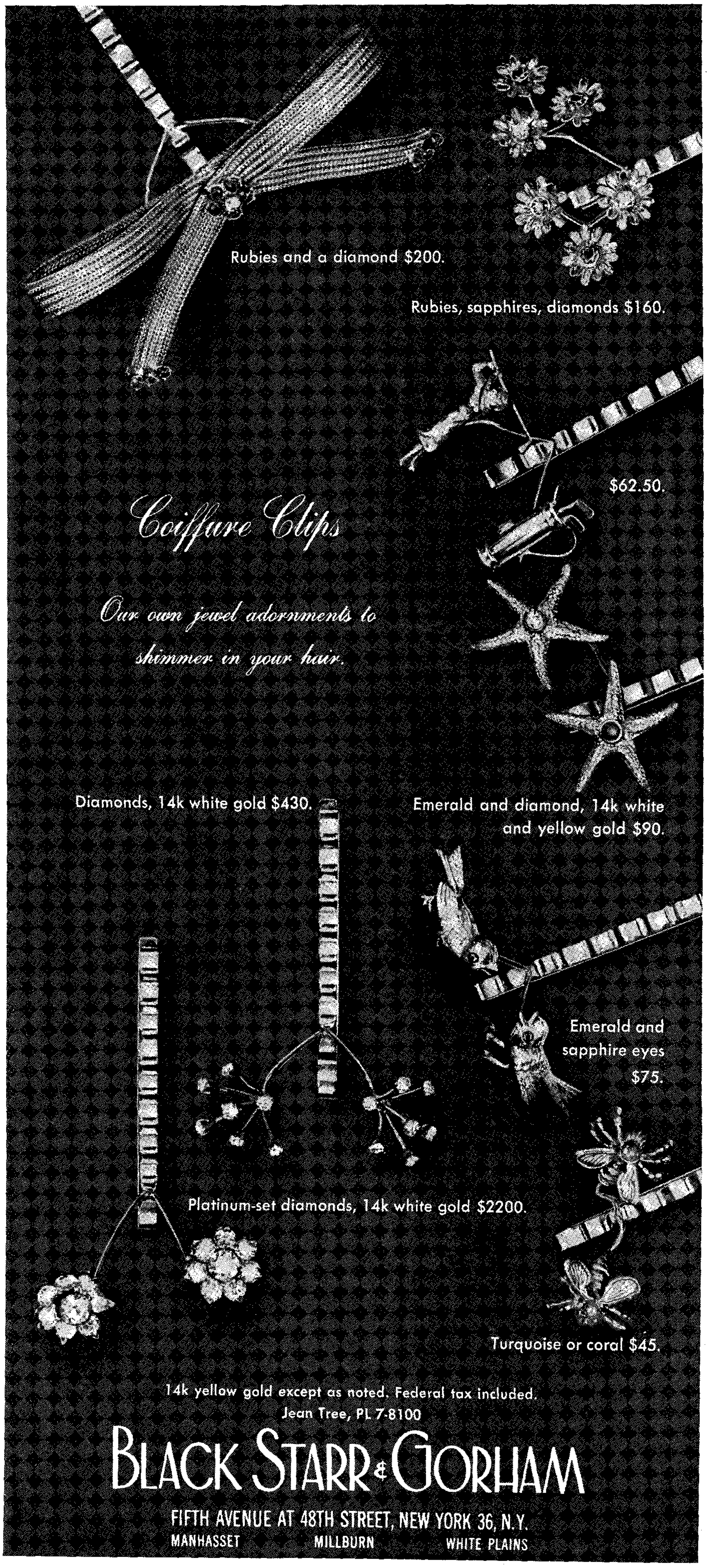
Gabriel Banat—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Wilson Coker, Edward MacDowell, and Donald Lybbert, performed by the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble; Josephine Caruso, piano; Evangeline Marko, cello; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, playing Bach's "Goldberg Variations." The last in a series of recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Gold and Fizdale—Duo piano, with Lois Marshall, soprano; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; and William Warfield, baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Hunter Col-



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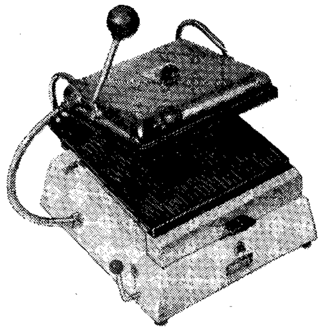

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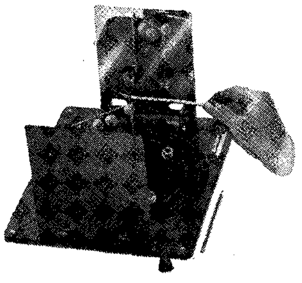

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lege Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

SABICAS—Flamenco guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Beaux Arts Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 26, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 20, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERT—Mary Curtis-Verna, Claramae Turner, Kurt Baum, Gabor Carelli, Ezio Flagello, and others. A benefit for the Italian Hospital. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3:30. For tickets, call MO 2-1000.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 17, at 9: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 7: Los Angeles vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 24, at 9: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 18: Carlos Ortiz vs. Paolo Rosi, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25: Farid Salim vs. Yama Bahama, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 18: Army vs. University of Oklahoma, at Yankee Stadium, at 2. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Virginia, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . THANKSGIVING DAY: Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 11. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 25: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2:05.) . . . POLO GROUNDS: Titans vs. Buffalo Bills. (Thanksgiving Day at 11.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 19, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 25-26.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at noon; through Thursday, Nov. 30. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 18; the Firenze Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 23; and the Display Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 25.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:50 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE—The thirty-fifth annual children's treat—fairy-tale floats, giant balloons, bands, dancers, and clowns. Starts at 9:15 A.M., at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 10:20.

CONCERT—Thomas Dunn conducting the Festi-

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val Orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 3. Children under eight not admitted; adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **AMERICAN THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Inside Out Adventure." (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Saturdays at 1 and 3.)... **CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS:** "The Witch That Wasn't." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays at 1 and 3.)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "Cinderella," Saturday, Nov. 18....¶"Peter and the Wolf," Saturday, Nov. 25. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Willie Tree." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Coppélia." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)...¶"Snow White." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:30.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Friday, Nov. 24, at 11.) ... **GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE:** "Cinderella." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Man in Space," explores the problems of putting a man into orbit and getting him safely back to earth; through Dec. 4. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 24, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 24, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.)...¶Every night except Monday and Thanksgiving Day, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 24, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

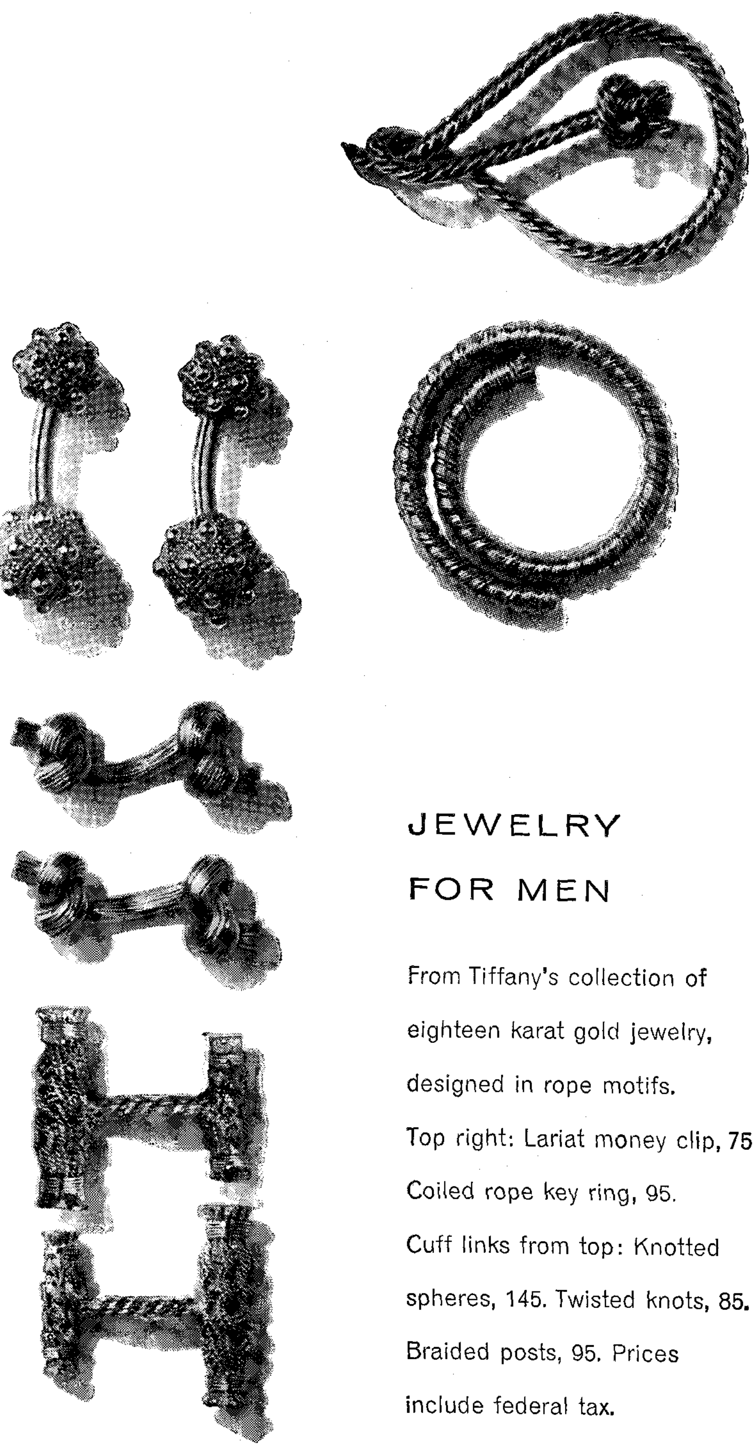
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—T. S. Eliot reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

FLOWER SHOW—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30; through Nov. 30.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—The five-cent imperforate issue of 1909, the Alaska-Yukon and Hudson-Fulton issues, complete sheets of the Graf Zeppelin issues, and other philatelic delights in over a hundred exhibits. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 19, from 2 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture and bronze *doré*, paintings and drawings, sculptures, porcelains, silver, tapestries and rugs; from the collection of the late Countess Sala.



JEWELRY
FOR MEN

From Tiffany's collection of eighteen karat gold jewelry, designed in rope motifs.

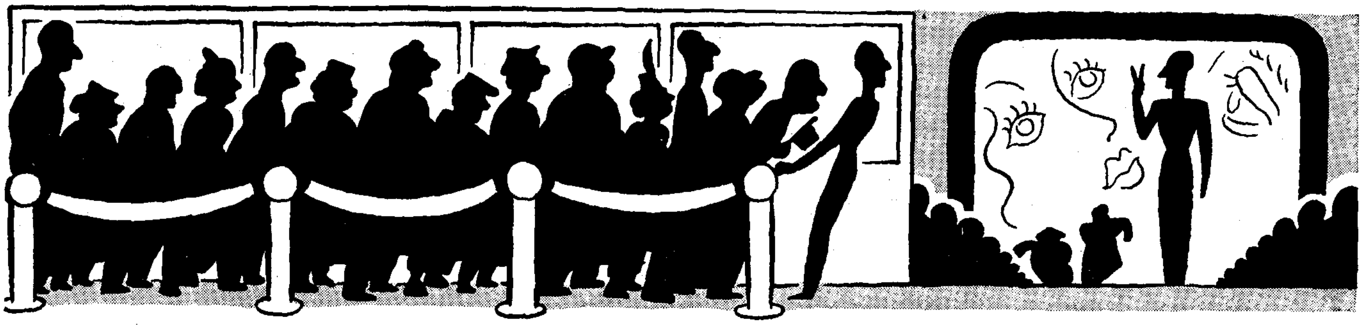
Top right: Lariat money clip, 75.
Coiled rope key ring, 95.
Cuff links from top: Knotted spheres, 145. Twisted knots, 85.
Braided posts, 95. Prices include federal tax.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Breathless—A New Wave import from France that deserves all its superlatives. The story, about an attractive, dangerous young car thief and his American paramour, is less important than the manner of the film, which makes all its telling points by implication and sheer style. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg are sad and winning as the lovers, and Jean-Luc Godard's script and direction are first-rate. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 21, tentative.)

Days of Thrills and Laughter—Charlie Chaplin in prisoner's stripes, Douglas Fairbanks in a cowboy suit, and Pearl White in peril are just three of the many delights in this collection of samples from antique movies, some of them over forty years old. Robert Youngson prepared the sampler and an amusing, informative narration to go with it. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 21, tentative.)

The Devil's Eye—After being obliged to seduce the same woman over and over for a couple of centuries in Hell, Don Juan is dispatched to earth to practice his wiles on a fresh victim. Though Ingmar Bergman devises any number of paradoxes to adorn this theme, the result isn't quite as witty as it should be. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is beautiful and exciting from start almost to finish. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

From a Roman Balcony—An artless-seeming and therefore highly artful survey of the hard lot of the poor young people of Rome. Jean Sorel is the handsomest of impoverished lovers, and his victims are all grateful. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through Nov. 19.)

The Green Mare—A French bedroom-and-barnyard comedy about making love, though love has nothing to do with it. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Hustler—Though not a success as a whole, this picture provides some of the best scenes you are likely to see all season. Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason are utterly convincing as the world's two greatest pool sharks, and George C. Scott is superb as the gangster-gambler who profits from both. Also on hand are Piper Laurie and Myron McCormick. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 21, tentative.)

The Kitchen—You are almost sure to lose your appetite as a result of sitting through this truly revolting study of a restaurant kitchen. Still, there are times when revulsion is an emotion worth feeling, and this is one of them. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 21.)

The Mark—An unsparing account of the return to society of a man who spent three years in prison for committing a fearful crime against a child. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture is heartening as well as grim, thanks in part to superior performances by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Paris Blues—Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Diahann Carroll, and Sidney Poitier meet and quarrel and make up against the enchanting backdrop of a cold, gray Paris and to the sound of the loudest possible trumpets and trombones. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Purple Noon—The French have notions about Americans that are as rum as American notions about the French, and in this thriller we are given their concept of some rich young Yankee playboys on the loose in Italy. One is a murderer and two others are murderees. Tagging along after them is a delightful girl, who suffers. Alain Delon and Maurice Ronet are the leading men, and Marie Laforet is *la jeune fille souffrante.* (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his first leading role, Albert Finney is very promising as a rambunctious young Englishman who is determined not to let his job in a factory or his dreary surroundings outside of it get him down. The cast includes, among other good actors, Norman Rossington, Rachel Roberts, and Hylda Baker. Alan Sillitoe has adapted his own lively novel for the screen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 22, tentative.)

A Summer to Remember—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. An altogether successful work of art, especially recommended for children. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Two-Way Stretch—A profoundly unserious study of British penology and the wicked ways of unrepentant jewel thieves, conducted by the eminent sociologist Mr. Peter Sellers. Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins assist in the farcical seminar, and the resultant laughter is weightless and almost non-stop. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 21, tentative.)

Two Women—An Italian movie about a young widow who takes her daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village in the mountains and meets there an anti-Fascist, who falls in love with her. Although much that happens in the movie is sad, and even shattering, its effect is anything but depressing. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are quite exceptional as the anti-Fascist, the mother, and the daughter, and Vittorio De Sica's direction is perfection itself. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 21.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

The Big Deal (1960)—From Italy comes this takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Nov. 17-18.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 16.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 22.)

General della Rovere (1960)—Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer in a melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 17.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Nov. 17-20.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Nov. 22.)

The Key (1958)—Carol Reed directed this Anglo-American film about the Royal Navy's seagoing tugs in action against the Nazis. With William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Sophia Loren. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Nov. 16.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Sally Benson's stories of children in the golden Middle West. With Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 22.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Nov. 19-20.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 story about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 16.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Nov. 16.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 18, showings at 3: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924), with Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 19, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Champs-Élysées" (1938), directed by, and with, Sacha Guitry. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
PARIS BLUES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Bachelor in Paradise," Bob Hope, Lana Turner.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Devil at 4 O'Clock," Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Nov. 22 (tentative): "One Plus One," Leo G. Carroll, Rita Gardner.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Comancheros," John Wayne, Stuart Whitman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Susan Slade," Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 21 (tentative): **THE HUSTLER;** and **DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER.**
From Nov. 22 (tentative): "Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Nov. 21: "Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart; and "The Silent Call," Gail Russell, David McLean.
From Nov. 22: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 21 (tentative): **BREATHLESS** (in French); and "The Risk," Tony Britton, Virginia Maskell.
From Nov. 22 (tentative): **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
A SUMMER TO REMEMBER (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
PARIS BLUES.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE MARK.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE DEVIL'S EYE (in Swedish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Nov. 16: **SUMMERTIME,** revival.
Nov. 17-20: **GONE WITH THE WIND,** revival.
From Nov. 21: "Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 22: **THE HUSTLER.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Susan Slade," Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 21: "Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart; and "The Silent Call," Gail Russell, David McLean.
From Nov. 22: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Nov. 22: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a documentary film on Mexico.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Nov. 16: **THE KEY,** revival; and "Bell, Book and Candle," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
Nov. 17-18: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
Nov. 19-20: **A PLACE IN THE SUN,** revival; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.
Nov. 21-22: "The Brothers Karamazov," revival, Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "The Scapegoat," revival, Alec Guinness, Bette Davis.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 21 (tentative): **TWO-WAY STRETCH;** and "Man in a Cocked Hat," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
From Nov. 22 (tentative): "The Sand Castle," Barry Cardwell.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 21: **THE KITCHEN.**
From Nov. 22: "Throne of Blood" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 21: **BREATHLESS** (in French); and "The Risk," Tony Britton, Virginia Maskell.
From Nov. 22: **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.**

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Double Bunk," Ian Carmichael, Janette Scott.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
TWO WOMEN.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE GREEN MARE (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
PURPLE NOON (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Neapolitan Carousel" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Paolo Stoppa.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Nov. 19: **FROM A ROMAN BALCONY** (in Italian).
From Nov. 20: "Zazie" (in French), Catherine Demongeot.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 22: **A DAY AT THE RACES,** revival; and **MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS,** revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 21: **TWO WOMEN;** and "The Two-Headed Spy," revival, Jack Hawkins, Gia Scala.
From Nov. 22: "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara; and "The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

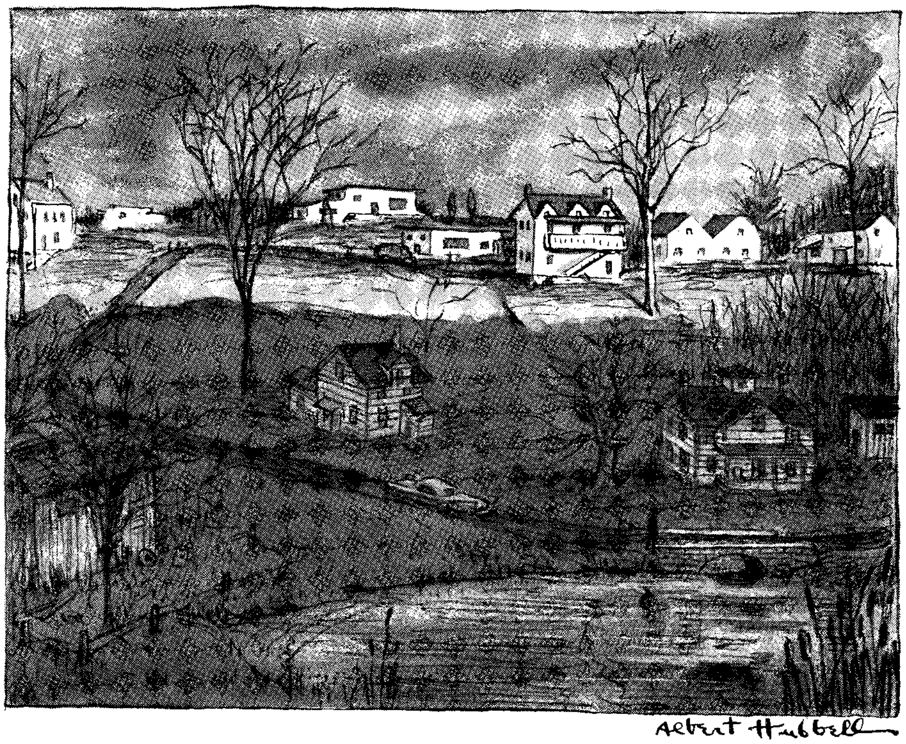
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 16: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and **SONS AND LOVERS,** revival.
From Nov. 17: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian), revival; and "Make Mine Mink," revival, Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 21: "Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart; and "The Silent Call," Gail Russell, David McLean.
From Nov. 22: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 21: **BREATHLESS** (in French); and "The Risk," Tony Britton, Virginia Maskell.
From Nov. 22: **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.**

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Nov. 21: "Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart; and "The Silent Call," Gail Russell, David McLean.
From Nov. 22: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.



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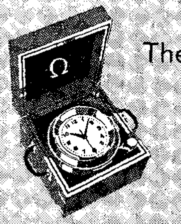

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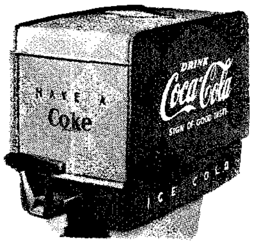
MAKE A
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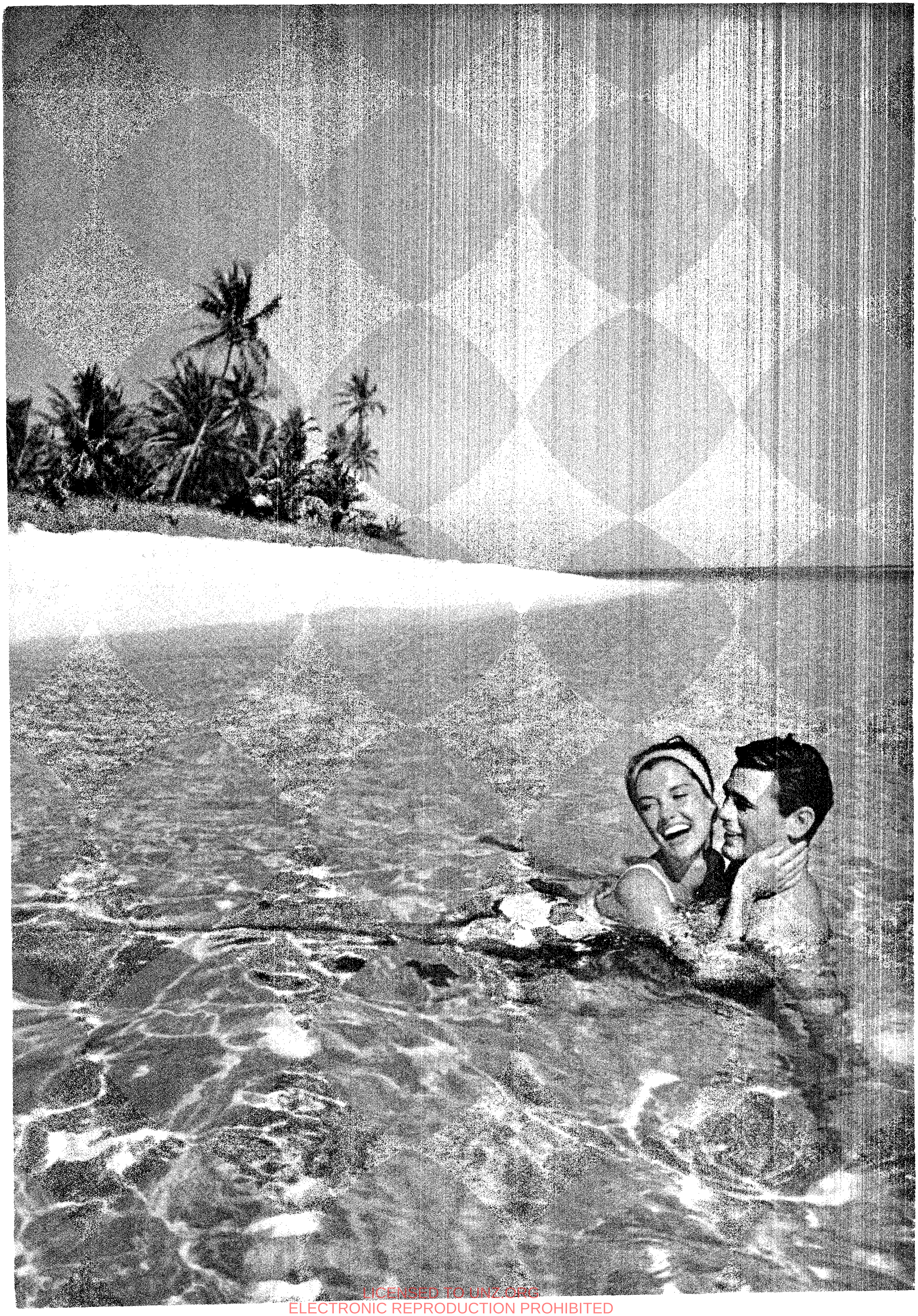
DRINK
Coca-Cola
Sign of good taste
ICE COLD



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* * *

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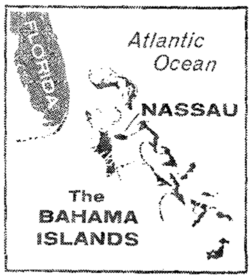

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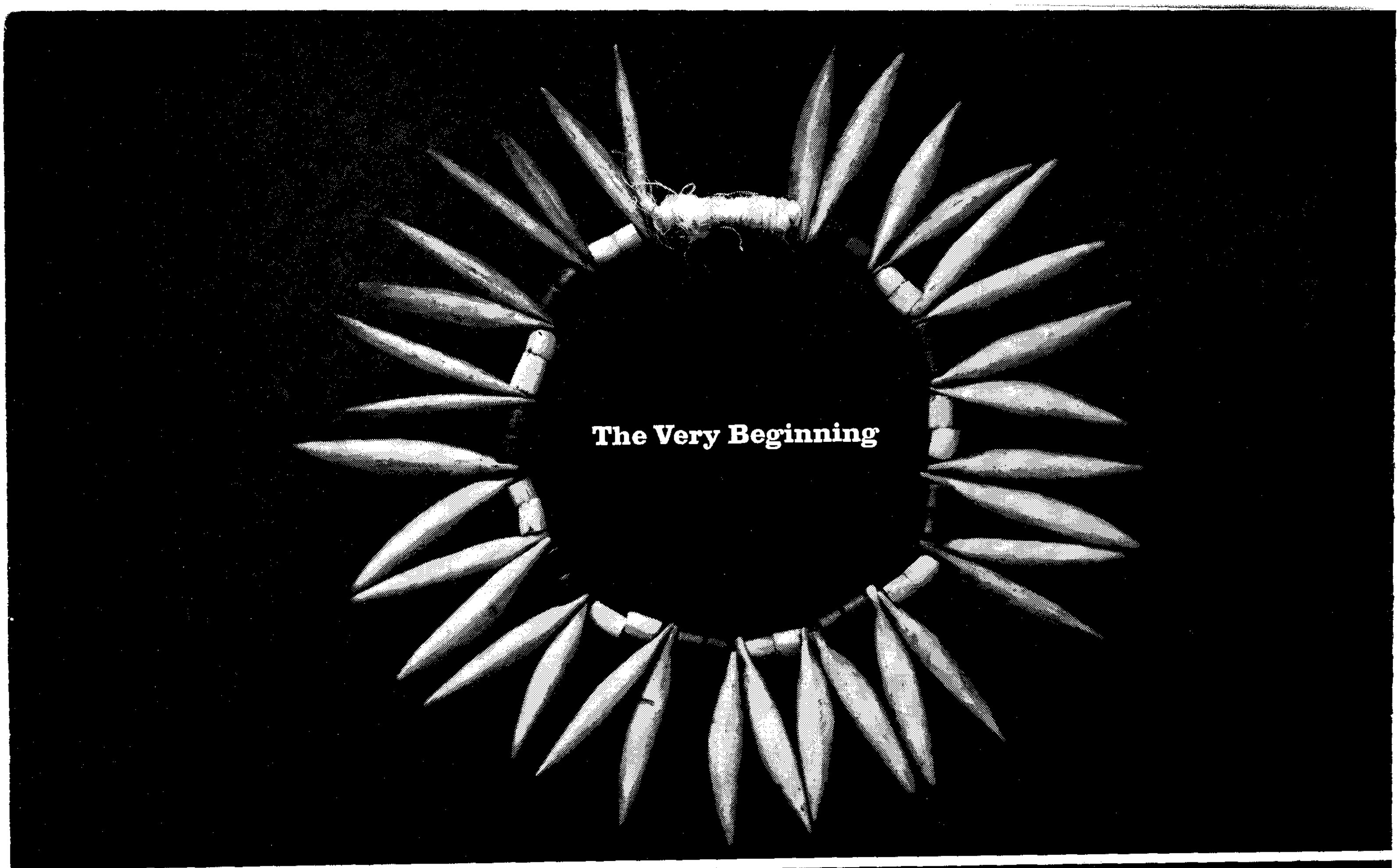
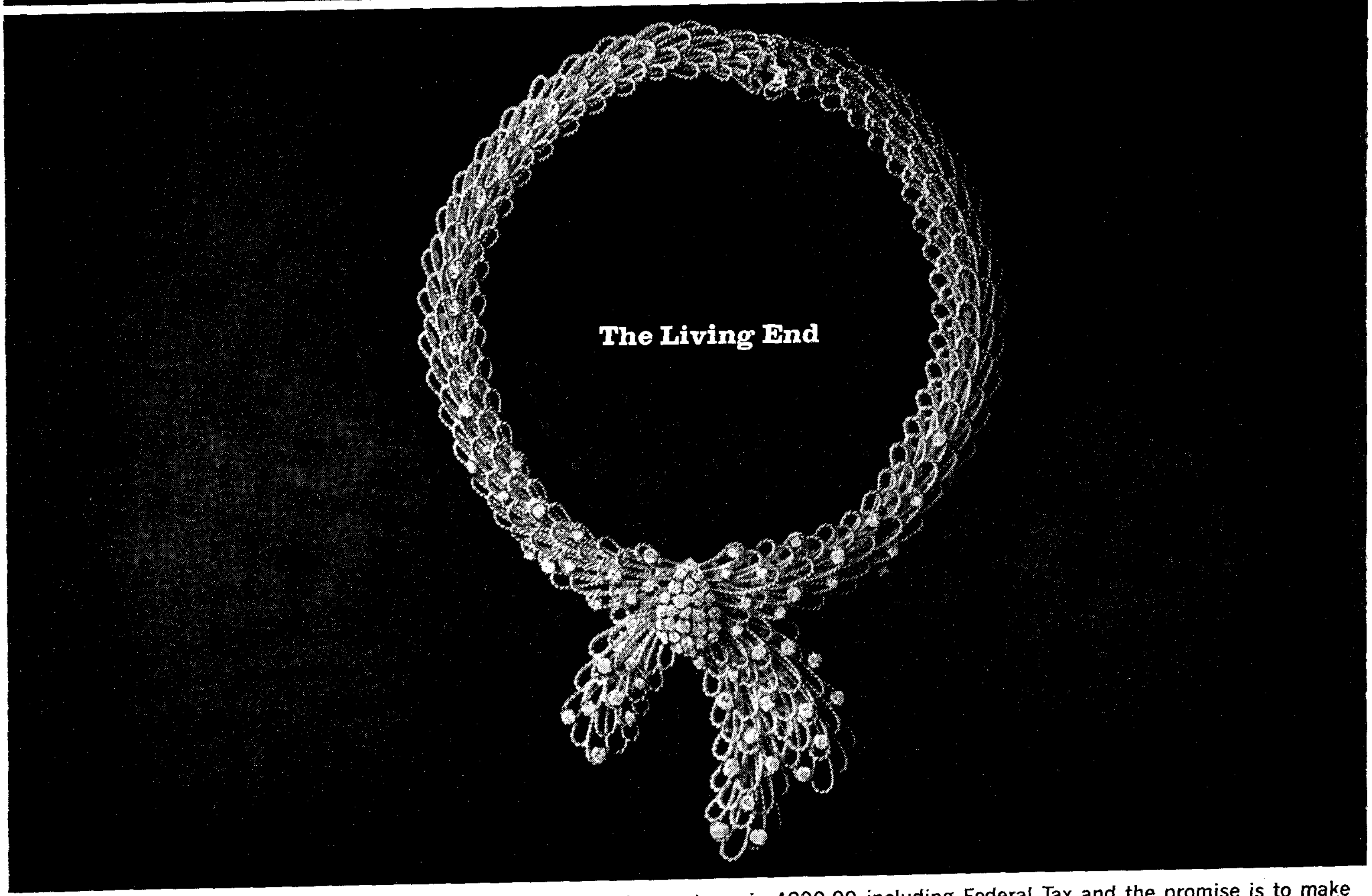
dy Cay, known to many
'Honeymoon Isle,"
off Nassau's eastern shore.
otographed by Ozzie Sweet





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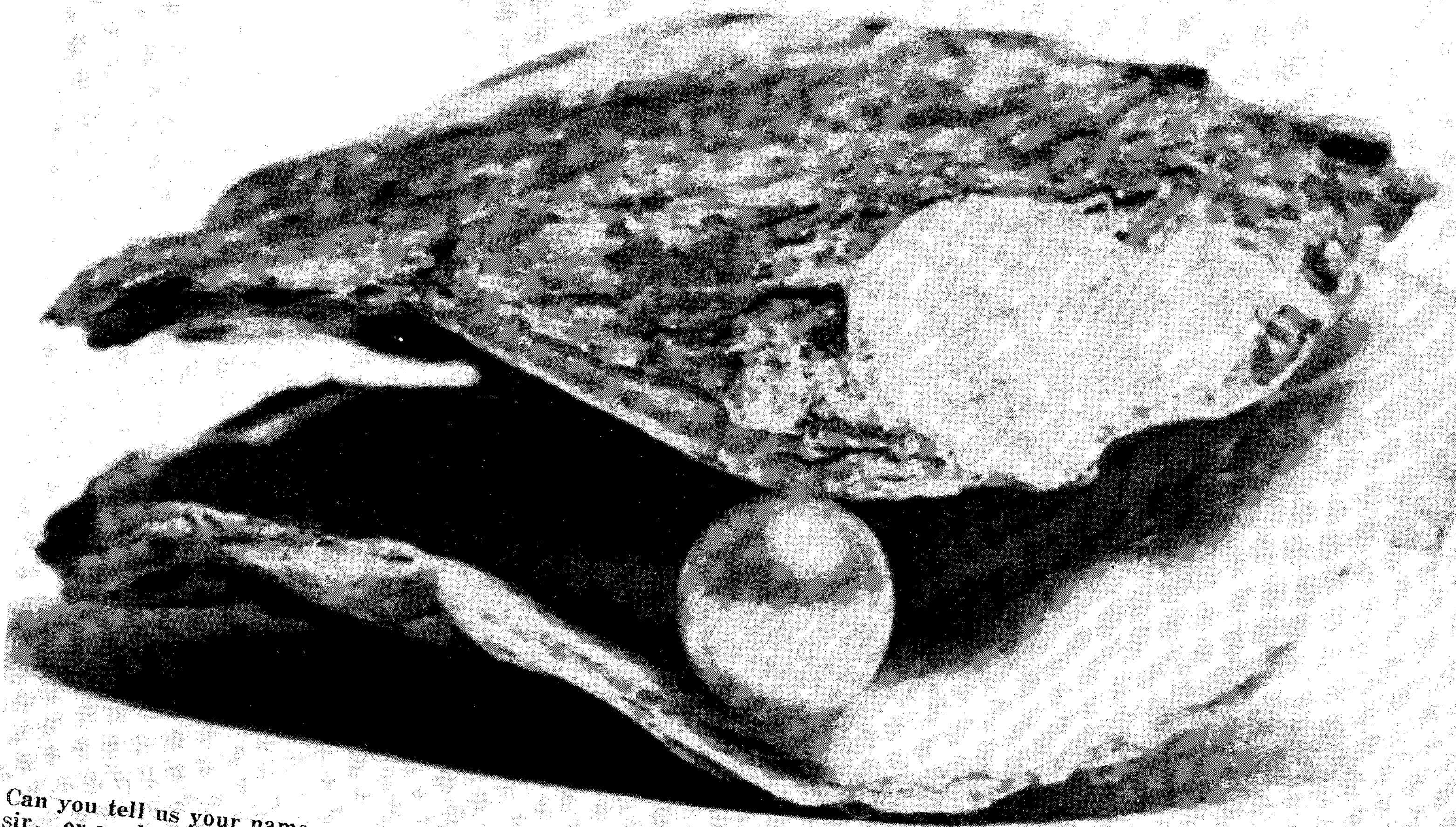
Father of pearl.

(Mother, too)



Can you tell us your name, sir...or madam?

Pinctada Martensii. And it's sir . . . or madam.

You are, are you not, an oyster?

A pearl oyster, sir!

Yes. Now, can you tell us something about your childhood?

It was blissful.

Where did you live?

In luxury. From the time I was a little spat, I was coddled and catered to, kept spotless and spruce, nursed and nurtured, just so I would grow up healthy and strong and produce a cultured pearl. That went on until I was three.

And then?

I had my operation. They put a tiny pellet in my shell so I'd start making a pearl. Oh, they treated me like royalty. Special meals, elegant living quarters, winter journeys to warmer waters...everything my heart desired.

How long did that last?

About four more years . . . the best years of my life.

And then?

And then I had my pearl!

Now, we don't want to embarrass you, but can you tell us a little about that?

Of course. What a privilege! You know, even after surgery, only about one-fifth of us Pinctadas can have pearls.

Lucky you!

I'll say! Isn't it a beauty? Not to boast or anything, but you must admit its rich, pure color is incomparably magnificent. Cultured pearls glow with an inner radiance all their own. So flattering! So luxurious!

How luxurious?

Why, cultured pearl necklaces can cost $30 . . . $30,000, or more. Naturally, my pearl is one of the best.

Naturally. Why the wide price range?

Oh, lots of things. Size, shape, luster, cultivation.

We've heard a lot about other "cultured-look" pearls, though, costing much less. What about them?

Frauds! Fakes! Phonies! The only true cultured pearls come from oysters! No oyster, no pearl!

Is it true that women fawn over your offspring?

Mmm. Women of taste know that pearls are always very smart indeed. Men know it, too. They love to buy girls pearls. Especially at Christmas time.

How do they know which ones to buy?

They ask their jewelers! Jewelers love to help men buy girls pearls.

Do you mind parting with your pearl?

Not a bit. Such beauty should be shared.

You're not so bad yourself, you know.

I'm a cultivated taste.

Cultured Pearl Association of America and Japan

For a complete guide to selecting cultured pearls write Cultured Pearl Association, 550 Fifth Ave., New York 36, New York.

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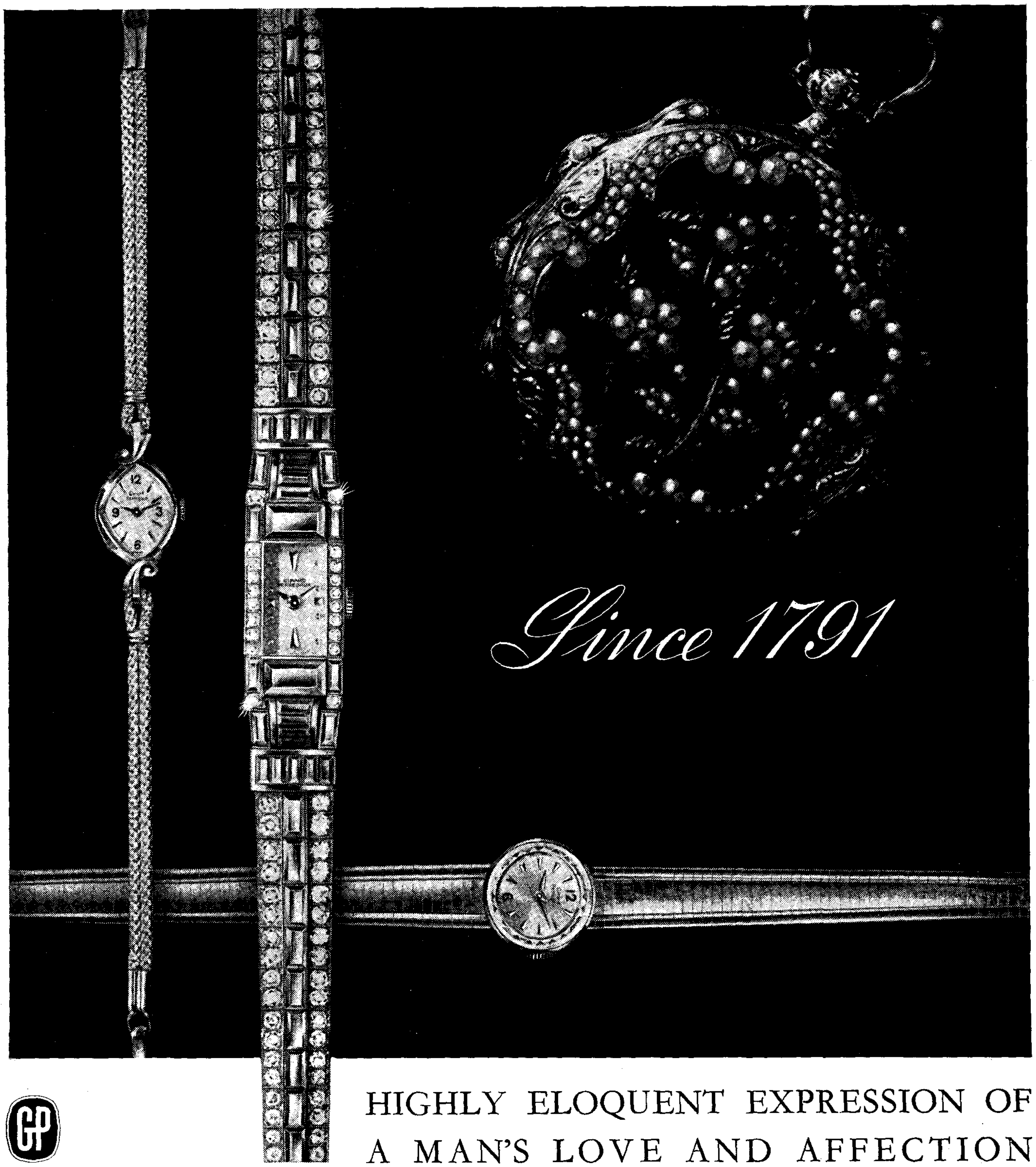

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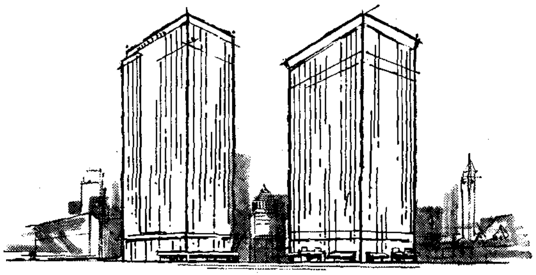

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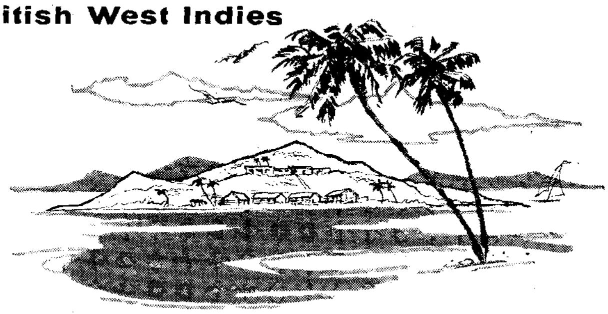

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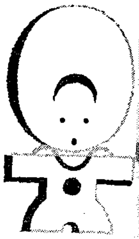

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The most economical thing about the Volkswagen isn't the gas.

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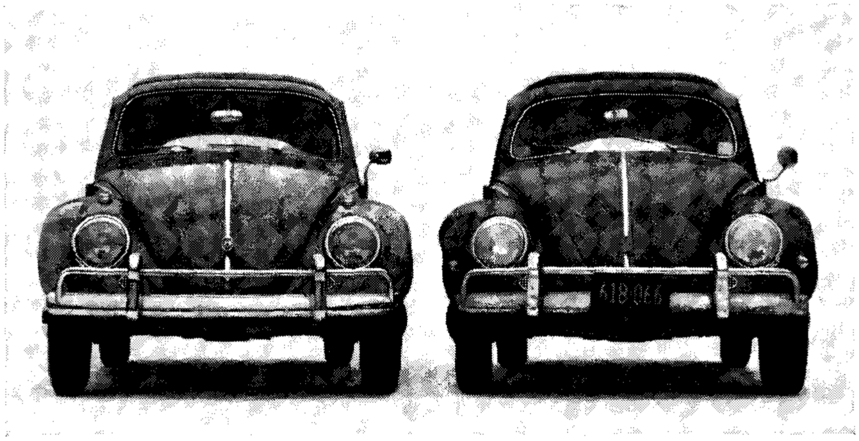


Cheap new. **Expensive used.**

The dipstick. You can almost forget it.

Far be it from us to belittle gasoline economy.

After all, we were slightly involved in getting the whole idea started.

But there's been a subtle twist.

Volkswagen economy has become so legendary, people are willing to pay all kinds of money for a used one.

(Though a new one costs only $1,595.*)

So gas itself isn't the VW's most economical factor any more.

Low depreciation is.

You can get more of your money back for a VW when you sell it than you can for any other car.

Of course, that's not the whole story.

The VW's reputation for steering clear of repair shops hasn't hurt any.

And neither has the fact that VW owners are rarely in a rush to sell.

(Why should they be? We never change the VW to make it obsolete, only to make it work better.)

The plain fact is that a five-year old Volkswagen is worth just as much in today's market as many five-year old cars that cost twice as much to begin with.

But just because gas economy comes in second, let's not forget it.

Day after week after month, it can add up to quite an item.

Figuring 32 miles to a gallon (and 10,000 miles a year) you end up saving a few hundred extra dollars.

You just can't help it.

That 32 miles per gallon is no pipe dream, by the way. Most people get that much. Some even more. Some less.

(Obviously, you'll get better mileage on a highway in Kansas than during rush hour in downtown Philadelphia.)

Then there's oil.

The Volkswagen's aluminum-magnesium engine runs with so little stress and friction, you'll probably never need oil between changes. Check any gas station attendant on that one.

(When you do buy oil, you buy it by the pint. And 5 pints fill it.)

The VW engine is frugal in still another way.

It's cooled by air.

Not water.

Naturally, there's no radiator; no need for one.

And so there's no need for anti-freeze, either. No hoses. No pump. No leaks. No draining. No rust.

No nothing.

You don't usually think that tires have much to do with economy.

But then you don't usually get 40,000 miles (or more) on a set.

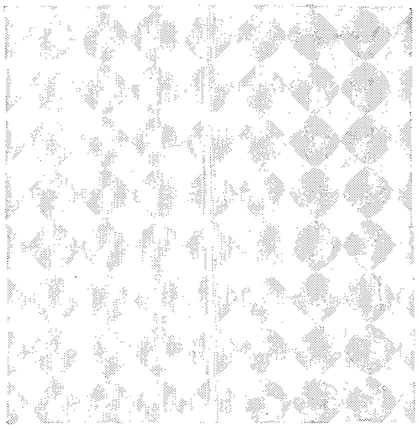
(Each VW tire bears so little weight, tire wear is phenomenally low.)

That much mileage is that much money in the bank.

And not at all unusual.

Now. If you add (or subtract) the 10% you save on insurance and remember that, by and large, a VW needs less maintenance than other cars, you get some idea of why they're so much in demand.

New and used alike.



Air is free.

Finally, a word of caution.

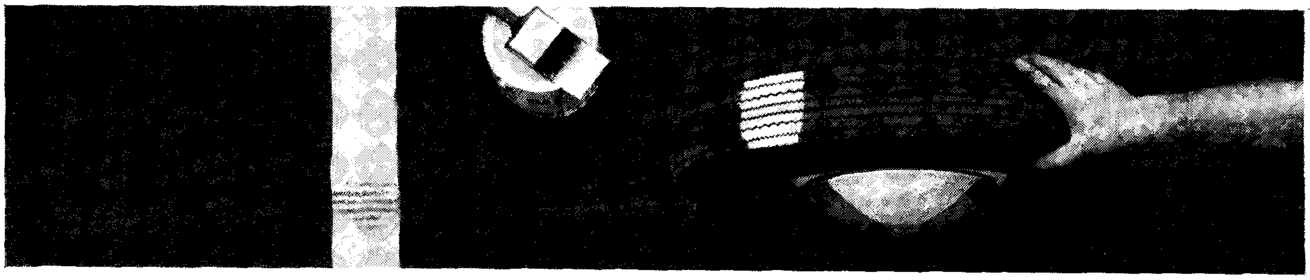
Some people have a strong temptation to get economy happy with their first VW and figure their costs down to fractions of a penny.

It makes a great talking point.

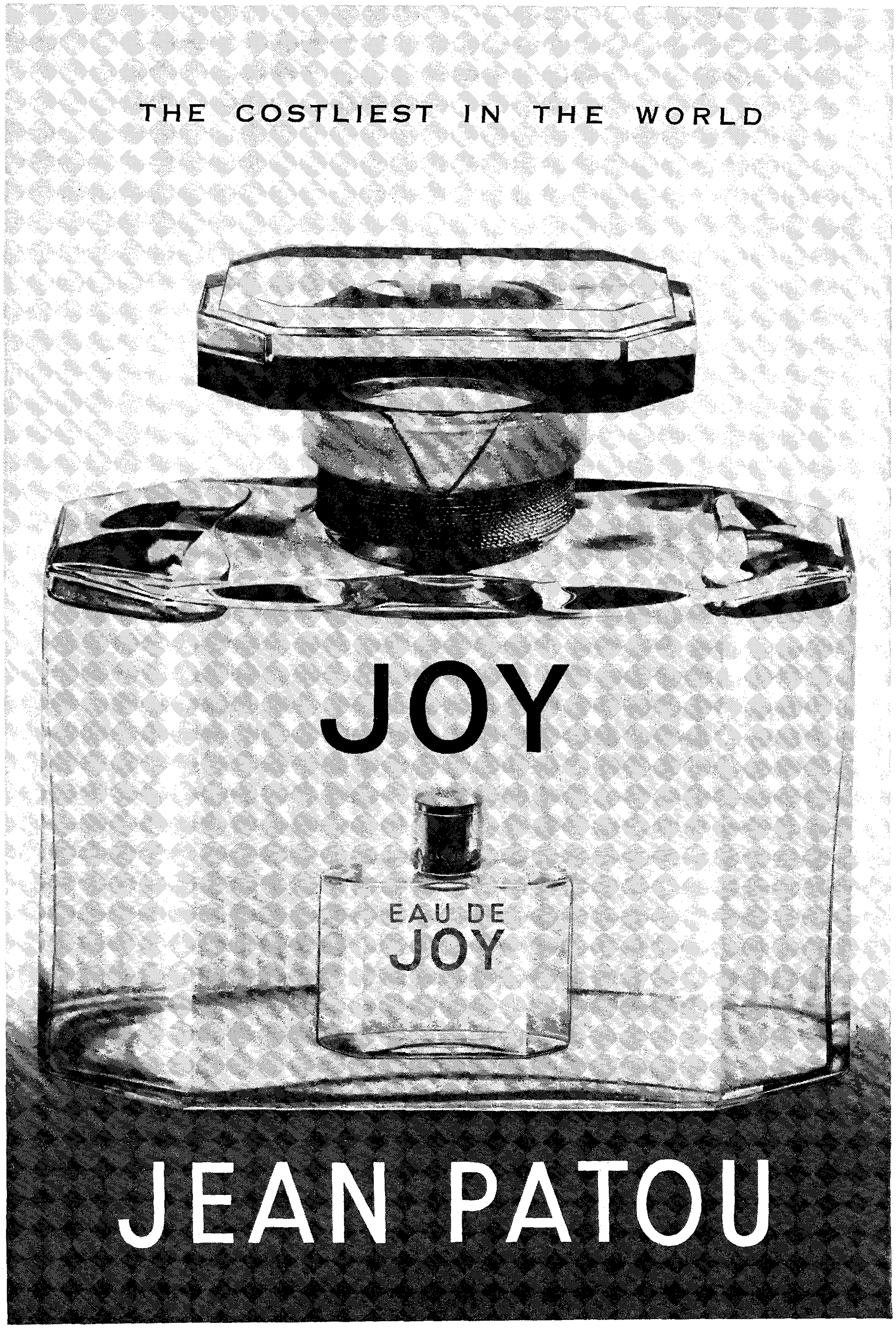
But resist it.

We wouldn't want anyone to forget the other big reason for driving a VW.

Fun.



Big wheels save rubber. VW tire crosses yellow line, painted at exactly 40,000th mile. Shows plenty of good rubber left.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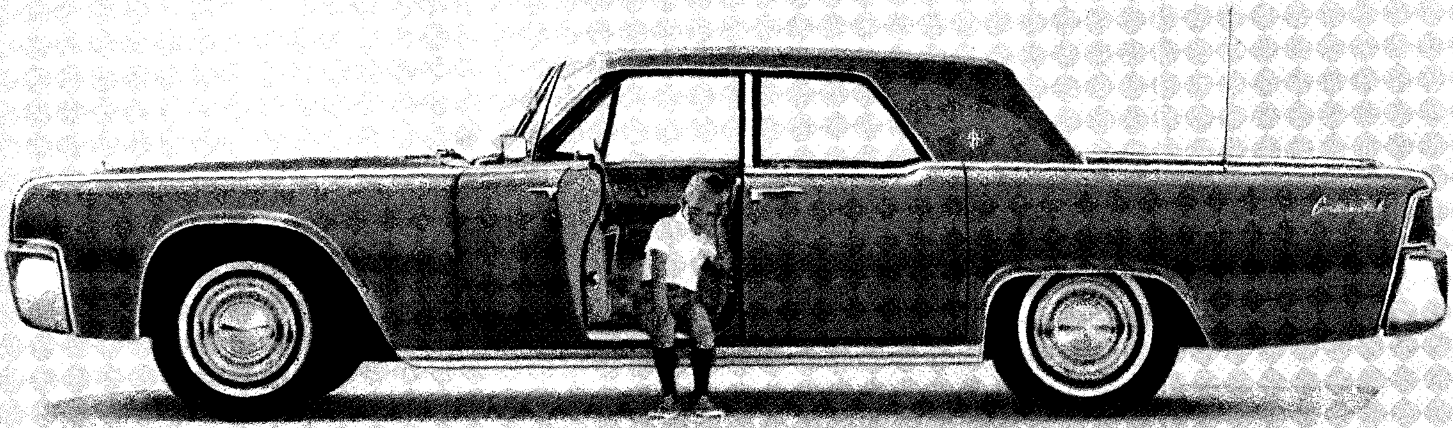

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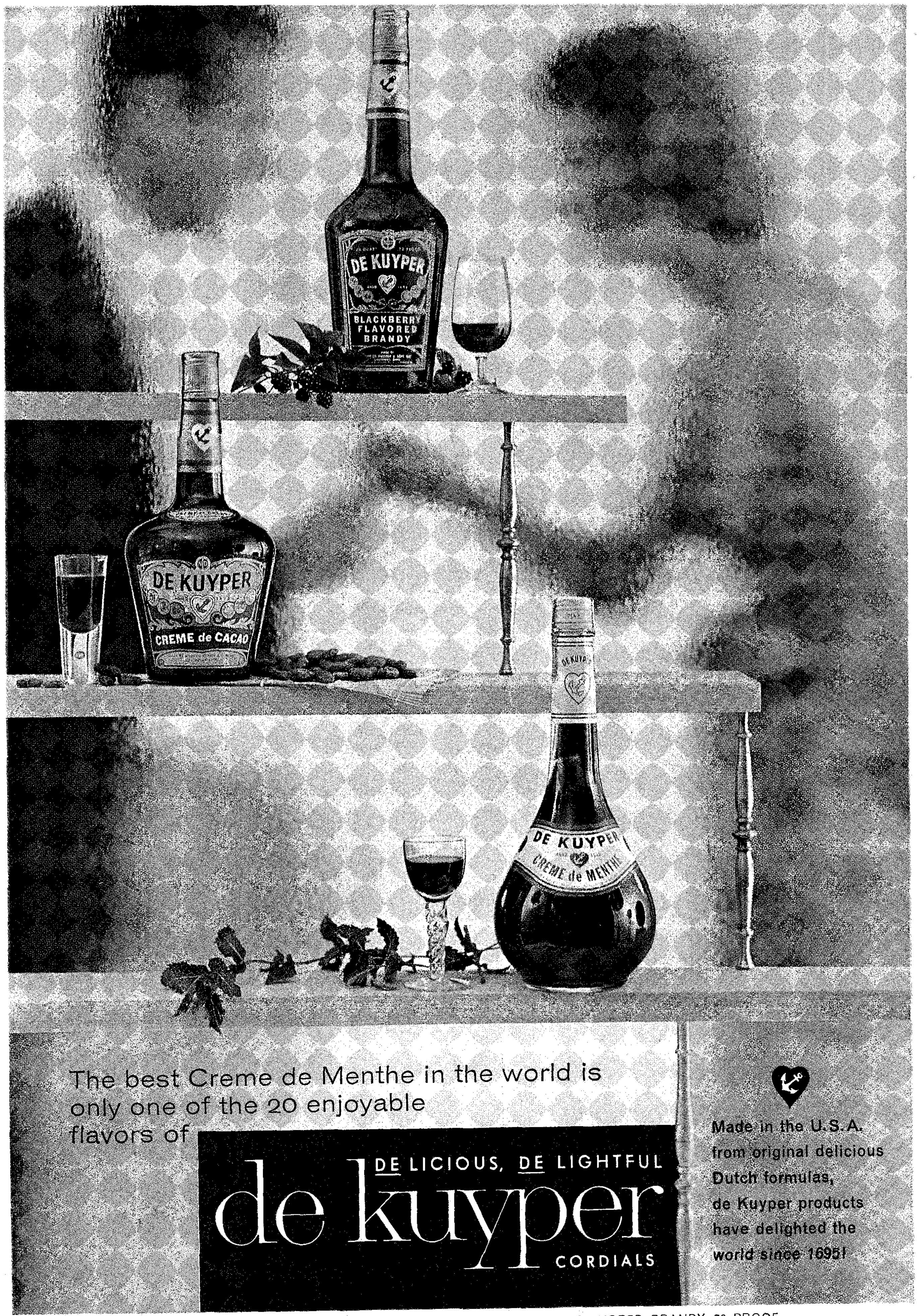
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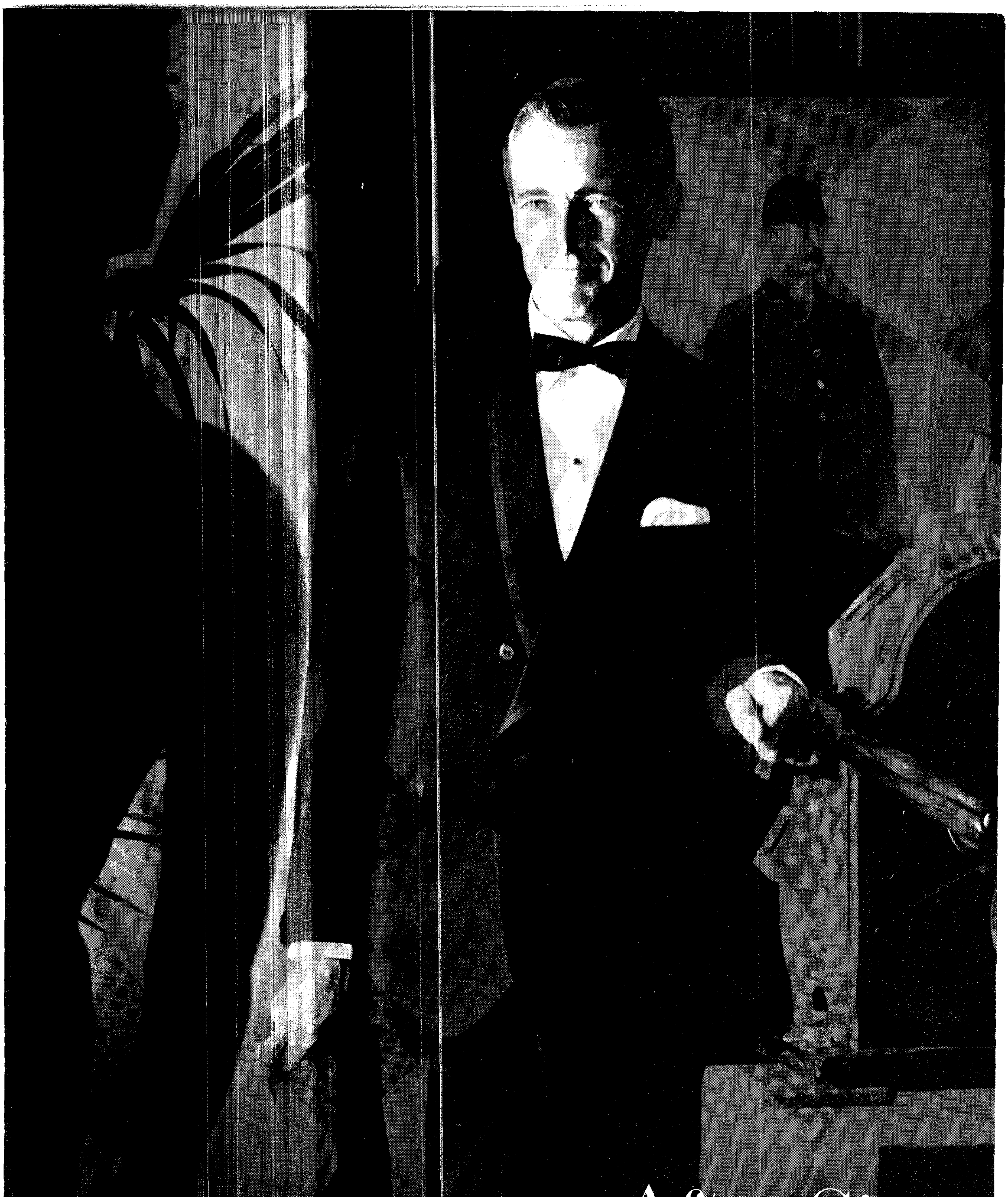

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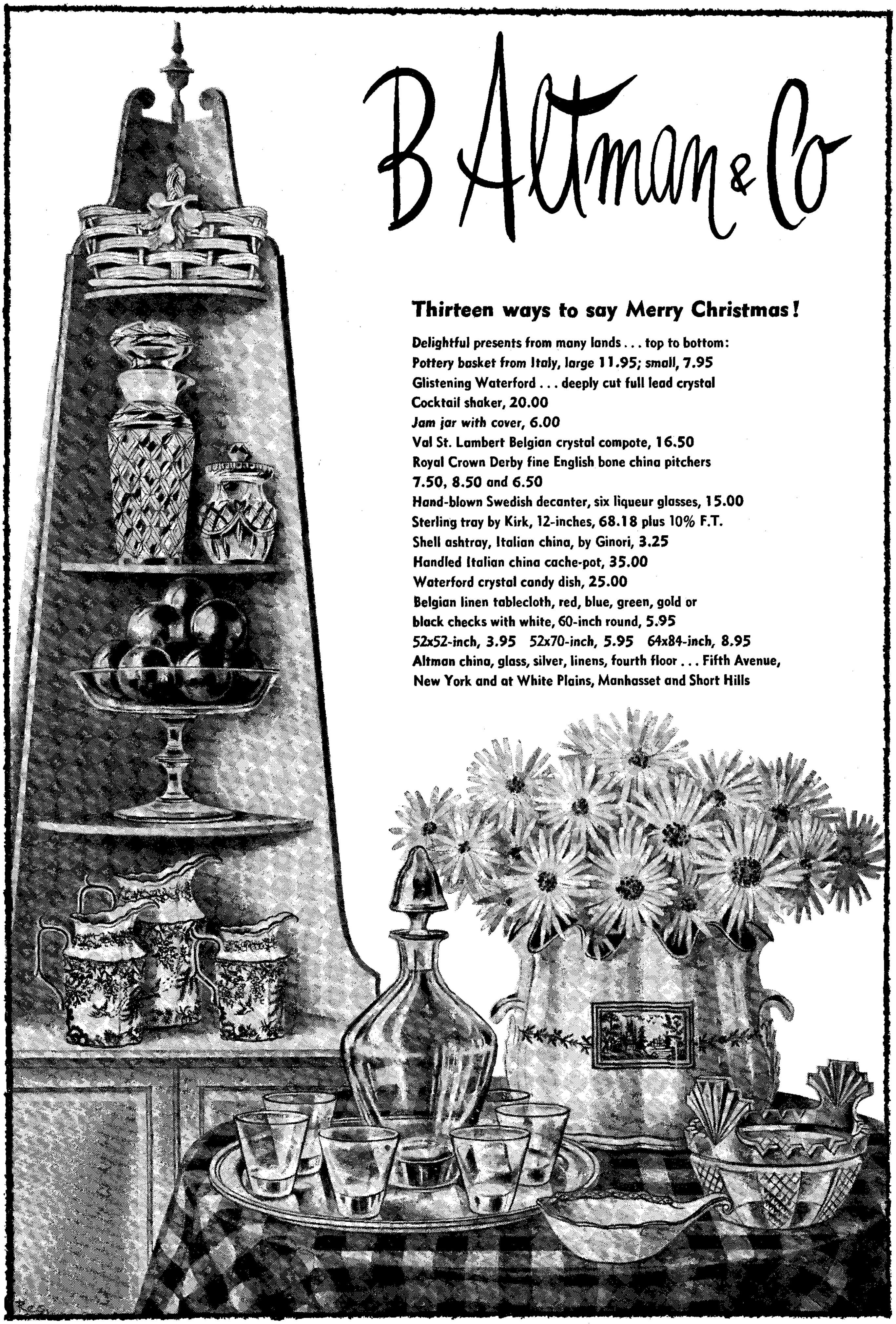

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

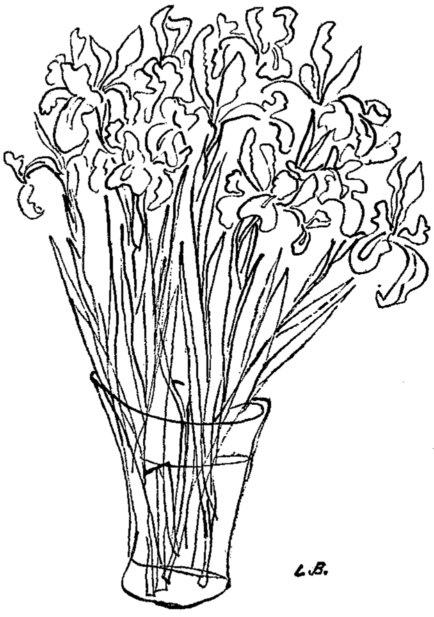
Absolute Prosperity Note: On one of those days of beautiful blue November weather last week, on Eighth Street, in the Village, we saw a rather spruce fellow-citizen back out of a halted taxi and then lift out after him a chestnut wagon. He wheeled it expertly into the lee of a protruding bookshop, blew on his fire, and was in business.

When Mr. Henry J. Taylor, who was the United States Ambassador to Switzerland during the Eisenhower administration, started writing a column for the *World-Telegram* some time back, he began his first column with a bang that has been reverberating inside our head ever since: "Speaking to me when I was United States Ambassador to Switzerland, an American official, whose position could not have been higher, told me . . ." After pondering this passage for a long while, we've decided that Mr. Taylor has established a precedent that might well be followed in these slippery times by all newspaper columnists based in Washington. Instead of telling the world that what they were disseminating came from "a high authority," these journalists would, if they used Mr. Taylor's system, tell us just how high the informant was. Thus, if they picked up something from the Vice-President, they would say, "an American official whose position is second only to the highest," or if the item came from the Secretary of State, they would say, "a government official who may be said to be the fifth highest at present, since he would become the very highest in case of the death of the President, the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House, and the President Pro Tempore of the Senate." When the source was an Assistant Postmaster General, it would take a good deal of ingenuity, of course, to figure out just how high he was, but a columnist based in Washington has got to have plenty of that to start with.

Sabbatical

When life becomes nothing but a bowl of clichés, how many young and successful people of non-independent means have the resilience and backbone to withdraw completely from the world and reorganize, refuel, retool, and refurbish themselves? Well, we know of *one* such heroic monk—Sonny Rollins, a thirty-one-year-old tenor saxophonist. In the summer of 1959, Rollins, finding himself trapped between burgeoning success and burgeoning displeasure with his playing, dropped abruptly and voluntarily into oblivion, where he remained until this very week, when he momentously reappeared at the Jazz Gallery, on St. Marks Place, with a quartet. At the time of his self-banishment, Rollins was, among other things, the most influential practitioner on his instrument to come along since Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins; the unofficial head of the hard-bop school (a refinement of bebop); and one of the first of the now plentiful abstract or semi-abstract jazz improvisers. As a result, his Return—rumored for months—took on a kind of millennial air, which we got caught up in several days before the event by having a chat with the Master himself. Through an intermediary, Rollins, who lives on Grand Street and has no phone, unmillennially suggested that we meet him at a mutually convenient coffeehouse, and we did. A tall, broad-shouldered, thin-waisted man who resembles a genie, Rollins has a shaved head, a long, lemon-shaped face, slightly Oriental eyes, a generous nose, and a full, nonpointed goatee. He was wearing, from the skin outward, a gray turtleneck sweater, a blue-and-white-striped button-down shirt, open at the neck, and a handsome blue-gray V-neck sweater, above gray slacks. This ensemble was rounded out with shined black space shoes, a black porkpie hat with a medium brim, and a gabardine overcoat.

After coffee had been ordered, we asked Rollins why he had decided to retire and whether his sabbatical had been a success. "People are not doing things as well as they can do them any more," he replied, in a deep, stately, Senator Knowland voice. "The par of products is not high enough, and in 1959 I felt that way about my playing. The extraneous things had gotten in the way of it. I didn't have time to practice, and I wanted to study more. I was playing before more and more people, and not being able to do my best. There was no doubt that I had to leave the scene, and it was just a matter of when I could bring it about. I'd lost the ability to play what I *wanted* to play every night without the interference of emotionalism. I was filled with question marks. Also, as a leader, you have to keep the audience. You have to think about those people, and you have to fill the image the critics make of you. At the same time, you have to maintain your product. There is an almost invisible line there. But I'm no longer



nervous about those things. I don't read the critics any more. Something I want to know, I go and ask a musician I respect. I'm bringing a whole new understanding to the scene. If no one comes to the opening, if they don't like me, if they rush out—I'm prepared for all those contingencies, and they would not influence me adversely."

Rollins took a sip of coffee and looked at a white handkerchief he was holding in his right hand. "I've been practicing and practicing," he continued. "When I quit working, I tried to revise the way I played the horn. Completely. But then I amended that. Instead, I have made an exploration of the horn. I practiced at home all day at first, but I was conscious of bothering people. There's a law that allows me to play from seven to eleven, if I don't overdo it. But I was very loud. There was a girl next door who was having a baby, and I was anxious to see if my playing would give that baby bad ears. I was anxious to see how it would be born, what effect my playing would have. But it turned out a very beautiful child. You go near it, it laughs. It listens. Then I discovered the Williamsburg Bridge, which is near where I live, and I stopped practicing at home. I started walking over the bridge, and I found it's a superb place to practice. Night or day. You're up over the whole world. You can look down on the whole scene. There is the skyline, the water, the harbor. It's a beautiful scene, a panoramic scene. The bridge offers certain advantages that can't be duplicated indoors. You can blow as loud as you want. It makes you think. The grandeur gives you perspective. And people never bother you. I saw the same people almost every day. Sometimes they stopped and listened, sometimes they just went by. New Yorkers are very sophisticated. When I wasn't on the bridge, I studied piano, harmony, and counterpoint with Max Hughes, who's from Frisco. I've also tried to improve my health. I've quit smoking. Every now and then I goof off for short periods, but by and large I've licked the habit. I've cut down on drinking, and I lift bar bells every day. I walk and walk. I have to have good lungs and quick fingers. The whole country needs exercise, and I feel if I keep in shape other people will see me and they'll do it. My wife and I have gotten along all right. We have a very modest apartment, and she's been working, and I've received royalties from records and tunes. I even taught a little at the end—after I got to where the question marks stopped."

Rollins wrapped the handkerchief tightly around his right hand, and we asked him to tell us about his early life. "I was born right here, and I was forced to take piano lessons at eight, or around there. I didn't like it. But I had a musical ear, and I used to hear my brother practicing violin. And my sister played the piano. Later on, a friend of mine who had a tenor sax had his picture taken with it. It all looked *so* nice. It inspired me to get a horn—an alto. I listened to Louis Jordan a lot. I mean he gassed me. He had the first of the little blues bands, like what Ray Charles has now. Coleman Hawkins influenced me after that, and I started playing the alto like a tenor, using a tenor reed. Then I switched to tenor, and people said I sounded like an alto. I started jobbing around, and made my first records in 1948. I worked with Charlie Parker—he solidified things, the linear approach and the chord approach—and later with Max Roach and my own groups. My new group will have Jim Hall on guitar. I want to do more things with harmony, and he'll give me the framework. He's an excellent soloist. But it's most important he's willing to do things for the good of the group. He has an attitude to work *for* the group. I'll also have Bob Cranshaw, who's very, very good, on bass, and Walter Perkins on drums."

Rollins stood up, folded his handkerchief carefully, put it in his pocket, and shook hands with us. "I've got to walk my dog, and then we practice at two o'clock. I'll miss the bridge, but I've got to begin to get this group tight."

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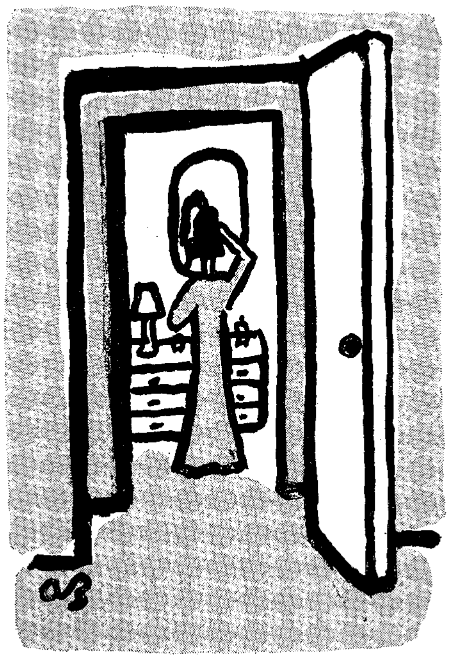
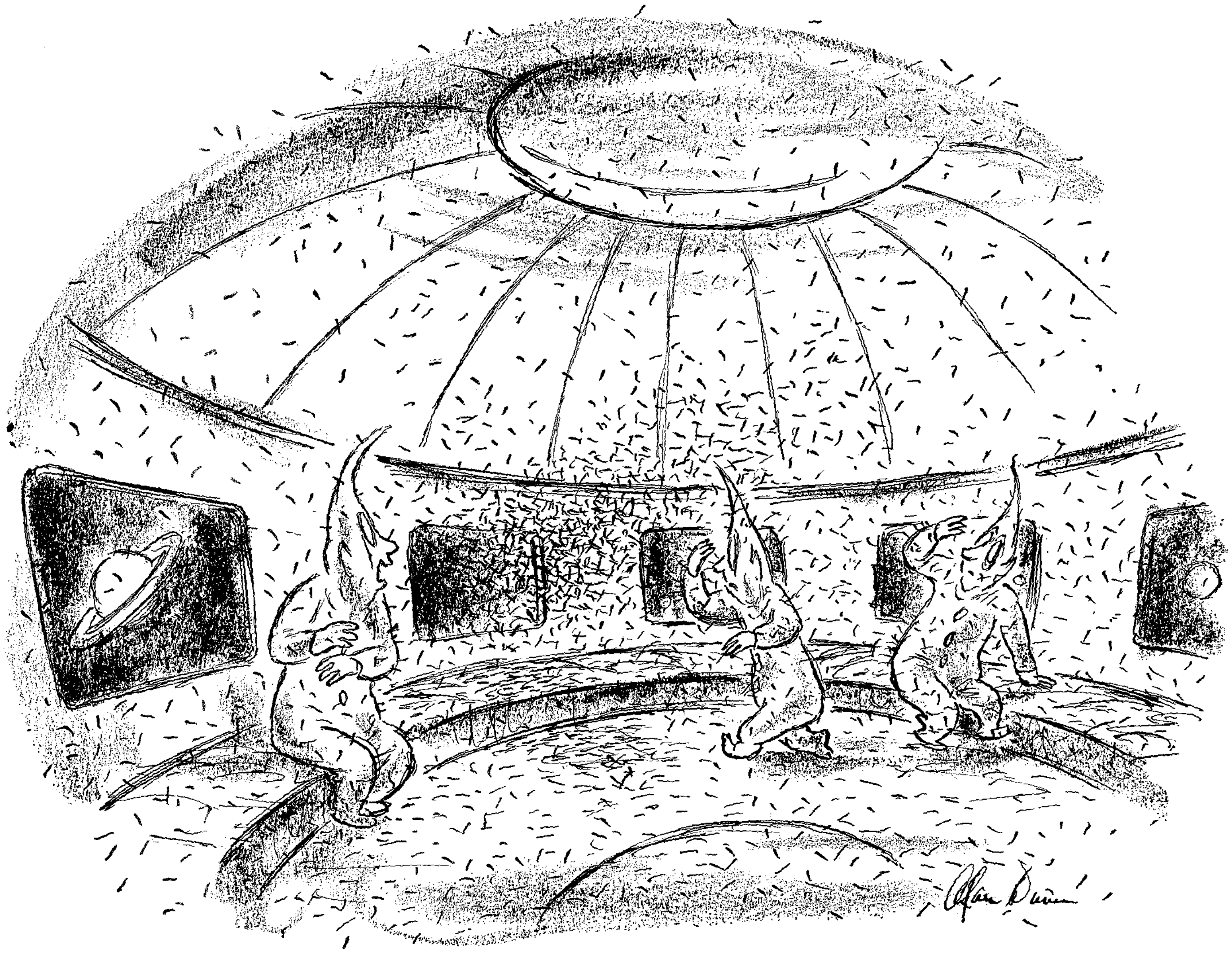
NETHERLANDS INTELLIGENCE: On a wall in a dim corridor of the Rijksmuseum, in Amsterdam, is a drawing of a heart, pierced by an arrow, and the legend, in English, "Rembrandt loves Saskia."



Regents

CURIOSITY killed the cat, and a while back it nearly killed us. Do you remember how, during last summer's Board of Education storm, the papers kept referring to the State Board of Regents and what it was doing to help solve the mess? It was the Regents this and the Regents that—with, to the best of our knowledge, no mention of who in tophet the Regents were. In our ignorance, we began to wonder about them. Then, as the school season approached, the state legislature, called into special session by the Governor, appointed a selection panel for a new Board of Education, headed by the Chancellor of the Board of Regents—and he was publicly identified as Edgar W. Couper. Clarification was at hand. We seized our copy of *Who's Who*, and, having ascertained that Mr. Couper, Hamilton College 1920, is a sixty-two-year-old Episcopalian resident in Binghamton, New York, where he is president of a leading local bank and director of more than one public utility (two), we dispatched a letter to him at his office seeking Regental enlightenment. The upshot of this was a batch of relevant literature and, ultimately, a Manhattan lunch, to which Mr. Couper brought along, for local color, a local Regent—Carl H. Pforzheimer, Jr., Harvard 1928, a Broad Street bibliophile and investment banker whom we had often bumped into at Grolier Club shindigs without knowing he was a Regent.

And now, thanks to an earnest session with these two men and an earnest perusal of Mr. C.'s enclosures, we are able to draw the veil from this unobtrusive group. The Regents of The University of the State of New York were established by act of the legislature in 1784; their university boasts no campus but embraces all schools and colleges, whether public or private, in the state, and all chartered museums, libraries, and historic sites as well. The Regents—there are thirteen, and they are elected by the legislature for thirteen-year terms, in no case to extend past the first of April following a Regent's seventieth birthday—appoint (and may remove) the State Commissioner of Education; are charged by law with the general management and supervision of all the educational work of the state; may conduct hearings and make visits of inspection for this purpose;



"Close that window!"

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authorize all school and college academic credentials and degrees issued in the state; determine and establish the correct historical and etymological form of place names in the state; have jurisdiction over the distribution of public funds for educational purposes; prescribe, in accordance with the law, courses of instruction in patriotism, citizenship, physical training, highway safety, traffic regulation, and the protection and humane treatment of animals and birds; and, among a raft of other duties, conduct examinations and issue, suspend, and revoke licenses for nineteen professions, among them medicine, osteopathy, dentistry, nursing, veterinary medicine, pharmacy, certified public accountancy, shorthand reporting, architecture, engineering, surveying, and psychology. (Law is handled by the New York State Court of Appeals.)

In covering this ground, the Chancellor told us, the Regents meet every month except July—generally in Albany, but once a year in New York—for a two-day session that includes a Thursday-night dinner and carries no pay other than an expense allowance of fifteen dollars a day. The current Regents, successors to Lewis Morris, John Jay, Gershom Seixas, Alexander Hamilton, Whitelaw Reid, William Cullen Bryant, and Washington Irving, include one lady, Mrs. Caroline W. Gannett, of Rochester. "We consider charter applications and charter amendments for schools, colleges, libraries, and museums, and we have to approve certain of the bond issues of school districts," Mr. Couper said. "We also allocate money to school districts for extraordinary relief necessitated by damage resulting from acts of God. In the Board of Education crisis, it was our chief executive officer, the State Commissioner of Education, who requested Governor Rockefeller to call a special session of the legislature. Our *esprit de corps* is high; nearly half of our meetings have a perfect attendance. It's an honor to be a Regent. It's gratifying to the ego, and in return for this gratification our members are willing to work hard and, for the most part, anonymously. We do a lot of homework between meetings; our mail is terrific. You get caught up in a feeling of urgency; education is the country's biggest and most important business, and about forty per cent of New York State's budget goes to education. This amounts to nearly a billion dollars for the current year. A lot of local citizens don't realize that basically the responsibility for education is with the state. What we have is state supervision with home rule. The Board of Regents is the oldest continuing public policy-making board of education in the world."

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SIGN, observed in front of a car-wash station in Brooklyn, that really spells it out:

Car Wash $1.00
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Jawaharlal Nehru

ON the evening of Sunday, November 5th, we made our way to the Hotel Carlyle to see Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India, who had arrived that afternoon on a state visit to this country. When we reached his suite of rooms, on the thirty-fourth floor, we were received by his daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi. A rather dainty lady with delicate features and short black hair, who was dressed in a subtly beige printed-silk sari, she seated us beside her and started talking in a quiet voice. "I'm sorry my voice is a little hoarse," she began, "but on our way here I picked up a chill in Paris. In London—we only had a day to spend there—I was hoping to see John Osborne's new play, 'Luther,' but I fell asleep at five-thirty in the evening and woke up at the ghastly hour of three, and coughed all the rest of the night. Usually, I have very good health. In New Delhi, when I get exhausted now and again, working with my father, I sometimes just fall asleep without changing my clothes. Whenever I can't see anything, I know I'm tired and it's time to quit."

We asked her if she had had a pleasant flight.

"It was very pleasant," she said. "We came on a regular Air India flight, and the plane was quite crowded, but in front, where we were seated, it was not at all noisy. *Papu*—Father—slept for an hour. I spent some of my time writing a speech for the Women's National Press Club, in Washington."

We asked what the subject of her talk was.

"I wish I knew," she said, with a beautiful smile. "First, it was to be on women, but our Ambassador in Washington, B. K. Nehru, cabled me in Paris to say that the club didn't want to be treated specially as women, so I have been trying to work up a general subject. I feel more certain with an English audience, because I know how much I can assume, but with an American group—"

The telephone rang, and Mrs. Gandhi picked it up. It was Mrs. B. K. Nehru, the wife of the Indian Ambassador. Mrs. Gandhi talked to her excitedly about her one free morning in Washington and the different ways she might spend it. She also said that in New York she was trying to arrange some free time to visit the Guggenheim once again, and perhaps see "A Far Country."

The Prime Minister, who was a week short of seventy-two, walked in, with springy steps, and took the telephone from his daughter. He was dressed in a white cotton Gandhi cap, a cream silk knee-length coat, and tight white pyjamas. He had his usual red rose in his buttonhole; it seemed fresh from the garden.

Before excusing herself, Mrs. Gandhi told us that her father had some news for Mrs. Nehru about her son Ashok, who had been badly hurt in a motorcycle accident in Madras last summer. The Prime Minister talked on the telephone as though he had all the time in the world. His voice was young and piquant. "Ashok's legs are much better," he said. "He now takes big steps and uses shorter crutches. He can even go up the stairs. . . . I walked with him up a few steps. . . . I saw him just before coming here, and he looked very happy. . . . I will deliver to you a cheerful letter from him, which, in spite of temptation, I have *not* read. What is this I hear that you are a little anxious about entertaining President Kennedy for dinner? . . . If he likes lobster, by all means have it. . . . Don't worry about me. You know I can eat anything. . . . No, I can't really say that I am *fond* of eating that animal. Someone served me one in Calcutta, and I liked the looks of it, even though I couldn't see the plate for the lobster. . . . Eight courses! Too many. Will I have to have something of everything? . . . If you insist. . . . Then, will you give me permission to eat with my hands? I'm sure the President won't mind. Perhaps we could teach him to do so, too. . . . Well, if you really put your foot down, I suppose I'll have to eat with a knife and fork, but you know what the Shah of Iran said—not the present one but his father—when he was forced to eat with a knife and fork. Well, he said, 'Eating with these instruments is like making love through an interpreter.' " The Prime Minister laughed as he talked. He went on to say how much he was looking forward to being in Washington, and you could see from his face that both he and Mrs. Nehru were enjoying their conversation a great deal. At length, he put down the telephone and sat beside us.

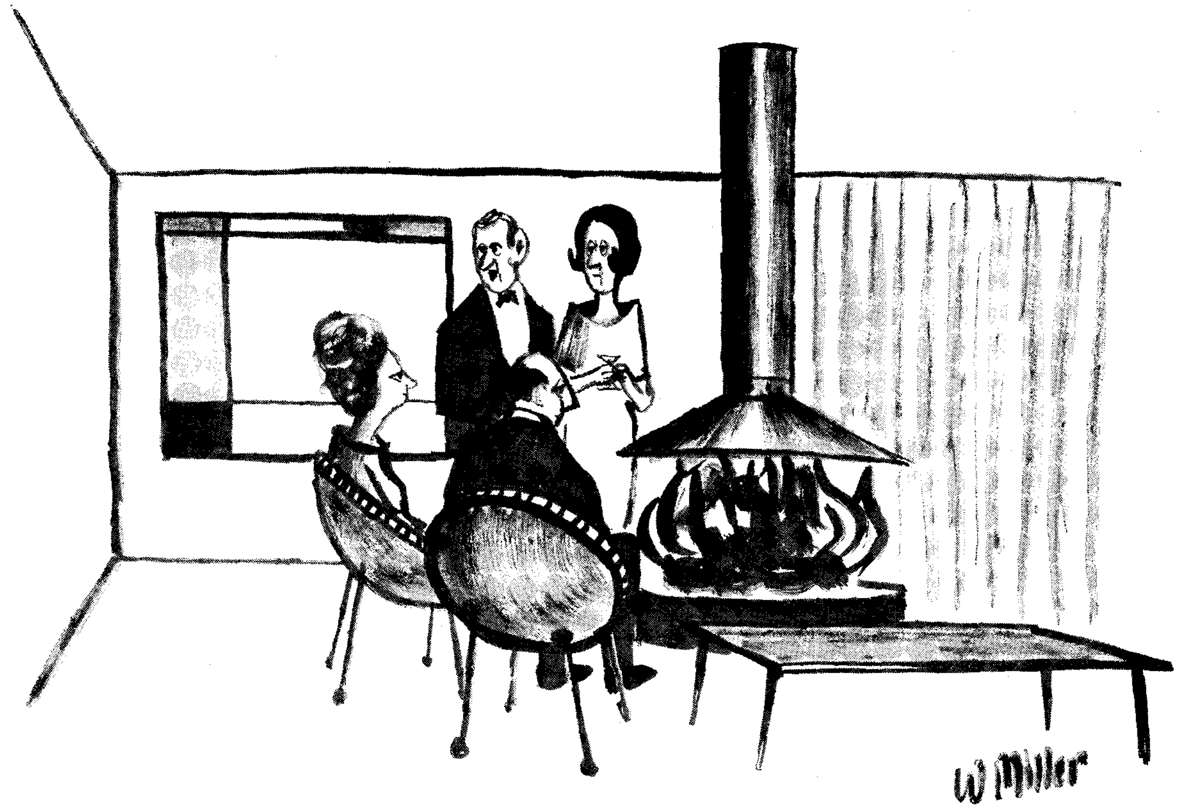
We asked if he was in good health.

"Some months ago, someone asked me a similar question," the Prime Minister replied, "and I said, 'Disgustingly good health.' In India, one doesn't ask about health without touching wood or doing something like that. Some people still harbor the fear of the evil eye, you know." He gave us a bright smile.

We asked if he felt hopeful about the world.

"Instinctively, very," he said. "If I believed the world would go up in smoke, I couldn't function as a person. But, of course, logic tells me things have been going badly." He became thoughtful. "If I can generalize a little, I think Russians and Americans as people do have some traits in common, like their love of technological progress; in this connection it is interesting to read Mr. Khrushchev's Twen-

PLEASE TURN DOWN YOUR HI-FI!



"I love to gaze into leaping flames. They're so baroque."

ty-second Party Congress Program. Also, while an Englishman doesn't give a hang whether he is liked or not, I think both Americans and Russians as people want to be liked. If somehow the political ideologies can be made to live side by side, peace may yet be achieved; you know, we Indians are essentially a pagan people, and we believe that different gods and philosophies should be able to live together without declaring war on each other." After a little silence, he went on, "However, I am very puzzled by Russia's testing. When I met Mr. Khrushchev after the Belgrade conference of nonaligned nations, he acknowledged President Kennedy's peaceful tendencies and thought that if 'public pressure' didn't get the best of the President, both America and Russia could go to the negotiating table and work out some of the urgent problems. Mr. Khrushchev said he was 'pained' at the necessity of breaking the moratorium. Could it be that *he* had to surrender to some sort of pressure? The argument that he was doing it to frighten China doesn't impress me."

Mr. Nehru went on to say that talking tough and acting tough are Chinese traits. "In any case, I wonder how far along the Chinese are in their mastery of nuclear power," he continued. "Even if they made substantial advances, after the first explosion it would take them many years before they could develop enough bombs to threaten any country. Nuclear progress is a very tricky thing. Take India. We have enough scientific know-how to make the big bombs; we merely need a little twist. But we will never give that twist. It's not just a matter of courage or restraint, though there may be a little of that, too. It is simply that unless you have a big pile of bombs, like America or Russia, there is no justification for these terrible weapons except quixotic prestige."

We asked him if he felt pleased with the progress of India.

"Very much so," he said. "Our two greatest achievements are education—millions of children are going to school who never had a chance before—and establishment of village assemblies, by which we hope to decentralize authority and extend the democratic way of life. In education, schooling of girls is more important than schooling of men, because they change the home environment. Education does lead to some temporary troubles—creation of new wants that cannot be easily met, discontent, restlessness, general impatience with things. But its long-run results outweigh *every* other consideration. Schooling is the only way to conquer social backwardness and stultified habits of thought—two evils that must be rooted out before we can hope to go forward. I need not explain the value of village assemblies. Democracy isn't just a parliament in New Delhi. It's much more than that."

At that point, a very solid-looking man wearing a dark business suit walked in, with a weighty expression. The Prime Minister looked up and introduced him as J. N. Ganju, the Embassy Press Attaché. "Sir, Mr. Yehudi Menuhin just rang up and would like to see you," Mr. Ganju said. "It is seven-thirty here now, but by English time it is twelve-thirty in the morning, and you're still functioning on English time. Also, sir, our High Commissioner in Canada is waiting to see you; after that, you have a dinner engagement, so you probably won't get to bed before four o'clock English time, and we have to be off to President Kennedy's residence in Newport by ten-fifteen—uh, American time—tomorrow morning. Is it all right if I give Mr. Menuhin a brief appointment for, say, nine-thirty in the morning?"

"No, no," the Prime Minister said. "Ask him, and his wife, to have breakfast with me at nine, or even eight-thirty."

"Yes, sir, nine or eight-thirty," Mr. Ganju repeated.

"And don't forget to ask his wife!" the Prime Minister called out as Mr. Ganju was going through the door.

Reflex

WE have just been told about a gentleman who, while trying to dial his home, got a wrong number and heard the following tape-recorded message: "Dr. James is not in his office today, and will not return until Monday morning at eleven. Kindly wait for the tone, and then leave your name and phone number and the purpose of your call." The gentleman obediently waited and then babbled, "This is Gregory Milhouse. Tell the Doctor I'm sorry. I called him by mistake. What I was trying to do was call home, and I got a wrong number."

HEART

I RECEIVED an unexpected phone call recently from my old friend Syd Cottonfelt. He was here on business from Kansas City, where he works for a shoe-manufacturing company. He said he was sick of the fakes and phonies he had been running into in New York, and wanted to see some real people. So he arranged to come out to Connecticut and spend an evening with me.

Syd had met me some years before at the University of Chicago, where we were roommates. Kansas City was his home town, and he was all agog at the campus. "I never knew there were people like you in the world," he said.

"Well, there are," I told him. I had brains, charm, sensitivity, savoir-faire, and a bag of bananas. Making a Saturday night of the bananas, in lieu of larger dissipations from which our squandered allowances momentarily barred us, we sat in our room talking until the small hours.

"You have a handsome profile," Syd said.

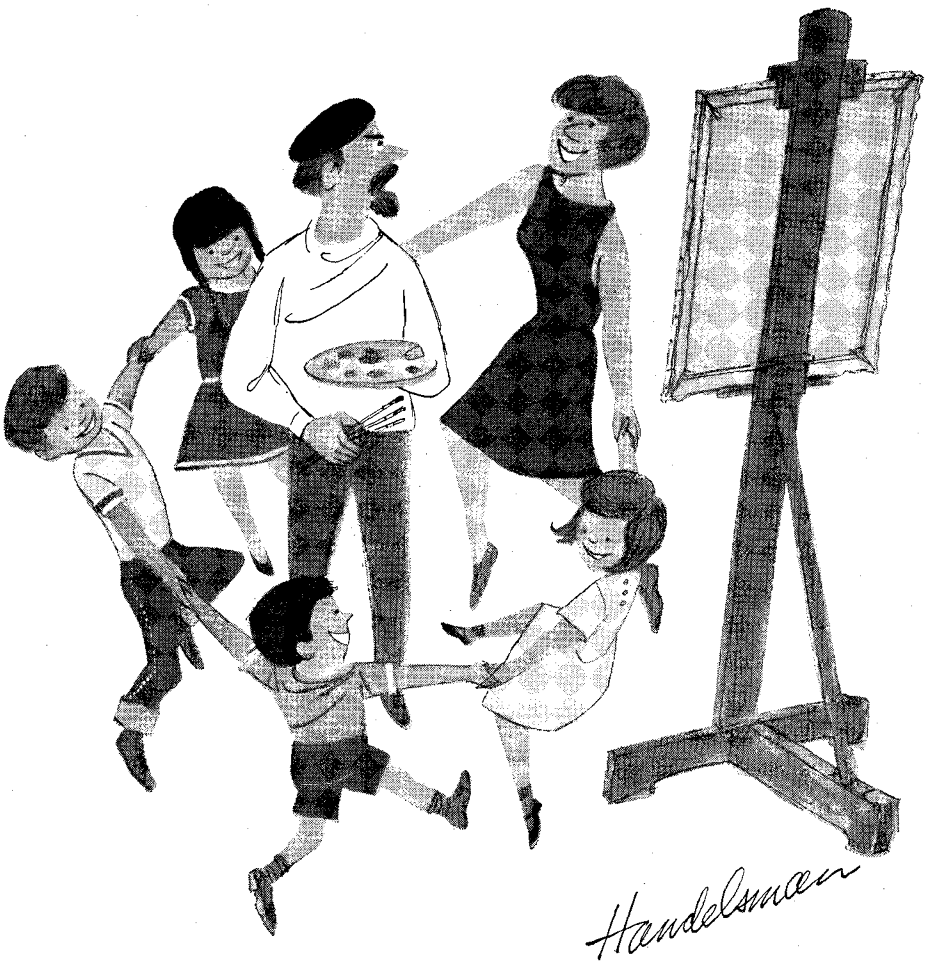
"Well, as a matter of fact I have two," I said. "One on either side."

He laughed. "Swiftie," he said, calling me by my nickname, "you're one of those people who justify life."

Driving home from the suburban station, where I had gone to meet him on his arrival on the seven-two from New York, we naturally reminisced about old times. Then he asked, "How's Megs?" He had never met my wife, but he knew her name.

"Well, we're not getting on too well, actually," I said. "She's been seeing not one chap but several lately. Their names are Warshawski, Kosciusko, Chodkiewicz, and Brzaprazetski. So you can see we're Poles apart."

He flinched, for reasons I could not fathom at the moment but that became clear to me in due course. Syd Cottonfelt, I began to sense, had made little progress in that urbanity in which, in college days, he had expressed such envious determination to groom himself. He had, if anything, lost ground. He might just as well never have met me. Nothing of me had rubbed off on him—at least permanently. He is thickset, with a square head and close-cropped black hair. His nose is obsolete, recalling Louis Wolheim. He brought out presently that he had lost his wife a few years before. "It leaves an emptiness," he said.



"Wait a minute! I didn't say we were going to Tahiti!"

Orders for highballs were taken swiftly, after my introduction of Syd to Megs, when we got home. "You two get acquainted," I said. "I'll get the drinks."

Since the room was an all-purpose living area, this consisted of little more than turning around to a bar at my back and pouring them. I prolonged the operation, however, in order to listen to the conversation between the other two. They seemed to hit it off instantly. Syd had lots of gossip to relate about the old bunch, but he addressed it all to Megs, who has never been to the University of Chicago at all but only to some women's college, the name of which I have never succeeded in extracting from her.

"Al Carter passed away, of course," he said. "Swiftie's probably told you about old Al. The salt of the earth. He left the world a better place to live in."

"That's good to know," I said, handing Syd and Megs their drinks. They both scowled at me. I got my own glass from the bar. "Cheers."

"Zimmerman keeps painting. Unfortunately, without much success."

"Hanging is too good for him," I said, and laughed.

Liquor seemed to increase rather than relieve Syd's native sobriety. He said, a little later, "You don't have any children?"

Megs relayed his gaze on toward me, as the one answerable there. "He's never wanted any," she said.

"Gee!" said Syd. "Isn't that the whole purpose of marriage? A family, a home? Don't you want that?"

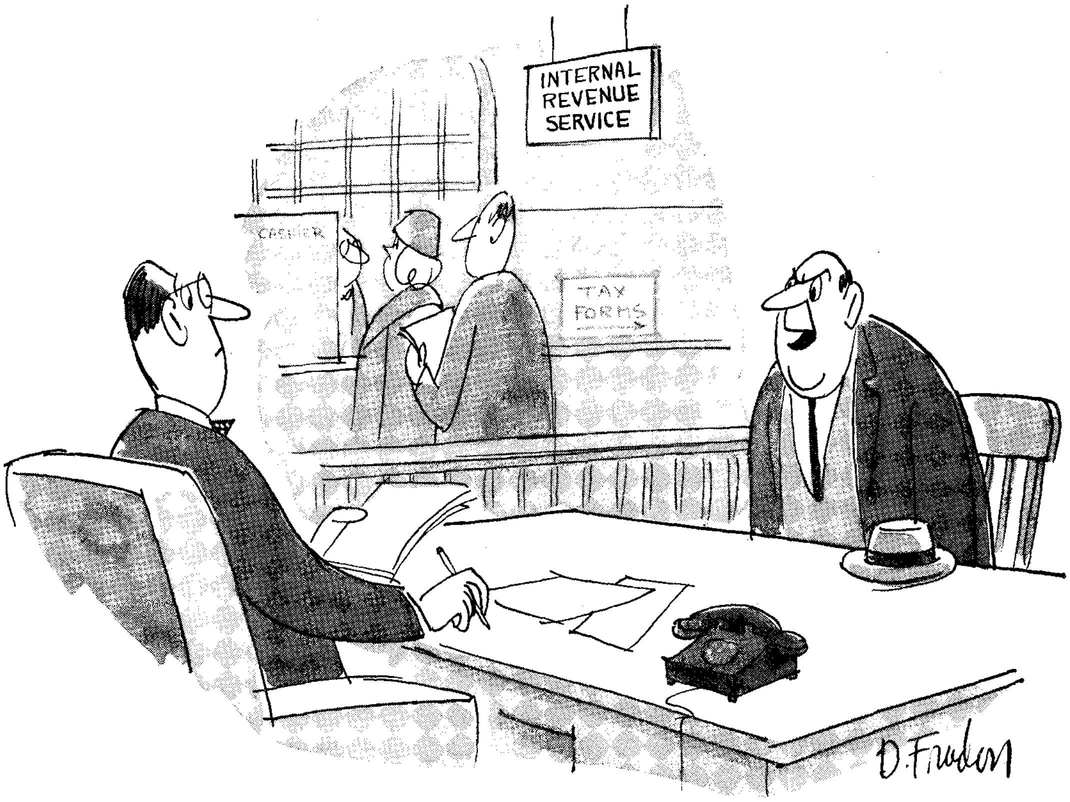
"No," I replied. "I consider the home an invasion of privacy."

There was another joint scowl at this. Then the two exchanged glances—Megs' an appeal for sympathy, Syd's the offer of it.

"What ever happened to Tod Willoughby?" I asked, to change the subject.

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale." Syd took a pull of his highball and set it down, making a point of putting it very carefully on a coaster so as not to stain the table finish. "Tod's been divorced. I heard the legal reasons, but I have my ear to the ground, and, believe you me, they're not the real ones. The fact is that Marion simply up and ditched him because he wasn't making enough money to suit her. Her and her uppity ideas! Can you imagine that? I mean, a woman leaving you just because you're only making ten thousand a year!"

"A little earning is a dangerous thing," I said.



"What do you mean, 'clarify miscellaneous'? What do you think that word is for?"

Syd frowned and shook his head. "Divorce is a terrible thing," he said.

"Not always," said my wife, looking away with an odd expression I had never seen on her face before.

"Of course, you've got to support a woman," Syd went on. "I have no objection to that. But to make money your god to the point where it can ruin a relationship, then all I can say is, 'Where are we going?' I'd welcome the chance to work for a good woman again," he said, with another glance at Megs. "To, as the old-fashioned expression goes, lay all my worldly goods at her feet. And between you and me, I've had a little luck with certain investments lately."

"You have?" Megs said, with interest. "Swiftie won't bother his head about those things."

"Well, he should," Syd said. "Aside from providing for those dependent on him, a man should want to own a part of the growth of his country. Did you know that there are now fifteen million Americans who own securities and go to shareholders' meetings?"

"Stocks and bonds are the opiate of the people," I said, and wafted myself to the bar for a refill.

IT was from here on that events moved with the speed at which, later, I was to marvel. As I set my empty glass down on the bar, I decided that what I wanted was a bottle of beer, and as I got it from the kitchen icebox, the sight of cold chicken and ham and whatnot in there made me realize that I was starved. I called into the living room to ask whether anyone wanted to join me in a midnight snack (hoping to communicate thereby my impression that that was how late the hour seemed), and they answered either yes or no—I couldn't make out which above the sound of phonograph music. I prolonged the solitary pleasure of slicing and buttering pumpernickel and spreading out a platterful of cold cuts and cheese, so it may have been as much as half an hour later that I carried it all into the living room, to find them dancing.

I sat watching them as I improvised a portmanteau sandwich from the wealth of viands at my sole disposal, they having expressed no wish to join me. I sank my teeth into the sandwich (carefully calibrated for accommodation by the human mouth) just as the waltz to which they had been swaying, by now cheek to cheek, came to an end. There was a whispered exchange between them, and then Megs excused herself and disappeared. Syd Cottonfelt sat down to watch me eat, taking nothing himself except a stuffed olive, which he snatched from the platter just as I was reaching for it myself.

"She's a real person," he said.

"Who?" I asked, doubling a flap of cold tongue over my own.

"Megs."

I nodded, mumbling assent through a quid of food.

The object of these encomiums reappeared in ten minutes or so, wearing a light coat and carrying two suitcases. "I'm leaving you," she said.

"Why?" I asked.

She set the bags down and heaved a long sigh, as one shouldering the challenge of a difficult assignment. "It's hard to put into words, at least into a few words, and it's not a decision I've reached on the spur of the moment. I've felt this way for a long time—meeting Syd just brings it to a head. Swiftie, you're not real. You're not a real person."

"No?" I said, selecting a morsel of Port du Salut from the assortment on the platter. I nodded to the archetypal and irreducible Cube, who had moved to her side. "Is he?"

"I see now he's what I want," she said. "Oh, you're brilliant, yes. Amusing, sure. But that's just the trouble. Nothing is safe from your wicked tongue. Nothing is sacred. Swiftie, life can't be lived on that level. You laugh at simple people, but they're what I need after seven years of you. I can't breathe this rarefied air any more. I've got to come down to"—she turned and smiled at her Cottonfelt—"to earth. I need roots."

"Have some potato salad," I said. "Potatoes are roots, you know. Stop this nonsense."

But my voice became suddenly tinged with fear. I heard a rustle in the doorway where they had been standing, and, looking up, saw that they were gone. I rose and rushed through the open front door to the porch, in time to see them hurrying toward a waiting cab. She had telephoned for one while packing!

"Give me another chance!" I called.

She turned at the curb. "It's too late. You had a sweetness and a freshness once, Swiftie, but that was long ago. Remember—" In the light from a street lamp, I could see the sad half smile wreathing her lips as she went on. "Remember the corny little jokes you used to play when we were first married? You'd put things in my handbag—

absurd little items I would find later and pull out, sometimes in public. A can opener, a canvas garden glove, an egg timer. Once a handful of cranberries. Then I would laugh and love you. Do you remember all that?"

I nodded mutely from the top of the steps, tears spilling from my eyes. "I'll do all that again. If that's what you want. We can start fresh. I'll be like other people. You'll see."

"It's too late," she replied. "You never gave that side of you a chance, and now it's too late. You went the other way—too far to go back. You're a snob. Oh, you're the most fabulous thing going, and probably right for the right woman, but it's not me. Goodbye, Swiftie."

"Wait!" I cried. "We'll be like that again. I'll put stuff in your bag till hell won't hold it. I'll buy albums of the world's best-loved overtures. All that." I moved down a step, away from the empty house into which I now suddenly feared returning. I called one more thing. It was absolutely my last offer. "I'll whisper low."

She turned and hurried into the cab, into which the Cube had by now chucked the luggage. He climbed in after her, slammed the door, and they were gone. I went back into the empty house alone.

IT was there that I did most of the hard thinking that occupied me in the days that followed. I had had my moment of truth: I was not a real person at all, as I had all along taken for granted, but something so far from it that for another man to be my opposite was sufficient recommendation in the eyes of the woman with whom I had been living. What a rude awakening! Radical changes were in order—in fact, a prompt about-face. I must seek new influences, and fast, before I became too recherché even for the few friends I had left and found myself completely isolated from the human race.

It was to this end that I took to spending my free evenings not in Greenwich or Fairfield or any of my other old haunts but in Bridgeport. There, one Saturday night, I met a girl named Rose in a bar-and-grill near the Bridgeport Brass Company. I lured her away from some girl friends, with whom she was clustered about a pinball machine, to a booth that became free just as we were striking up our acquaintance. She was a sturdy girl in her twenties, with that solid yet fluid firmness of line that is associated with Biedermeier furniture—a resemblance also furthered by her blond coloring. I was not surprised to learn she was of German extraction. In the course of our first Tom Collins together, she dug into a large wicker handbag for her cigarettes, removing from it a frazzled paperback reprint, which she set on the table to facilitate her search. It was the English version of a French novel I happened to have read in the original and disliked. I glanced at a few pages of it. "Fortunately, it's a poor translation," I would have said in the old days, and it was on the tip of my tongue now, but I checked it. I was not going to start this relationship with the kind of unilateral intercourse that had curdled another. Instead I said, noting the last of innumerable dog's-ears, "Well, you're almost finished."

"I am finished."

"May I borrow it?" I asked, putting it beside me on the bench.

She smiled at me through the smoke of her cigarette, to which I had also meanwhile managed to set fire for her. "Are you that hard up for something to read? Frankly, you look like you've read everything," she said, noting the peeved intellectuality of my face, as

THE HEAVEN OF ANIMALS

Here they are. The soft eyes open.
If they have lived in a wood
It is a wood.
If they have lived on plains
It is grass rolling
Under their feet forever.

Having no souls, they have come
Anyway, beyond their knowing.
Their instincts wholly bloom,
And they rise.
The soft eyes open.

To match them, the landscape flowers,
Outdoing, desperately
Outdoing what is required:
The richest wood,
The deepest field.

For some of these,
It could not be the place
It is, without blood.
These hunt, as they have done,
But with teeth and claws grown perfect,

More deadly than they can believe.
They stalk more silently,
And crouch on the limbs of trees,
And their descent
Upon the bright backs of their prey

May take years
In a sovereign floating of joy.
And those that are hunted
Know this as their life,
Their reward: to walk

Under such trees in full knowledge
Of what is in glory above them,
And to feel no fear,
But acceptance, compliance.
Fulfilling themselves without pain

At the cycle's center,
They tremble, they walk
Under the tree,
They fall, they are torn,
They rise, they walk again.

—James Dickey

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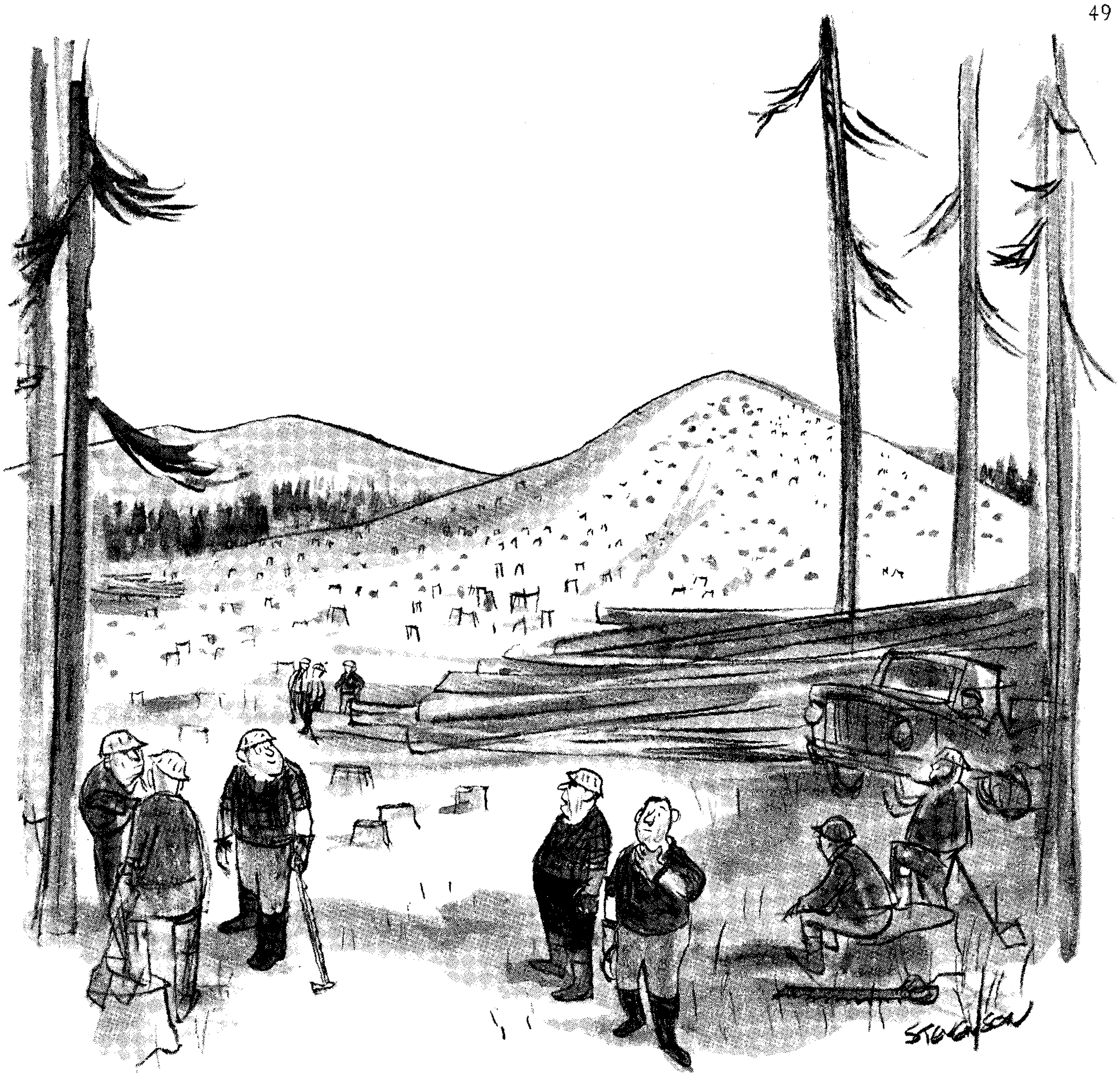

"Jack's throat is shot. Beginning today, Sam, you're the one to yell 'Timber.'"

• •

well, I imagine, as the tic that had developed in my right eye as the result of all these stresses.

"Frankly, I want to make sure I see you again," I told her. "I'll have to return it."

"I don't want it back. I read every spare minute I have—on the bus to and from work, when things are slack at the switchboard. That's what I do where I work. That's how come I always carry a paperback in my bag. My girl friends say I read too much—that I'll ruin my eyes, always with my nose in a book. I didn't care much for that one. I thought it drug in the middle, and I couldn't identify with the characters. I feel that's essential to the enjoyment of a book. Don't you?"

"But of course! We have so much in common," I said. "Can I take you to dinner next week if I promise to bring you a new book? You need one, you know. And I'll write you a poem. I am a poet, you know. My feet are Longfellows."

She blew a puff of smoke playfully into my face.

"I like the way you wrinkle your nose when you smile," I said.

"Fast worker," she said, permitting me to take her hand. "Say, your hand is like ice."

"Well, you know what they say about cold hands," I said. "How about Wednesday?"

"If you behave yourself tonight." She laughed, then rose and said she had to telephone her mother to say she would be home a little later than expected.

The instant she was gone, I reached for her handbag, which she had left behind after taking a dime from it. I quickly stowed into it the salt and pepper shakers, the lid of the sugar bowl, a beer coaster, and a pair of pliers left behind by a repairman who had been fixing the jukebox meter in that booth prior to our taking it. I buried them all well down in the bottom of the bag, so she would be sure not to see them till she got home, when she would proceed to extract them one by one and think of me with a smile of affection. I've got to have heart, and there isn't much time.

—PETER DE VRIES

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When Mr. Khrushchev speaks of Russia's Gross Natural Product, he is not talking about GNP in the American sense.
—*Editorial in the Washington Post.*

He means it in a more *personal* sense.

FOUNDRY HOUSE

WHEN his father and mother died, Joe Brennan applied for their house, his old home, the gate lodge to Foundry House. He wrote direct to Mr. Bernard (as Mr. Bernard Hogan was known locally), pointing out that he was a radio-and-television mechanic in the Music Shop; that although he had never worked for Mr. Hogan, his father had been an employee in the foundry for over fifty years; and that he himself had been born and reared in the gate lodge. Rita, his wife, who was more practical than he, insisted that he mention their nine children and the fact that they were living in three rooms above a launderette. "That should influence him," she said. "Aren't they supposed to be one of the best Catholic families in the North of Ireland?" So, against his wishes, he added a paragraph about his family and their inadequate accommodations, and sent off his application. Two days later, he received a reply from Mrs. Hogan, written on mauve, scented notepaper with fluted edges. Of course she remembered him, she said. He was the small, round-faced boy with brown curls who used to play with her Declan. And to think that he now had nine babies of his own! Where did time go? He could collect the keys from the agent and move in as soon as he wished. There were no longer any duties attached to the position of gatekeeper, she added—not since wartime, when the authorities had taken away the great iron gates that sealed the mouth of the avenue.

"Brown curls!" Rita squealed with delight when Joe read her the letter. "Brown curls! She mustn't have seen you for twenty years or more!"

"That's all right, now," was all Joe could say. He was moved with relief and gratitude and an odd sense of humility at his unworthiness. "That's all right. That's all right."

They moved into their new house at the end of summer. It was a low-set, solid stone building with a steep roof and exaggerated eaves that gave it the appearance of a gnome's house in a fairy tale. The main Derry-Belfast road ran parallel to the house, and on the other side the ground rose rapidly in a tangle of shrubs and wild rhododendron and decaying trees, through which the avenue crawled up to Foundry House at the top of the hill. The residence was not visible from the road or from any part of the town; one could only guess at its location somewhere in the green patch that lay between the new housing estate and the brassière factory. But Joe remembered from his childhood that if one stood at the door of Foundry House on a clear morning, before the smoke from the red brick factories clouded the air, one could see through the trees and the undergrowth, past the gate lodge and the busy main road, and right down to the river below, from which the sun drew a million momentary flashes of light that danced and died in the vegetation.

For Joe, moving into the gate lodge was a homecoming; for Rita and the children it was a changeover to a new life. There were many improvements to be made—there was no indoor toilet and no running water, the house was lit by gas only, and the windows, each made up of a score of small diamond-shaped pieces of glass, gave little light—and Joe accepted that they were inevitable. But he found himself putting them off from day to day and from week to week. He did not have much time when he came home from work, because the evenings were getting so short. Also, he had applied to the urban council for a money grant, and they were sending along an architect soon. And he had to keep an eye on the children, who looked on the grounds as their own private park, and climbed trees and lit fires in the undergrowth and played their shrieking games of hide-and-seek or cowboys-and-Indians right up to the very front of the big house itself.

"Come back here! Come back!" Joe would call after them in an urgent undertone. "Why can't you play down below near your own house? Get away down at once with you!"

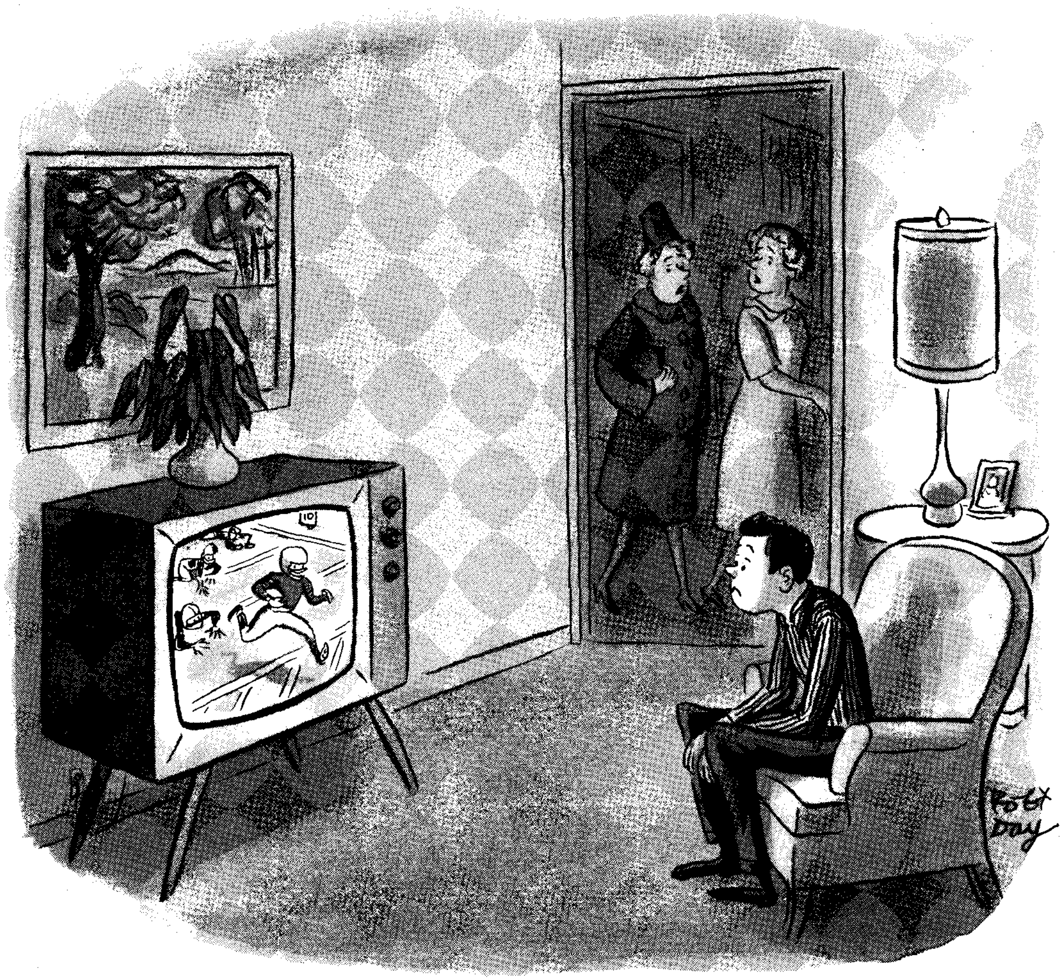
"We want to play up here, Daddy," some of them would plead. "There are better hiding places up here."

"The old man, he'll soon scatter you!" Joe would say. "Or he'll put the big dog on you. God help you then!"

"But there is no old man. Only the old woman and the maid. And there is no dog, either."

"No Mr. Bernard? Huh! Just let him catch you, and you'll know all about it. No Mr. Bernard! The dog may be gone, but Mr. Bernard's not. Come on now! Play around your own door or else come into the house altogether."

No Mr. Bernard! Mr. Bernard always had been, Joe thought, and always would be, a large, stern-faced man with a long white beard and a heavy step and a walking stick, the same ever since he remembered him. And beside him the Great Dane, who copied his master as best he could in expression and gait—a dour, sullen animal



“The college of his choice is getting shellacked.”

• •

as big as a calf and as savage as a tiger, according to the men in the foundry. And Mrs. Hogan? He supposed she could be called old now, too. Well over sixty, because Declan and he were of an age, and he was thirty-three himself. Yes, an old woman, or at least elderly, even though she was twenty years younger than her husband. And not Declan now, or even Master Declan, but Father Declan, a Jesuit. And then there was Claire—Miss Claire—the girl, younger than Declan by a year. Fat, blue-eyed Claire, who had blushed every time she passed the gate lodge, because she knew some of the Brennans were sure to be peering out through the diamond-paned windows. She had walked with her head to one side, as if she were listening for something, and used to trail her fingers along the boxwood that fringed both sides of the avenue. “Such a lovely girl,” Joe’s mother used to say. “So simple and so sweet. Not like the things I see running about this town. There’s something good before that child. Something very good.” And she was right. Miss Claire was now Sister Claire of the Annunciation nuns, and was out in Africa. Nor would she ever be home again. Never. Sister Claire and Father Declan—just the two of them, and both of them in religion, and the big house up above going to pieces, and no one to take over the foundry when the time came. Everything they could want in the world, anything that money could buy, and they turned their backs on it all. Strange, Joe thought. Strange. But right, because they were the Hogans.

THEY were a month in the house and were seated at their tea, all eleven of them, when Mrs. Hogan called on them. It was now October and there were no evenings to speak of; the rich, warm days ended abruptly in a dusk that was uneasy with cold breezes. Rita was relieved at the change in the weather, because now the children, still unsure of the impenetrable dark and the nervous movements in the undergrowth, were content to finish their games when daylight failed, and she had no difficulty in gathering them in for their evening meal. Joe answered the knock at the door.

“I’m so sorry to disturb you, Mr. Brennan. But I wonder could you do me a favor?” She was a tall, ungraceful woman, with a man’s shoulders and a wasted body and long, thin feet. When she spoke, her mouth and lips worked in excessive movement.

Rita was at Joe’s elbow. “Did you not ask the woman in?” she reproved him. “Come on inside, Mrs. Hogan.”

“I’m sorry,” Joe stammered. “I thought . . . I was about to . . .” How could he say he didn’t dare?

“Thank you all the same,” Mrs. Hogan said. “But I oughtn’t to have left Bernard at all. What brought me down was this. Mary—our maid, you know—she tells me that you have a tape-recording machine. She says you’re in that sort of business. I wonder could we borrow it for an afternoon? Next Sunday?”

“Certainly, Mrs. Hogan. Certainly,” said Rita. “Take it with you now. We never use it. Do we, Joe?”

“If Sunday suits you, I would like to have it then, when Father Declan comes,” Mrs. Hogan said. “You see, my daughter, Claire, has sent us a tape recording of her voice—these nuns nowadays, they’re so modern—and we were hoping to have Father Declan with us when we play it. You know, a sort of family reunion, on Sunday.”

“Any time at all,” said Rita. “Take it with you now. Go and get it, Joe, and carry it up.”

“No, no. Really. Sunday will do—Sunday afternoon. Besides, neither Bernard nor I know how to work the machine. We’ll be depending on you to operate it for us, Mr. Brennan.”

“And why wouldn’t he?” said Rita. “He does nothing on a Sunday afternoon anyway. Certainly he will.”

Now that her request had been made and granted, Mrs. Hogan stood irresolutely between the white gaslight in the hall and the blackness outside. Her mouth and lips still worked, although no sound came.

“Sunday, then,” she said at last. “A reunion.”

“Sunday afternoon,” said Rita. “I’ll send him up as soon as he has his dinner in him.”

“Thank you,” said Mrs. Hogan. “Thank you.” Her mouth formed an “O,” and she drew in her breath. But she snapped it shut again and turned and strode off up the avenue.

Rita closed the door and leaned

against it. She doubled up with laughter. "Lord, if you could only see your face!" she gasped between bursts.

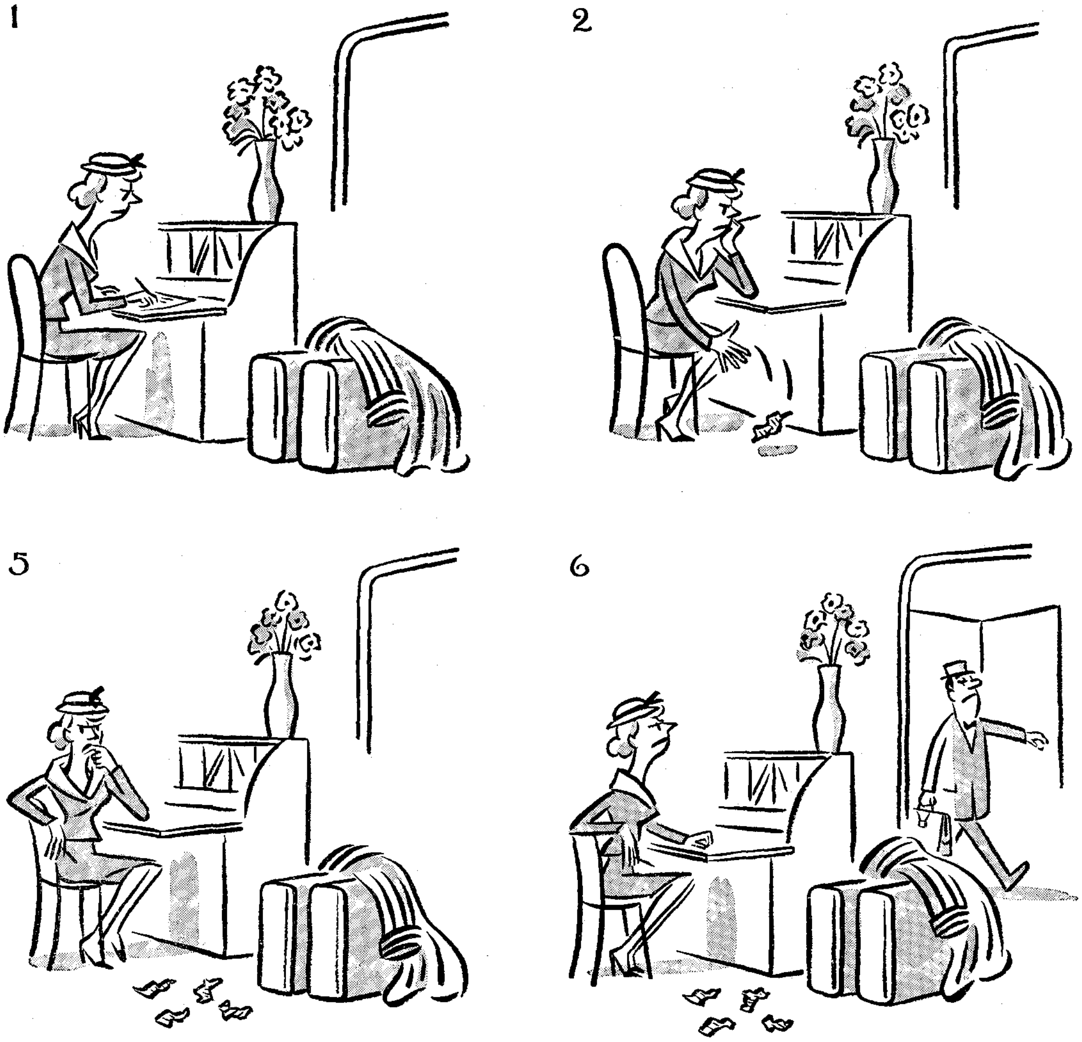
"What do you mean, my face?"

"All scared-looking, like a child caught stealing!"

"What are you raving about?" he asked irritably.

"And she was as scared-looking as yourself." She held her hand to her side. "She must have been looking for the brown curls and the round face! And not a word out of you! Like a big, scared dummy!"

"Shut up," he mumbled gruffly. "Shut up, will you?"



JOE had never been inside Foundry House, had never spoken to Mr. Bernard, and had not seen Declan since his ordination. And now, as he stood before the hall door and the evil face on the leering knocker, the only introductory remark his mind would supply him was one from his childhood: "My daddy says here are the keys to the workshop and that he put out the fire in the office before he left." He was still struggling to suppress this senseless memory when Father Declan opened the door.

"Ah, Joe, Joe, Joe! Come inside. Come inside. We are waiting for you. And you have the machine with you? Good man! Good man! Great! Great!"

Father Declan was fair and slight, and his gestures fluttering and birdlike. The black suit accentuated the whiteness of his hair and skin and hands.

"Straight ahead, Joe. First door to the right. You know—the breakfast room. They live there now, Father and Mother. Convenient to the kitchen, and all. And Mother tells me you are married and have a large family?"

"That's right, Father."

"Good man! Good man! Marvellous, too. No, no, not that door, Joe; the next one. No, they don't use the drawing room any more. Too large and too expensive to heat. That's it, yes. No, no, don't knock. Just go right in. That's it. Good man! Good man!"

One minute he was behind Joe, steering him through the hallway, and the next he had sped past him and was standing in the middle of the floor of the breakfast room, his glasses flashing, his arms extended in reception. "Good man. Here we are. Joe Brennan, Mother, with the tape recorder."

"So kind of you, Joe," said Mrs. Hogan, emerging from behind the door. "It's going to be quite a reunion, isn't it?"

"How many young Brennans are there?" asked Father Declan.

"Nine, Father."

"Good! Good! Great! Great!"

"Such healthy children, too," said Mrs. Hogan. "I've seen them playing on the avenue. And so . . . so healthy."

"Have a seat, Joe. Just leave the recorder there. Anywhere at all. Good man. That's it. Fine!"

"You've had your lunch, Mr. Brennan?"

"Yes, thanks, Mrs. Hogan. Thank you all the same."

"What I mean is, you didn't rush off without it?"

"Lucky for you, Joe," the priest broke in. "Because these people, I discover, live on snacks now. Milk and bananas—that sort of thing."

"You'll find the room cold, I'm afraid, Mr. Brennan."

"If you have a power plug, I'll get this thing . . ."

"A power plug. A power plug. A power plug. A power plug." The priest cracked his fingers each time he said the words, and frowned in concentration.

"What about that thing there?" asked Mrs. Hogan, pointing to the side of the mantelpiece.

"That's a gas bracket, Mother. No. Electric. Electric." One white finger rested on his chin. "An electric power plug. There must be one somewhere in the— Ah! Here we are!" He dropped on his knees below the window and looked back exultantly over his shoulder. "I just thought so. Here we are. I knew there must be one somewhere."

"Did you find one?" asked Mrs. Hogan.

"Yes, we did, didn't we, Joe? Will this do? Does your machine fit this?"

"That's grand, Father."

"Good! Good! Then I'll go and bring Father down. He's in bed, resting. Where is the tape, Mother?"

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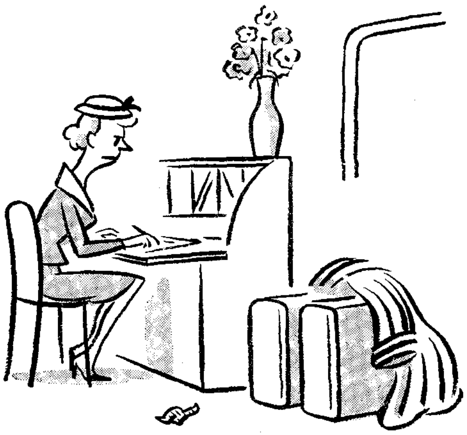

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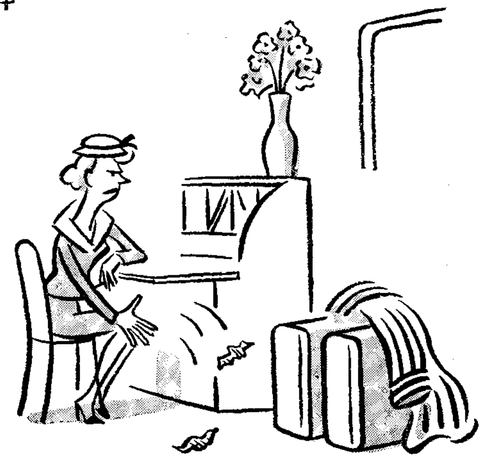

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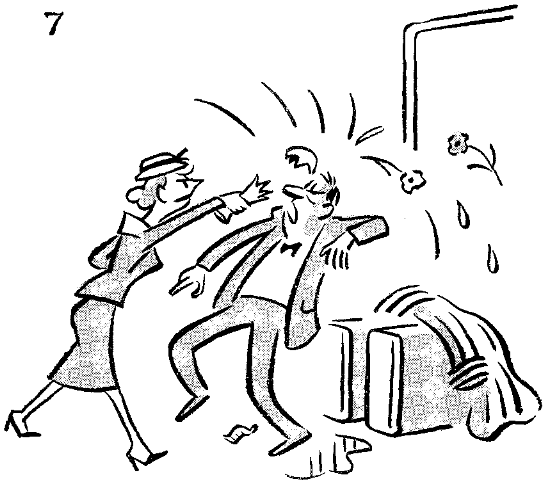

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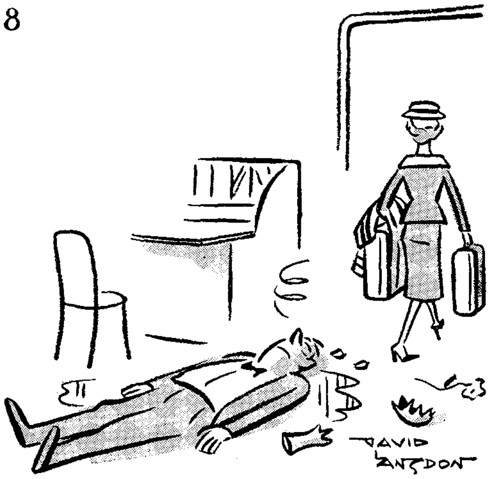


"Tape? Oh, the tape! Yes, there on the sideboard."

"Fine! Fine! That's everything, then. Father and I will be down in a minute. Good! Good!"

"Logs," said Mrs. Hogan to herself. Then, remembering Joe, she said to him, "We burn our own fuel. For economy." She smiled bleakly at him and followed her son from the room.

Joe busied himself with rigging up the machine and putting the new tape in position. When he was working in someone's house, it was part of his routine to examine the pictures and photographs around the walls, to open drawers and presses, to finger ornaments and bric-a-brac. But here in Foundry House a modesty, a shyness, a vague deference to something long ago did not allow his eyes even to roam from the work he was engaged in. Yet he was conscious of certain aspects of the room. The ceiling was high, perhaps as high as the roof of his own house, the fireplace was of black marble, the door handle was of cut glass, and the door itself did not close properly. Above his head was a print of horses galloping across open fields; the corner of the carpet was nibbled away. His work gave him assurance.

"There you are now, Mrs. Hogan," he said when she returned with a big basket of logs. "All you have to do is turn this knob and away she goes."

She ignored his stiff movement to help her with her load of logs, and knelt at the fireplace until she had built up the fire. Then, rubbing her hands down her skirt, she came and stood beside him. "What was that, Mr. Brennan?"

"I was saying that all you have to do is to turn this knob here to start it going, and turn it back to stop it. Nothing at all to it."

"Yes?" she said, thrusting her lips forward, her mind a blank.

"That's all," said Joe. "Right to start, left to stop. A child could work it." He tugged at the lapels of his jacket to indicate that he was ready to leave.

"No difficulty at all," she repeated dreamily. Then, suddenly alert again, "Here they come. You sit there, Mr. Brennan, on this side of the fire. Father Declan will sit here, and I will sit beside the table. A real family circle."

"You'll want to listen to this by yourselves, Mrs. Hogan. So if you don't mind . . ."

"Don't leave, Mr. Brennan. You will stay, won't you? You remember Claire, our lovely Claire. You remember her, don't you? She's out in Africa, you know, and she'll never be home again. Never. Not even for a death. You'll stay and hear her talking to us, won't you? Of course you will." Her fingertips touched the tops of her ears. "Claire's voice again. Talking to us. And you'll want to hear it, too, won't you?"

Before he could answer, the door burst open. Mr. Bernard had come down.

It took them five minutes to get from the door to the leather armchair beside the fire, and Joe was reminded of a baby being taught to walk. Father Declan came in first, backward, crouching slightly, his eyes on his father's feet and his arms outstretched and beckoning. "Slow-ly. Slow-ly," he said in a hypnotist's voice. "Slow-ly. Slow-ly." Then his father appeared. First a stick, then a hand, an arm, the curve of his stomach, then the beard, yellow and untidy, then the whole man. Since his return to the gate lodge, Joe had not thought of Mr. Bernard beyond the fact that he was there. In his mind there was a twenty-year-old image that had never been adjusted, a picture that was so familiar to him that he had long since ceased to look at it. But this was not the image, this giant who had grown in height and swollen in girth instead of shrinking, this huge, monolithic figure that inched its way across the faded carpet, one mechanical step after the other, in response to a word from the black weaving figure before him. Joe looked at his face, fleshy, trembling, colored in dead purple and gray black, and at the eyes, wide and staring and quick with the terror of stumbling or of falling or even of missing a syllable of the instructions from the priest. "Lift again. Lift it. Lift it. Good. Good. Now down, down. And the right, up and up and up—yes—and now down." The old man wore an overcoat streaked down the front with food stains, and the hands, one clutching the head of the stick, the other limp and lifeless by his side, were so big they had no contour. His breathing was a succession of rapid sighs.

Until the journey from door to armchair was completed, Mrs. Hogan made fussy jobs for herself and addressed herself to no one in particular. "The leaves are terrible this year. Simply terrible. I must get a man to sweep them up and do something with the rockery, too, because it has got out of hand altogether. . . ."

"Slow-ly. Slow-ly. Left. Left. That's it . . . up yet. Yes. And down again. Down."

"I never saw such a year for leaves. And the worst of it is the wind just blows them straight up against the hall door. Only this morning, I was saying to Mary we must make a pile of them and burn them before they smother us altogether. A bonfire—that's what we'll make."

"Now turn. Turn. Turn. That's it. Right round. Round. Round. Now back. Good. Good."

"Your children would enjoy a bonfire, wouldn't they, Mr. Brennan? Such lively children they are, too, and so healthy, so full of life. I see them, you know, from my bedroom window. Running all over the place. So lively and full of spirits."

A crunch, a heavy thud, and Mr. Bernard was seated, not upright but sideways over the arm of the chair, as he had dropped. His eyes blinked in relief at having missed disaster once more.

"Now," said Mrs. Hogan briskly, "I think we're ready to begin, aren't we? This is Mr. Brennan of the gate lodge, Daddy. He has given us the loan of his tape-recording machine and is going to work it for us. Isn't that kind of him?"

"How are you, Mr. Hogan?" said Joe.

The old man did not answer, but looked across at him. Was it a sly, reproving look, Joe wondered, or was it the awkward angle of the old man's head that made it appear sly?

"Which of these knobs is it?" asked Father Declan, his fingers playing arpeggios over the recorder. " 'On.' This is it, isn't it? Yes. This is it."

"The second one is for volume, Father," said Joe.

"Volume. Yes. I see. Well, all set?"

"Ready," said Mrs. Hogan.

"Ready, Daddy?" asked Father Declan.

"Daddy's ready," said Mrs. Hogan. "Joe?"

"Ready," said Joe, because that was what Mrs. Hogan had said.

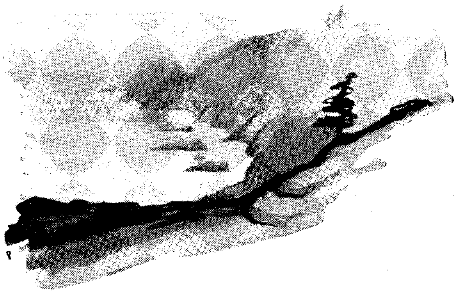
"Here goes, then," said Father Declan. "Come in, Claire. We're waiting."

The recorder purred. The soft sound of the revolving spools spread up and out until it was as heavy as the noise of distant seas. Mrs. Hogan sat at the edge of her chair; Mr. Bernard remained slumped as he had fallen. Father Declan stood poised as a ballet dancer before the fire. The spools gathered speed and the purring was a pounding of blood in the ears.

"It often takes a few seconds—" Joe began.

"Quiet!" snapped Mrs. Hogan. "Quiet, boy! Quiet!"

Then the voice came and all other sound died. "Hello, Mammy and Daddy and Father Declan. This is Sister Claire speaking to the three of you from St. Joseph's Mission, Kaluga, Northern Rhodesia. I hope you are all together when this is being played back, because I am imagining you all sitting before a great big fire in the drawing room at this minute, Daddy spread out and taking his well-earned relaxation on one side, and you, Mammy, sitting on the other side, and Declan between you both. How are you all? I wish to talk to each of you in turn—to Declan first, then to you, Mammy, and last, but by no means least, to my dear Daddy. Later in the recording, Reverend Mother, who is here beside me, will say a few words to you, and after that you will hear my school choir singing some Irish songs that I have taught them and some native songs they have taught me. I hope you will enjoy them."



Joe tried to remember the voice. Then he realized that he probably had never heard Claire speak. This sounded more like reading than speaking, he thought—like a teacher reading a story to a class of infants, making her voice go up and down in pretended interest.

She addressed the priest first, and Joe looked at him—eyes closed, hands joined at the left shoulder, head to the side, feet crossed, his whole body limp and graceful as if in repose. She asked him for his prayers and thanked him for his letter last Christmas. She said that every day she got her children to pray both for him and for the success of his work, and asked him to send her the collection of Irish melodies—a blue-backed book, she said, which he would find either in the piano bench or in the glass bookcase beside the drawing-room window.

"And now you, Mammy. You did not mention your lumbago in your last letter, so I take it you are not suffering so much from it. And I hope you have found a good maid at last, because the house is much too big for you to manage all by yourself. There are many young

ON GALVESTON BEACH

The sky was battened down
Low all around us. We stood up
Into a sea of air,
First comers to this Sicilian element,
Prospectors motionless in a bowl of blue.

Down-at-mouth at the rim,
The barely-breathing sea
Neighbored flat sand; it waited
As a pier does for some sightseer
Of horizons to wander out.

If the sky is indeed a bowl
Pressed over us by a huge hand,
We have fellow creatures everywhere: the
Sand in its patient minuteness,
That lean duck, his neck a hook, bobbing for fish,
Or, those great mushrooms of the Gulf,
Jetsam jellyfish, in whose gills
Lie strands of aquamarine.
Their lives, so humpbacked and so white,
Resemble death. We stand awhile and watch
Waves worry them toward shore,
Before striking out in their sea.

—Barbara Howes

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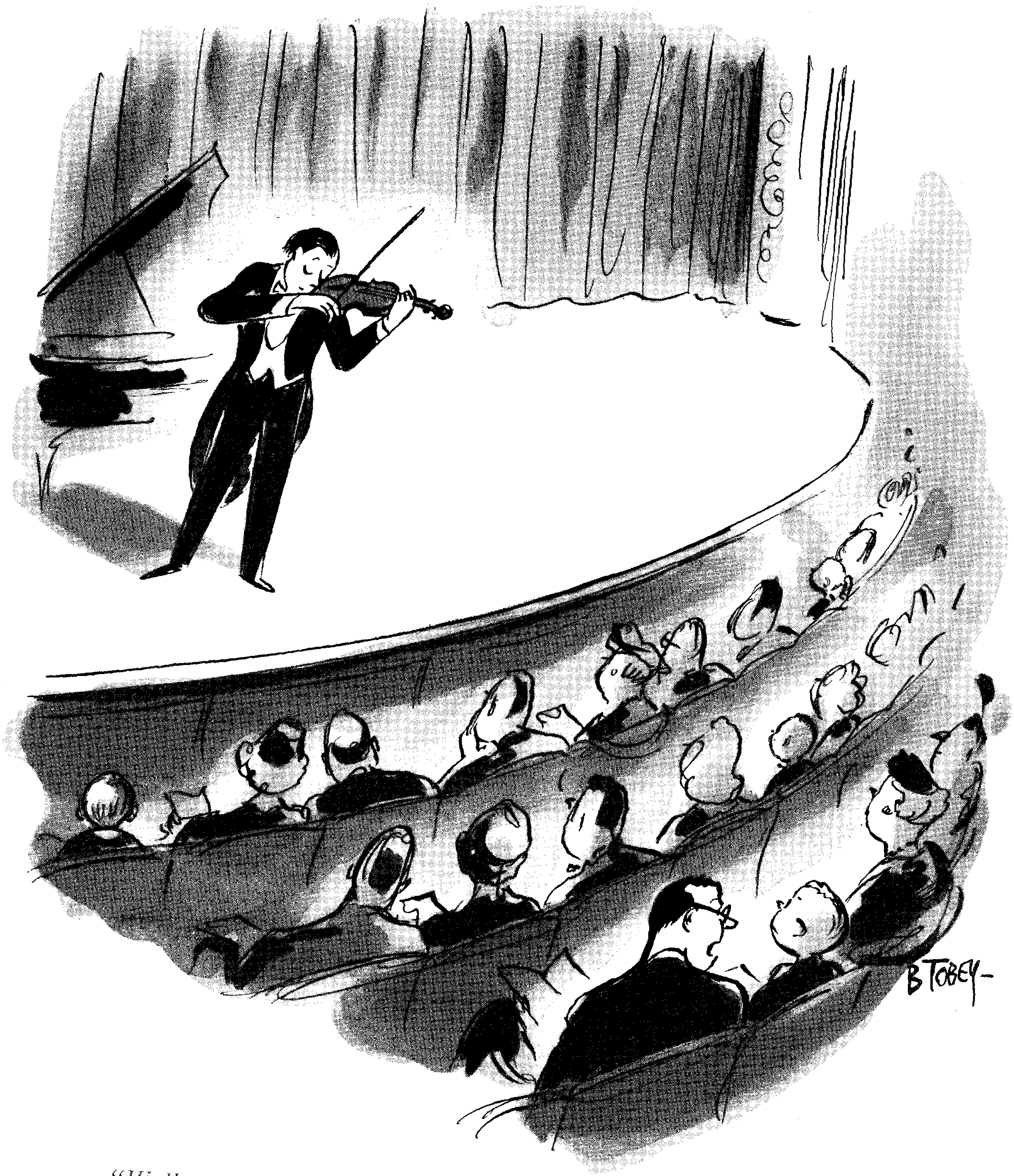
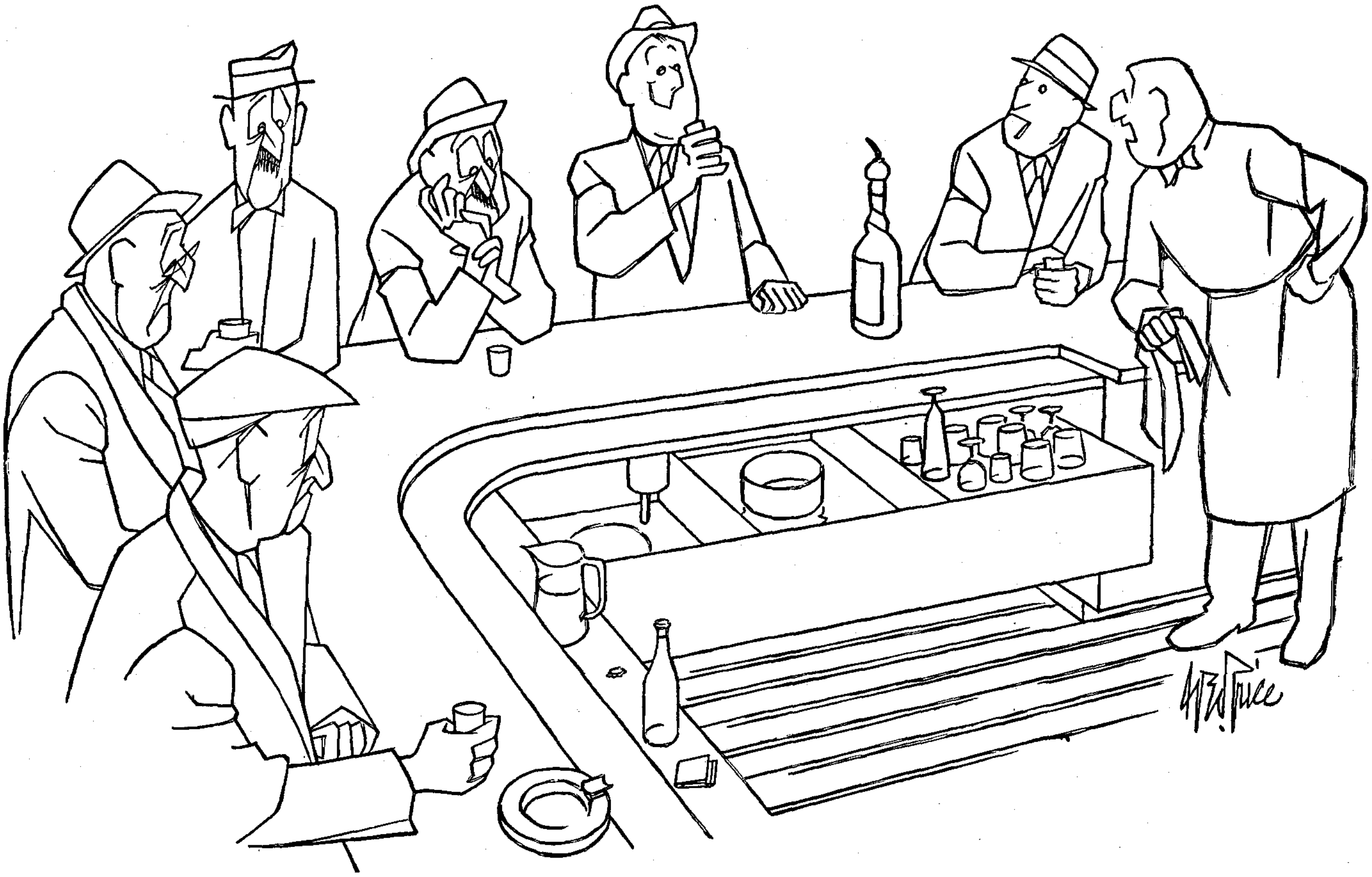


"Well, you can just stop hoping. The chances against a string's breaking are at least a thousand to one."

• •

girls around the mission here who would willingly give you a hand, but then they are too far away, aren't they? However, please God, you are now fixed up." She went on to ask about the gardens and the summer crop of flowers, and told of the garden she had beside the convent and of the flowers she was growing. While her daughter spoke to her, Mrs. Hogan worked her mouth and lips furiously, and Joe wondered what she was saying to herself.

"And now I come to my own Daddy. How are you, Daddy? I am sure you were very sorry when Prince had to be shot, you had him so long. And then the Prince before that—how long did you have him? I was telling Sister Monica here about him the other day, about the first Prince, and when I said he lived to be nineteen and a half, she just laughed in my face and said she was sure I was mistaken. But he was nineteen and a half, wasn't he? You got him on my sixth birthday, I remember, and although I never saw the second Prince—you got him after I had entered—I am quite sure he was as lovely as the first. Now, why don't you get yourself a third, Daddy? He would be



"We don't get many of his kind around here. He just likes the way the stuff tastes."

• •

company for you when you go on your rambles, and it would be nice for you to have him lying beside you on the office floor, the way the first Prince used to lie."

Joe watched the old man. Mr. Bernard could not move himself to face the recorder, but his eyes were on it, the large, startled eyes of a horse.

"And now, Daddy, before I talk any more to you, I am going to play a tune for you on my violin. I hope you like it. It is the Gartan 'Mother's Lullaby.' Do you remember it?"

She began to play. The music was tuneful but no more. The lean, tinny notes found a weakness in the tape or in the machine, because when she played the higher part of the melody the only sound reproduced was a shrieking monotone. Joe sprang to his feet and worked at the controls, but he could do nothing. The sound adjusted itself when she came to the initial melody again, and he went back to his seat.

It was then, as he turned to go back to the fire, that he noticed the old man. He had moved somehow in his armchair and was facing the recorder, staring at it. His one good hand pressed down on the side of his chair and his body rocked backward and forward. His expression, too, had changed. The dead purple of his cheeks was now a living scarlet, and the mouth was open. Then, even as Joe watched, he suddenly levered himself upright in the chair, his face pulsating with uncontrollable emotion, the veins in his neck dilating, the mouth shaping in preparation for speech. He leaned forward, half pointing toward the recorder with one huge hand. *"Claire!"*

The terrible cry—hoarse, breathy, almost lost in the old man's asthmatic snortings—released Father Declan and Mrs. Hogan from their concentration on the tape. They ran to him as he fell back into the chair.

DARKNESS had descended by the time Joe left Foundry House. He had helped Father Declan to carry the old man upstairs to his bedroom and helped to undress him and put him to bed. He suggested a doctor, but neither the priest nor Mrs. Hogan answered him. Then he came downstairs alone and switched off the humming machine. He waited for almost an hour for the others to come down—he felt awkward about leaving without making some sort of farewell—but when neither of them came he tiptoed out through the hall and pulled the door after him. He left the recorder behind.

The kitchen at home was chaotic. The baby was in a zinc bath before the fire, three younger children were wrestling in their pajamas, and the five elder were eating at the table. Rita, her hair in a turban and her sleeves rolled up, stood in the middle of the floor and shouted unheeded instructions above the din. Joe's arrival drew her temper to him. "So you came home at last! Did you have a nice afternoon with your fancy friends?"

He picked his steps among the wrestlers and sat in the corner below the gas jet.

"I'm speaking to you! Are you deaf?"

"I heard you," he said. "Yes, I had a nice afternoon."

She sat resolutely on the opposite side of the fireplace, to show that she had done her share of the work; it was now his turn to give a hand. "Well?" She took a cigarette from her apron pocket and lit it. The chaos around her was forgotten.

"Well, what?" he asked.

"You went up with the recorder, and what happened?"

"They were all there—the three of them."

"Then what?"

"We played the tape through."

"What's the house like inside?"

"It's very nice," Joe said slowly. "Very nice."

She waited for him to continue. When he did not, she said, "Did the grandeur up there frighten you, or what?"

"I was just thinking about them, that's all," he said.

"The old man, what's he like?"

"Mr. Bernard? Oh, Mr. Bernard . . . he's the same as ever. Older, of course, but the same Mr. Bernard."

"And Father Declan?"

"A fine man. A fine priest. Yes, very fine."

"Huh!" said Rita. "It's not worth your while going out, for all the news you bring home."

"The tape was lovely," said Joe quickly. "She spoke to all of them in turn—to Father Declan and then to her mother and then to Mr. Bernard himself. And she played a tune on the violin for him, too."

"Did they like it?"

"They loved it, loved it. It was a lovely recording."

"Did she offer you anything?"

"Wanted me to have tea with them, but I said no, I had to leave."

"What room were they in?"

"The breakfast room. The drawing room was always drafty."

"A nice room?"

"The breakfast room? Oh, lovely, lovely . . . Glass handle on the door and a beautiful carpet and beautiful pictures . . . everything. Just lovely."

"So that's Foundry House," said Rita, knowing that she was going to hear no gossipy details.

"That's Foundry House," Joe echoed. "The same as ever—no different."

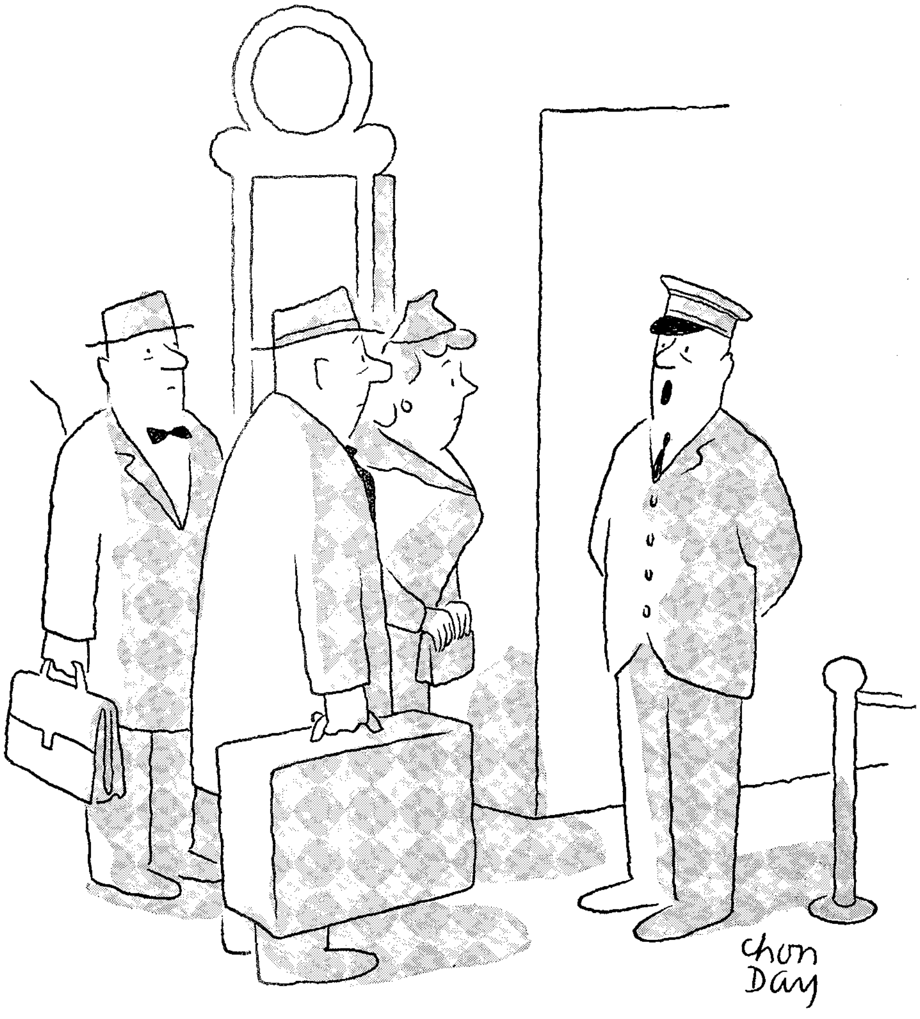
She put out her cigarette and stuck the butt behind her ear.

"They're a great family, Rita," he said. "A great, grand family."

"So they are," she said casually, stooping to lift the baby out of its bath. Its wet hands patterned her thin blouse. "Here, Joe! A job for you. Dress this divil for bed."

She set the baby on his knee and went to separate the wrestlers. Joe caught the child, closed his eyes, and rubbed his cheek against the infant's soft, damp skin. "The same as ever," he crooned into the child's ear. "A great family. A grand family."

—Brian Friel



"All aboard for Bridgeport, New Haven, New London, Westerly, Kingston, Providence, and Boston—I think."

SAVE MY SEAT

THERE is a still newer wave of films on its way from Italy. Here are some synopses, so that you can plan your weekends.

"The Occurrence"

Giovanna has lost her thimble. For the first two and three-quarters hours of the film, she and her friends look for it. In the final ten minutes, she is raped, and we are left with a sense of loss.

"The Occurrence" is the first film made by the cruel and talented Dominic Fabiani, and stars his good friend and constant companion Fabiana Dominici.

"Carlo and His Brothers"

"Carlo and His Brothers" is the odyssey of Carlo and his brothers, Niccolo, Giacomo, Ottorino, Gioacchino, Giuseppe, Vittorio, Gaetano, Ruggiero, Cesare, and Pietro, who emigrate from the suburbs of Rome to midtown Rome. In the course of the conflicts brought about by the crude uprooting forced on them by the Industrial Revolution, Nicolo becomes deeply obsessed with Giulietta, who loves Ruggiero and Pietro. Gaetano marries Francesca, whose affair with Giuseppe has caused him heartlessly to leave Gina, who, in her bitterness, impulsively tells Cesare that Floria has been carrying on a liaison with Goldfine.

At the big family reunion, Antonietta, unable to contain her unhappiness, reveals her pregnancy. In their grief, the brothers visit the childlike Sylvana, who for all of them has been their only contact with the soil from which they have been uprooted. They rape her, and we are left with a sense of loss.

"Carlo and His Brothers" is the first film from the perverse and talented Penuche Marchesi, and stars his good friend and constant companion Gérard Durain.

"Mother and Daughter"

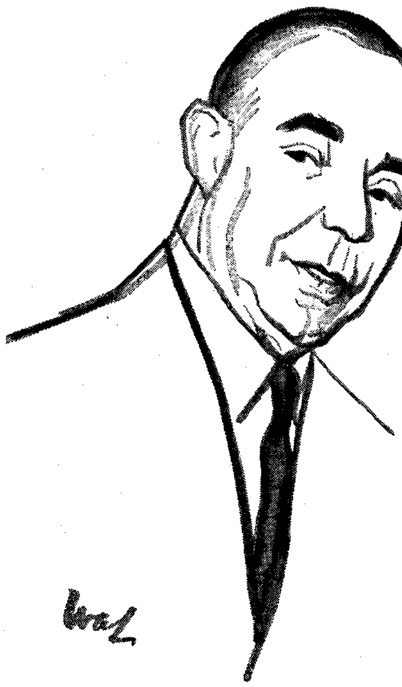
Gia and Maria, mother and daughter, walk the length of wartime Italy to present their last pair of stockings to the Pope. The stockings are lost in Torino, where they settle to look for them. After Torino is devastated by American bombs, Gia and Maria are raped by the Army, and we are left with a sense of loss.

This is the twenty-seventh film about war-torn Italy by the bitter and successful Carissimo De Vita; it stars his good friends and constant companions Lucia Vengerini and Patsy Harkness.

—Mike Nichols

PROFILES

YOU CAN'T FORCE IT



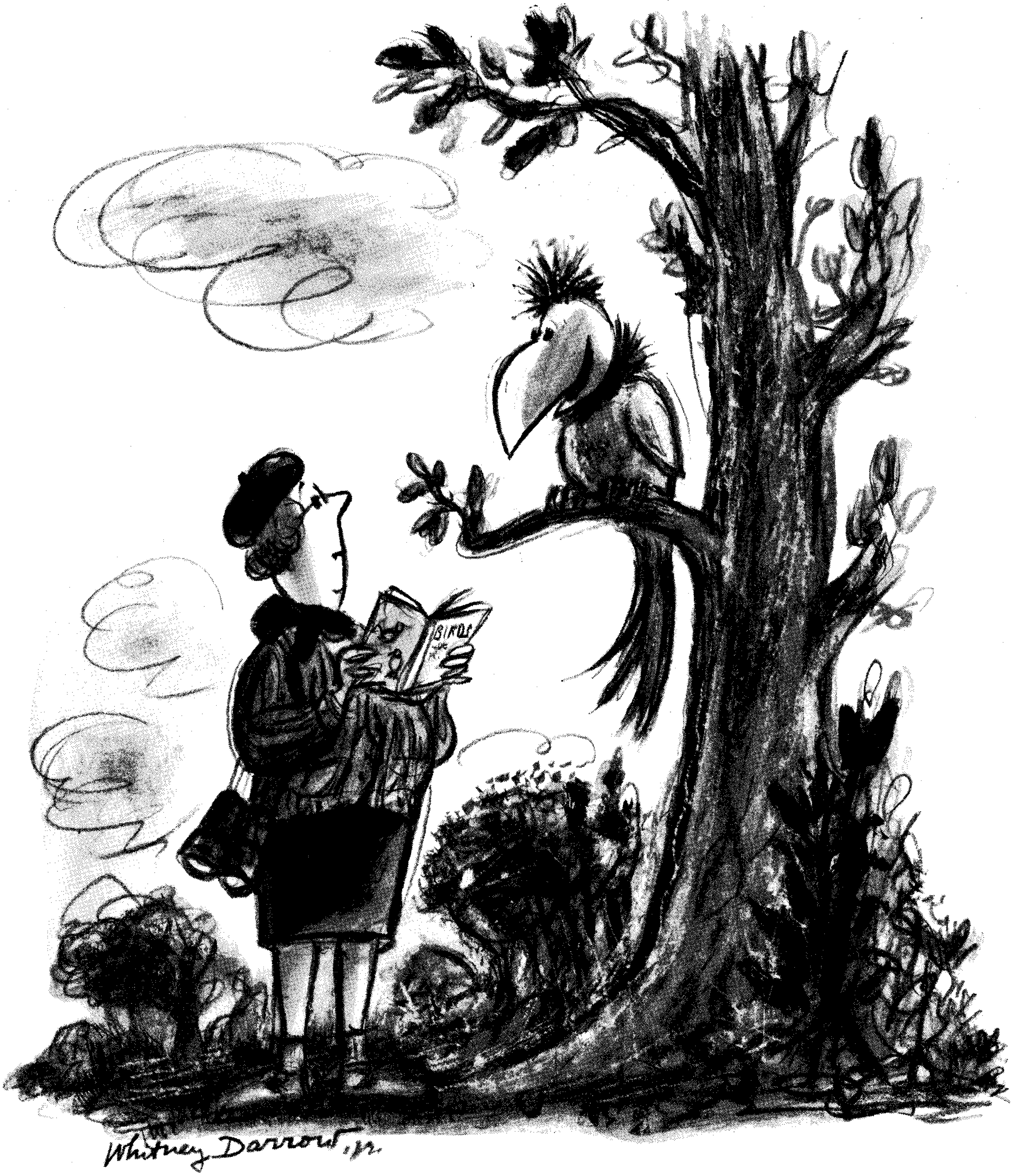
Richard Rodgers

IN the Broadway musical theatre, Richard Rodgers occupies a unique place, not only because of his great success and the sheer number of musical shows he has turned out over a period of more than forty years but also because of the immense influence he has had on the form, content, and tone of the art of musical comedy—an art that many people, with considerable reason, believe to be America's most characteristic and vital contribution (aside, perhaps, from jazz) to music. He has survived two of the most skillful lyric-writers of the Broadway stage, Lorenz Hart and Oscar Hammerstein II. In collaboration with them, he has produced an astonishing succession of shows, some of which have altered the traditions of the musical stage, bringing to it new elements of musical and dramatic cohesion and sophistication, and developing the ancient art of comic opera into the distinctly American form it has today. He has not been the form's sole developer, of course. His art goes back a long way to European prototypes—to a string of lighthearted masterpieces by Offenbach, Johann Strauss, Gilbert and Sullivan, and Lehár, and by their Irish-American follower Victor Herbert, whose operettas were in some ways more European than American. In its career on this side of the Atlantic, musical comedy has been strongly influenced by such relatively immortal popular composers as Jerome Kern, Vincent Youmans, George Gershwin, and Cole Porter, some of whom, considered purely as melodists, may have been superior to Rodgers, and some of whose scores—Kern's "Show Boat" and Porter's "Kiss Me, Kate," for example—stand out as masterpieces of the genre. But Rodgers' position in the art is a special one. He has been a continuous and restless innovator. He has never conformed to a pattern, either in his choice of dramatic subjects or in the melodies he has written to ornament them. His output of shows and show tunes has been greater than that of any of his contemporaries. (The tunes have been estimated to number as many as two thousand, and though Rodgers himself thinks that a thousand or so is probably more accurate, even he is not sure just how many there are.)

This incredible melodic fertility, which is comparable to that of such great classical melodists as Mozart, Verdi, and Tchaikovsky, would alone make him a startling phenomenon in contemporary music, particularly since it has been accompanied by a full-fledged revolution in the concept of the musical theatre—a revolution in which he has been one of the leading rebels. The old-fashioned operetta, which is exemplified by the works of Herbert, Friml, and Romberg, and which leaned heavily on historical fantasy interspersed with sentimental song, has long since ceased to exist, and so has the old-fashioned revue, with its voluptuous, static showgirls and its reliance on gags and comedy routines. The modern American musical show takes its drama seriously, and its drama is, for the most part, a reflection of modern life. It frequently utilizes the skills of ballet in place of the old high-kicking chorus line. Both its tunes and its lyrics show greater wit, and its music is generally better integrated into the total theatrical conception.

Rodgers' contribution to this new art has been enormous, and in the long list of his shows quite a number have broken entirely new ground. As historians of the subject have pointed out, "On Your Toes" (1936) was the first Broadway musical to make extended use of ballet in the plot, and also the first to include a sustained section of purely instrumental music (in the famous "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" scene). "Babes in Arms" (1937) introduced the now familiar element of informal youthful exuberance, laying to rest once and for all the old-time parade of the standard musical-comedy chorus. "I Married an Angel" (1938) carried ballet—and Broadway ballet music—a step farther. "Pal Joey" (1940), considered by many people to be Rodgers' finest work, flouted tradition by presenting a full-fledged knave as its hero, and by making him a dancer instead of a singer. "Oklahoma!" (1943) had a carefully worked-out dramatic theme that was regarded at the time by some people as too highbrow for popular musical treatment. "Carousel" (1945) had an even stronger dramatic theme (and one with tragic overtones, something that had almost never appeared in the popular musical theatre before), along with a score that approached opera in the continuity of its music and in the variety of its declamation. (Rodgers himself is inclined to consider it his best work.) And even the less successful Rodgers shows—the experiments, the ones that had slightly flawed books or patches of uninspired music—have always contained at least a few numbers that have left a lasting mark on popular music. To this remarkable outpouring of Broadway scores—reaching in an unbroken span from "The Garrick Gaieties" of 1925 down to the current "The Sound of Music"—plus some fifteen scores for Hollywood movies, he has added two large and highly effective pieces of instrumental background music for television serials. These were the wartime documentary "Victory at Sea" and the recent series on Winston Churchill, and the score for the former, as Deems Taylor pointed out some time ago, encompassed an expanse of music as long as "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," and "Parsifal" combined. In the process, Rodgers has, of course, become a millionaire and acquired whole shelves of citations, prizes, and medals. But affluence and honors have in no way diminished either his devotion to the musical theatre or the steady flow of his scores. He continues to turn out songs and musical ideas as prolifically and as professionally as a cabinetmaker turns out furniture, and at fifty-nine he is as busy as ever, or busier.

Physically, Rodgers is a comparatively short, stocky, gray-haired man who conveys an impression of roundness and unquenchable geniality. His round body, usually encased in a conservative gray or pin-striped blue suit, gives him, as quite a few people have



"Give up?"

• •

noted, the appearance of a prosperous banker—a resemblance intensified by an air of authority common to successful businessmen and by a degree of social aplomb that enables him to meet almost any situation with outward tranquillity and good nature. His round face rarely betrays worry or anger, being generally suffused with a smile that seems to extend all over its surface. Nothing about him suggests pompousness or self-conscious wit, on the one hand, or bohemianism, introversion, or artistic dishevelment, on the other. He talks the language of show business—a direct, earthy idiom containing occasional four-letter words and punctuated with exclamations like "Pow!" and "Wham!"—and if he happens to use an abstract or slightly pretentious word, he usually follows it with an apology. He is often gently ribald in his conversation, and never arch or sententious. He loves to talk to people, and is very sensitive to their reactions—a sensitivity undoubtedly nurtured by his long experience in gauging and encouraging the personalities of actors, musicians, directors, and producers. He is, in fact, extremely gregarious, and though he hates night clubs and the formality of Broadway opening nights (he attends them only for professional reasons), he is an inveterate giver of parties and a joyous basker in the company of others.

Rodgers' offices, at 488 Madison Avenue, which he visits three or four days a week, look like the headquarters of an industrial firm, which, in fact, they are. Rodgers & Hammerstein is the center of a wide range of activities, among them the booking of his Broadway and out-of-town productions, the rental of scores and scripts to schools and stock companies, and all the complicated transactions involving contracts, promotion, and publicity that are the concern of big theatrical booking offices everywhere. The place contains a large library of scores, a secretary, nine or ten office workers, a grand piano, and a reception room for the constant stream of visitors who want to see the great man for one reason or another. The walls are entirely free of the disorderly array of posters and autographed photographs that decorate the classic theatrical offices; instead, there are neatly framed eighteenth-century engravings of Shakespearean performances. The furniture, except in the purely functional offices of the administrative help, is formal and elegant. "The fact is," Rodgers has said, "the place makes me feel like a nose-and-throat specialist." On the days when he is holding court, the visitors—actors, singers, conductors, publicity men, gossip columnists, and so on—sit patiently in the reception room, happily discussing theatre news (sometimes for an hour at a stretch) until Rodgers is free to see them. The spectacle is a little like a levee held in the palace of some old-time European aristocrat. Rodgers complains a good deal about the demands that the office imposes on his time. "Who makes all the decisions around here?" he exclaimed recently. "Me! I wish to God that just once somebody would turn up who wanted to do something for me, instead of wanting me to do something for him. The trouble with this place is like the trouble with old automobiles. It's in the clutch, and I'm it. I have to take charge of the changing speeds. I couldn't compose here. There's too much going on." Still, there is no doubt that he hugely enjoys the human contacts provided by the turmoil. When Rodgers is not in his office, he is very apt to be haunting various theatres where his shows are being auditioned for or rehearsed. He attends all these rehearsals—even the numerous ones necessary to get a road company into shape—supervising the work of his singers and directors, making slight changes, complaining about diction, exulting over the beauty and personal charm of his leading ladies, chuckling at lines or stage situations that he already knows by heart, and generally helping to mold the production to his own high specifications. The sight of a bare stage full of uncostumed actors and cluttered with disused flats and lighting equipment is enough to set his mind racing. "It's the most exciting thing in the world to see that drab background and to know that when the curtain rises on opening night, it will all be transformed into something with meaning," he once said.

It is, indeed, almost impossible to detach Rodgers' contemplative life as a creator of tunes from his highly extroverted life as a theatrical man of action. The two seem to run concurrently, without the slightest conflict; tunes occur to him while he is supervising dramatic situations, and dramatic situations are always present in his mind when he is composing tunes. And both lives are smoothly geared to an existence that involves him in no end of outside activities, some of them related to his stature as a public figure—he is a member of the board of directors of the New York Philharmonic, a trustee of Barnard College, and a member of the New York State Council on the Arts—and others to his responsibilities as a devoted family man. He is without eccentricities of any sort. "When you reach a certain position—that's a horrible word, isn't

"There's just no place for the little criminal any more."

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Germaine Monteil

it?—you have to be responsible for a lot of things besides feeding your face," he remarked not long ago. He feels a special obligation toward the promotion of music that is more highbrow than his own, and he has commissioned many works by symphonic and operatic composers, even though the results have not always conformed to his personal tastes. "I believe those boys should be encouraged," he maintained recently, and added, a little wistfully, "I've always hoped that something might come of it."

Rodgers' more private life is led in a rather imposing fourteen-room cooperative apartment that occupies two floors of a Park Avenue building in the Seventies, and on a country estate near Southport, Connecticut, where he spends his weekends and a good part of his summers. Both establishments are fairly conventional habitats for a man of means. (He is a bit apologetic about the size of the apartment, explaining that he bought it about twenty years ago, when he was the father of two young daughters, and that even though the daughters have grown up and married, he has simply not been able to bring himself to move to smaller quarters.) Both are presided over by his wife, a tall, handsome woman with the social ease of a diplomat, the feminine solicitude of a dedicated housewife, and the cultivated taste of a great lady. Rodgers claims that he first met her when she was two months old (his father, who was a physician, was treating her older brother for typhoid), and that he fell in love with her on a steamship trip from Europe when she was seventeen and he a hopeful young songwriter of twenty-four. In the matrimonially unstable world of the Broadway theatre, their marriage is widely regarded as a model of serenity. Mrs. Rodgers was originally a sculptress, under her maiden name of Dorothy Feiner, but she abandoned that career without regret to marry him ("The world lost absolutely nothing when I gave up sculpting," she has said), and, now that their two daughters have left home, she busies herself with various charitable undertakings and some successful household inventions—a cleaning mop and a material for making dress patterns among them. One important remnant of Mrs. Rodgers' early artistic training persists, however. She is a fervent collector of modern painting, and the New York apartment is decorated with a fine display of canvases by French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists and American, French, and Italian Abstract Expressionists. Her

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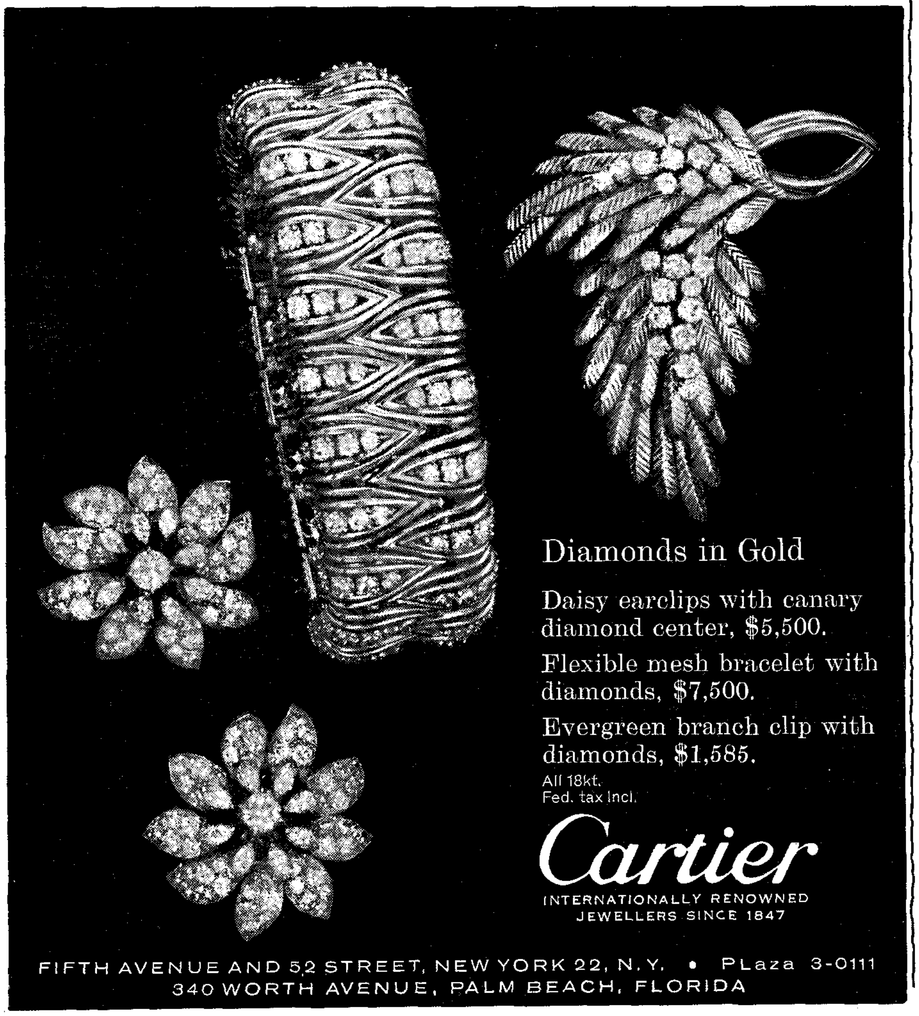

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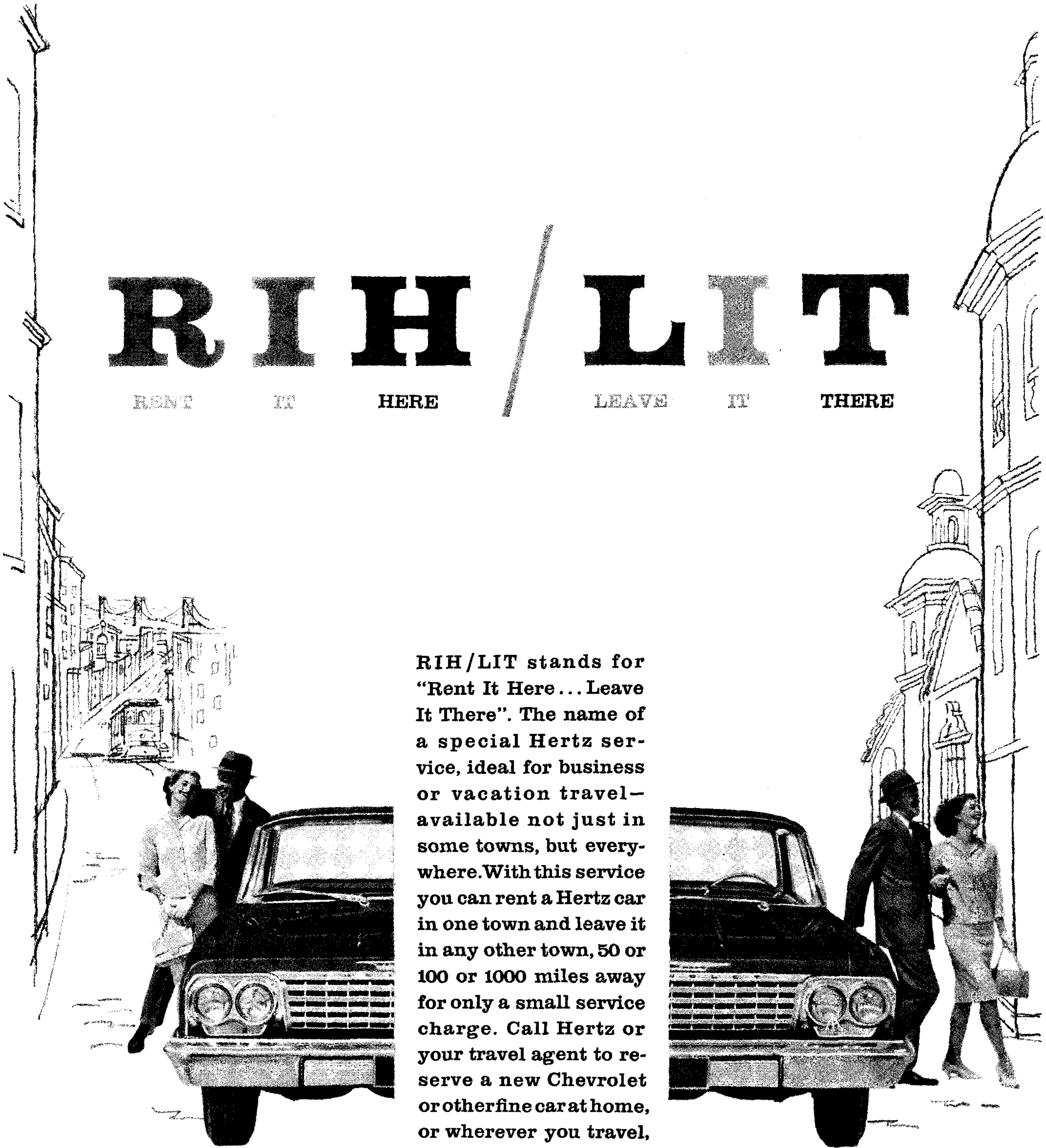

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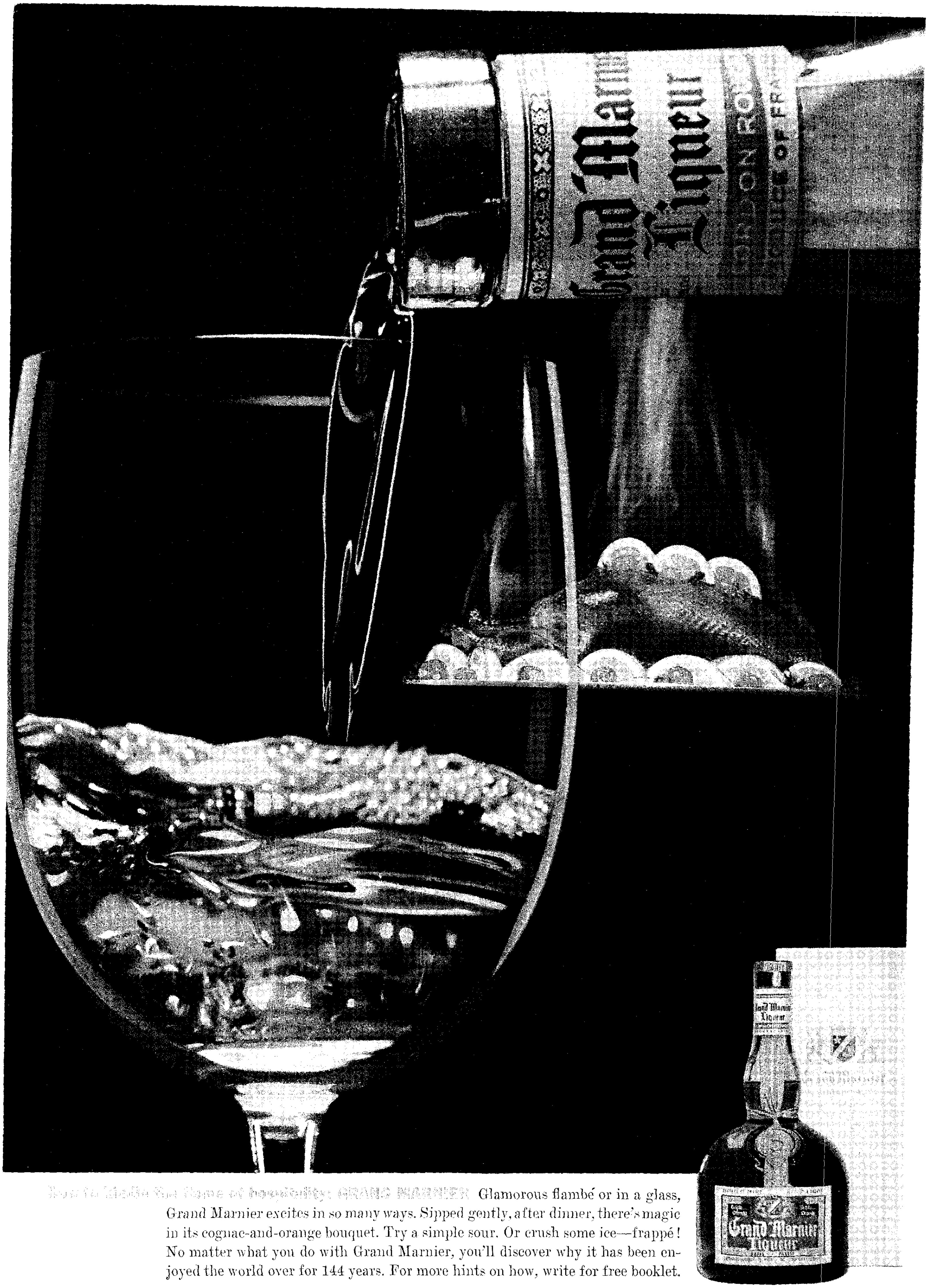
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When the Rodgerses are at their Connecticut place, sociability is somewhat less intense, and Rodgers devotes his remarkable energies to taking long walks and playing croquet. He is, however, a man of distinctly urban tastes, and he cannot bring himself to stay away from Broadway for any length of

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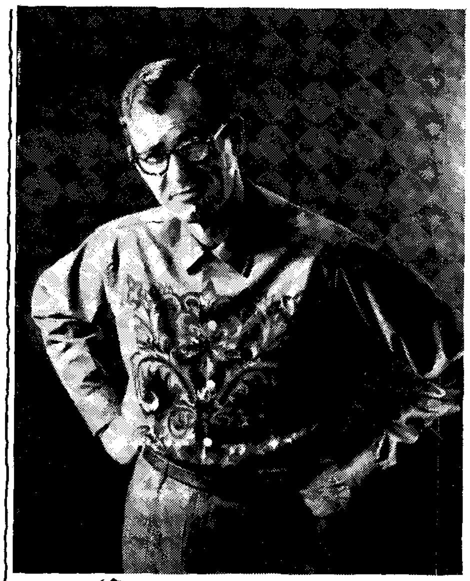
time—from the endless round of garrulous meetings with his theatrical colleagues, from the lunches and dinners at midtown restaurants that range all the way from Le Pavillon ("You can hardly get away from there for less than twenty dollars a head") to the Canton Village ("That's a place on West Forty-ninth—near the theatre that shows those sexy movies—where you get a whole meal for a dollar and a half"), with Sardi's and Lindy's in between. His strenuous participation in the hurly-burly of Manhattan life might make one wonder when he finds time for composing. The answer is that composing takes up about two per cent of Rodgers' time, and even less of his energies. He has been quoted as saying, "It's easier to write a tune than to bend over and tie your shoelaces," and in his case the statement seems only slightly exaggerated.

THE speed and ease with which Rodgers turns out successful show tunes has become one of Broadway's persistent legends. The melody for "Bali Ha'i," from "South Pacific," is supposed to have been jotted down in five minutes while he was having after-lunch coffee, and it is undoubtedly true that he seldom spends more than an hour on the first draft of any of his tunes. Oscar Hammerstein often expressed astonishment, combined with a little envy, over Rodgers' ability to instantly set to music a lyric that it had taken him a week or so to perfect. Rodgers' gift in this respect does indeed approach genius. The performance is not, however, quite as incredible as it might seem. Popular tunes—and, for that matter, tunes in general—usually occur to their creators in sudden flashes of inspiration. There have been composers—Beethoven is an example—who were noted for their tireless revising and reshaping of melodic material, but in the long history of music they stand out as exceptions, and as a rule they are to be found among composers who devote themselves to the intricate craft of symphonic architecture, where tunes are often mere cells that combine into large organisms. The pure melodist—a classification that includes such masters as Tchaikovsky, Bellini, Chopin, Verdi, and Rossini as well as the composer of popular songs—is nearly always a fast worker once the melodic inspiration hits him, and his melodies usually well up as full entities from some unconscious source. For the popular tunesmith who depends on professional arrangers for the details of orchestration and extended musical de-



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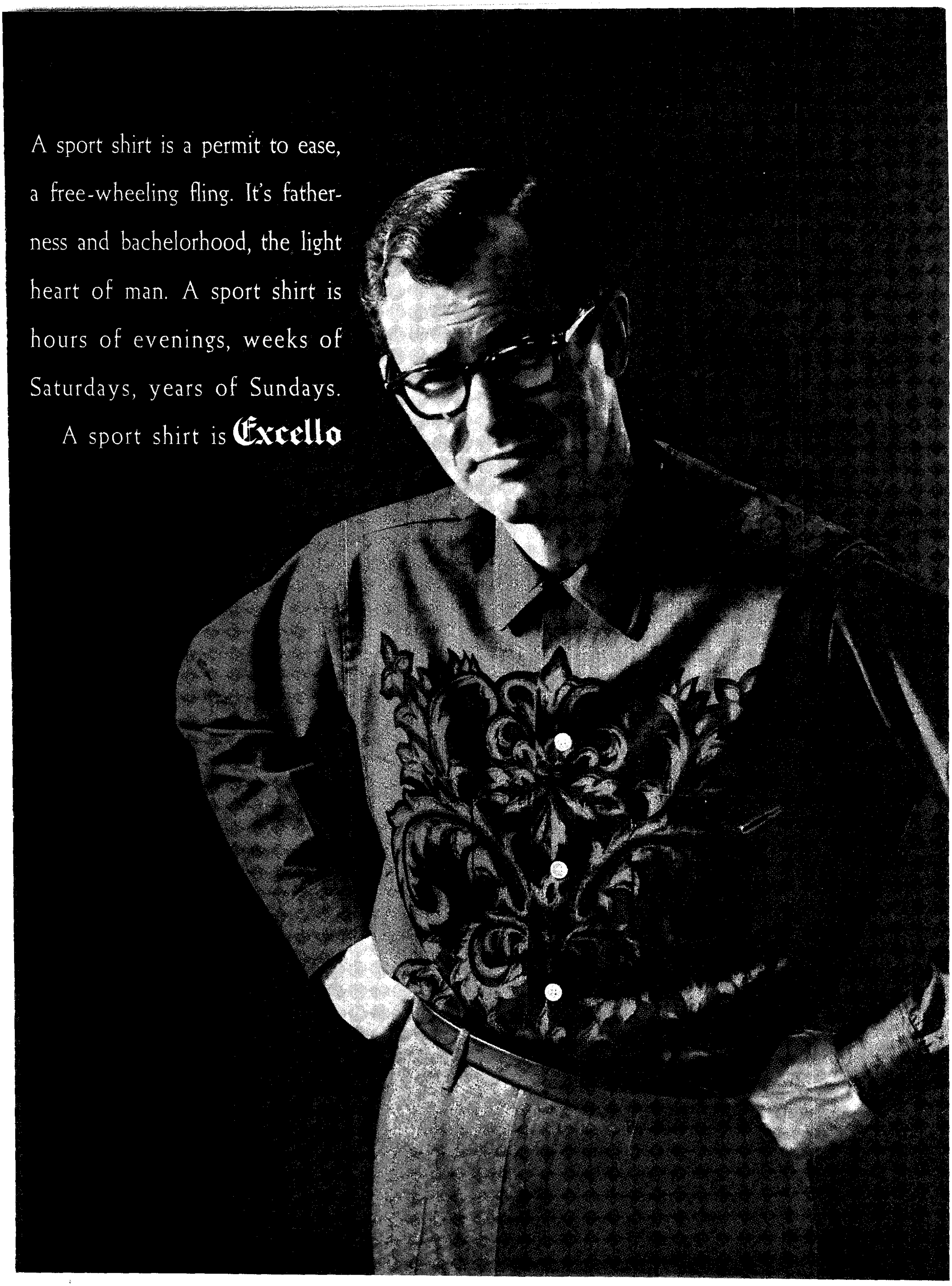
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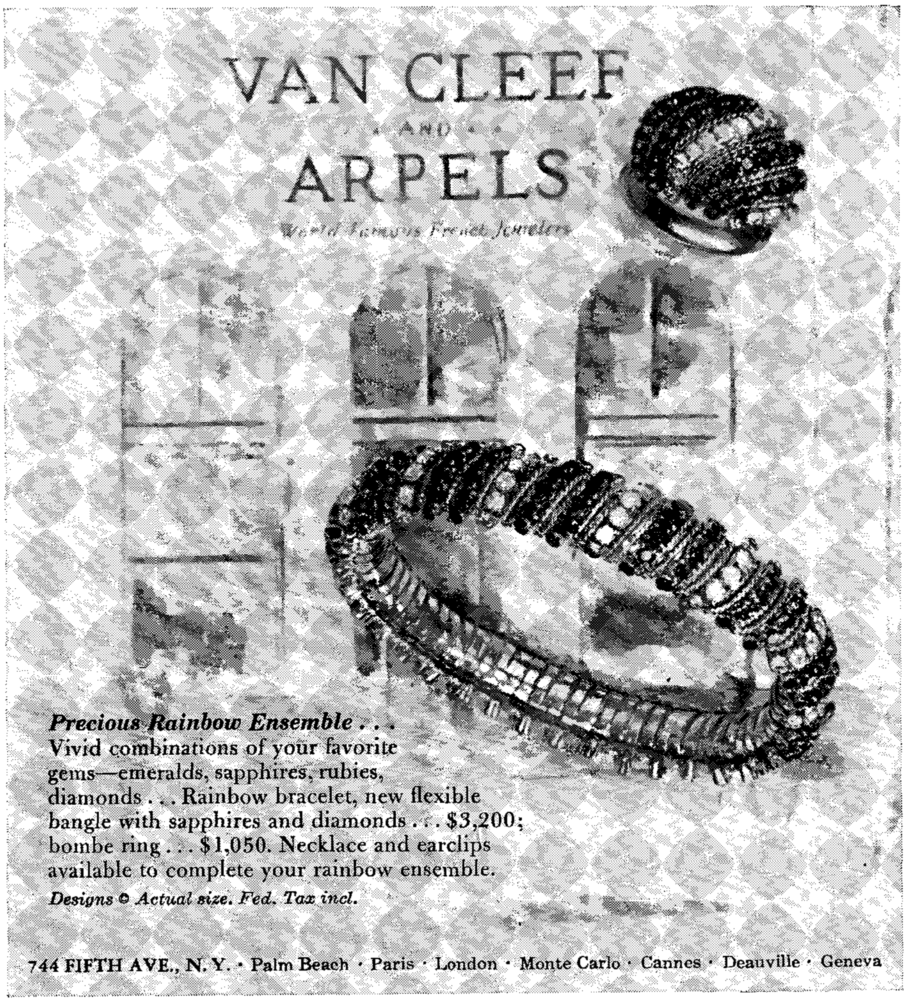
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velopment, the writing down of a melody—plus a few basic harmonic ideas and perhaps an indication here and there of a notion for appropriate orchestration—is a process that can be accomplished in a few minutes. The melodic gift must be present, though, and, as Igor Stravinsky has recently pointed out, it is a really mysterious and unanalyzable phenomenon. Some people have it; others don't. You can't teach it, you can't reduce it to a science, and you can't subject its products to any very rigid intellectual criticism. More than any other aspect of music, it is a matter of pure talent. Rodgers has it, and appears able to turn it on and off with an ease that few of his contemporaries possess. The remarkable thing about his creative ability is not the speed with which he jots down his melodic ideas but the dependability of his source of inspiration—the inexhaustible fecundity of his melodic thought, and the originality and catchiness of its products. But even Rodgers' talent has its limitations, for although he can think up a fresh tune in record time, he admits that he would be hard put to it to think up two or three tunes in one day; apparently, the unconscious reservoir of inspiration requires some time to renew itself. "After all," he has remarked, "I do need to take time off for lunch, or for a night's sleep. When you're doing this kind of thing, you can't force it."

Except for the comparatively rare occasions when he turns out a tune during the actual rehearsals of a show, Rodgers does nearly all his composing in Connecticut or at the grand piano under the Vlaminck still-life in New York. In the old days with Lorenz Hart, he usually wrote the tunes first, and Hart fitted lyrics to them; with Oscar Hammerstein, the lyrics were apt to come first, and Rodgers did the fitting. The two methods appear to be equally congenial to him; evidently a lyric can suggest a tune as readily as a tune suggests itself. In either case, however, Rodgers' work is designed to fit a given dramatic situation. The situation is very important. Only a few times in his life has he written a tune out of the blue, in the manner of Irving Berlin, and presented it as a separate, self-contained piece of work. Almost all his melodies are conceived to fill a specific dramatic need in a specific show. They are what the trade calls "plot numbers"—songs or instrumental episodes that are an integral part of the story line—and they result, according to Rodgers, from his contemplation

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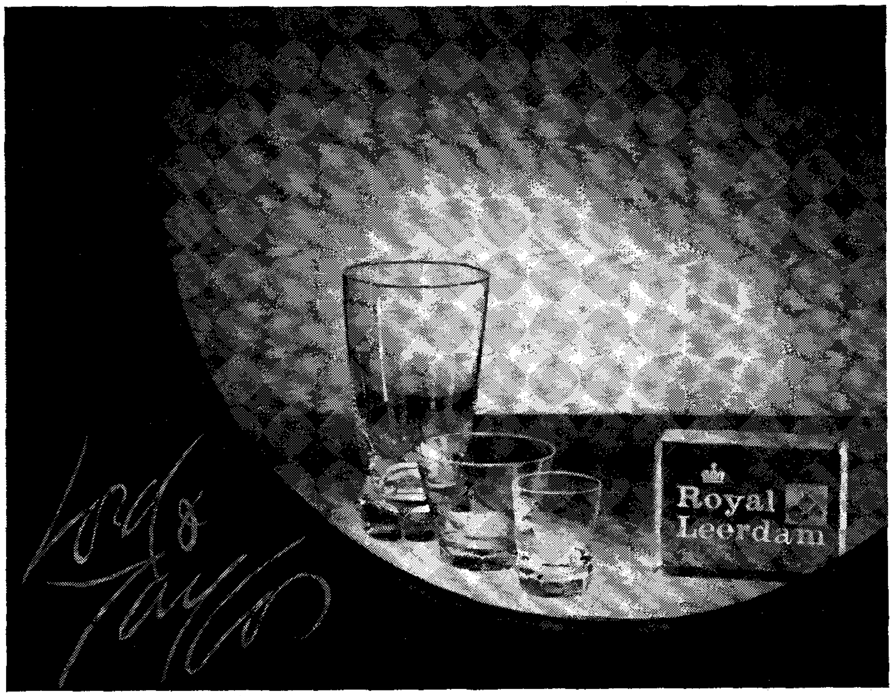

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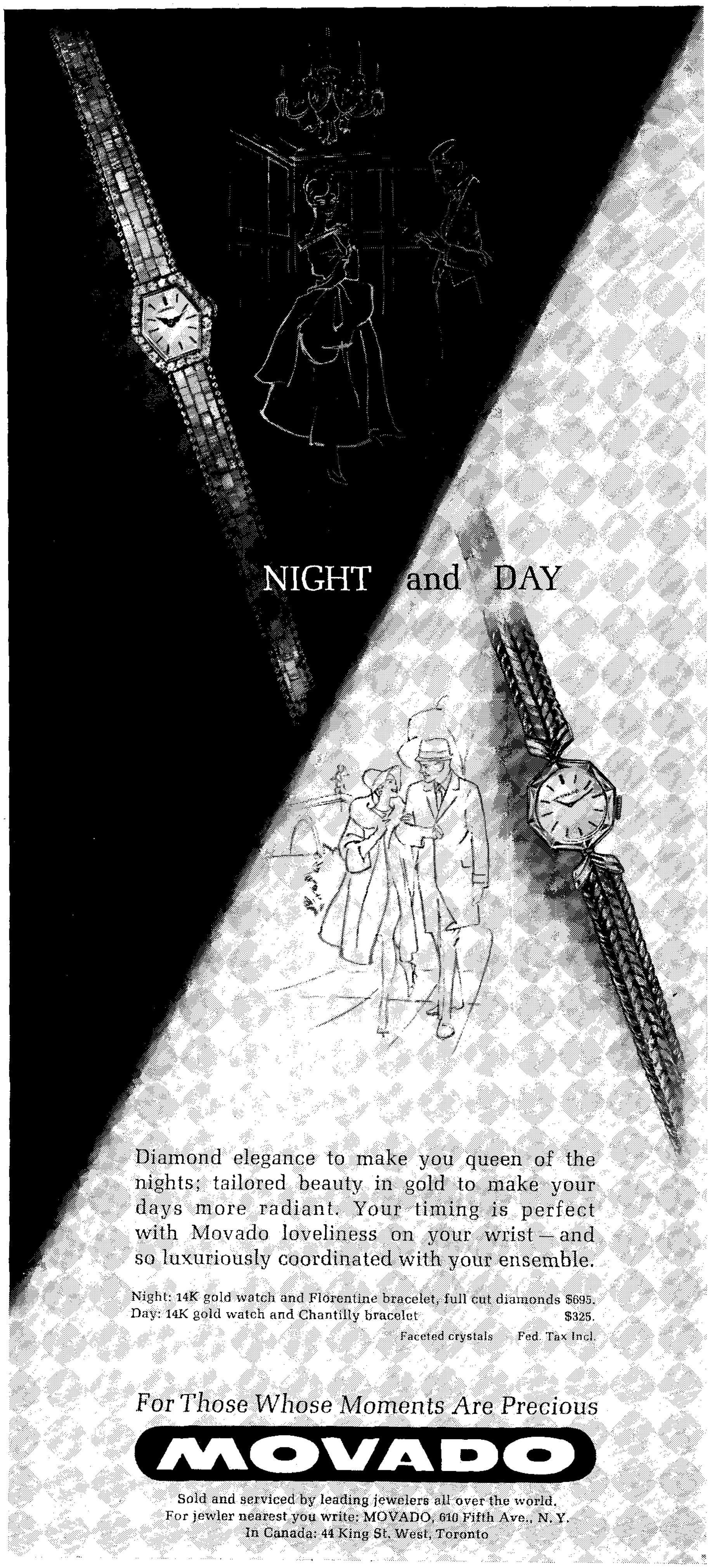
of the emotions of a particular character at a particular point in the drama. Since these emotions are apt to be few and relatively simple in musical comedy—awakening love of one sort or another, loneliness, nostalgia, pride, irresolution, joy, sheer animal spirits, and so on—they lend themselves very well to the sort of uncomplicated melodic treatment that he gives them. His mind is never very far from the exigencies of the actual stage production, and he often writes with the personality and technical abilities of a particular singer in mind. As he sets down a song, he puts himself in the role of the character, evoking the mood that is called for, and the melody seems to grow naturally out of the mood. This, of course, involves him in fantasies of one sort or another as he plays all the roles in his mind, imagining himself as, successively, a virile hero, a villain, and a young girl in love. "What's that fancy word?" he asked recently, while discussing this technique. " 'Dichotomy'—that's it. You cut yourself in half. Half of you is you, and the other half is the girl." When he completes his final draft, containing the melody and a few chords indicating the harmony and rhythm, written in a neat hand on music paper, the creative part of the act is nearly finished. Later, Rodgers, who is a fair pianist and a trained musician, gets down to the much less congenial task of writing out a full piano score. This takes more time, and generally fills him with a certain amount of impatience. After that, the tune goes to an arranger—often the very skillful Robert Russell Bennett, who has orchestrated, either alone or with a group of assistants, a great many of the musical shows that have appeared on Broadway. Bennett turns out the finished product, adding a touch of musical figuration here and there, deciding (after consultation with Rodgers) what instru-

ments should be used for certain passages, and creating the substructure of the number as it is eventually performed in the theatre. This division of labor, in which one man furnishes the ideas and another the orchestral clothing for them, is, of course, standard practice on Broadway, and it is the main reason that symphonic composers, who do all this arduous work themselves, tend to regard the Broadway tunesmith as an amateur technician. There is perhaps some justification for this view. But the tunesmiths have a case, too. They point out, quite correctly, that very few arrangers—and nowadays very few highbrow composers—are much good at writing tunes, and that honest arrangers like Bennett are the first to admit it. The ability to create successful tunes is a special talent, often lacking among the most learned and technically accomplished musicians and sometimes found, paradoxically, among men of the most rudimentary musical knowledge. As it happens, Rodgers' musical knowledge is far more than rudimentary. He has studied harmony and composition at the Institute of Musical Art (now the Juilliard School), and he knows a great deal more about these subjects than the one-finger pianists who, as legend has it, write the bulk of American popular music. But tunes are his specialty, and he is content to let others do the main part of the paperwork. In such mammoth undertakings as the background music for "Victory at Sea" and the Churchill series, the musical arrangement was the work of orchestraters. The first was done by Robert Russell Bennett and the second by Hershy Kay and Eddie Sauter; Rodgers' contribution was simply a succession of tunes and other musical ideas devised, like Wagnerian leitmotivs, to fit various dramatic emotions. Having analyzed the dramatic material into a group of recurrent emotional themes—for example, "Churchill worried," "Churchill strong and dauntless," "England bloody but unbowed," "Nazis cocky," "Nazis sinister, expert, and evil," and "England triumphant"—Rodgers wrote a motif for each. His job was then done. The arranging of these compositions into a complete score was accomplished in many days of painstaking toil by Kay and Sauter.

Rodgers admits that he has occasionally felt an ambition to score his own work and produce a total composition of which every note, like the work of a grand-opera composer, would be entirely his own. He has, however, firmly resisted it. "I suppose that I could learn



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to orchestrate—study up on the range of the oboe and all that kind of thing," he observed not long ago. "But what's the use? Robert Russell Bennett orchestrates much better than I could, and often, in the process of putting together a show, there isn't the time for me to figure out all those details. Besides, what would I be doing if I composed the whole score by myself? It would be nothing but ego on my part—I would be writing something for people to admire. I don't want to write things for people to *admire;* I want to make them *feel* something." And what makes people "feel something" is, of course, the lilting quality of the melodies themselves. These are all his own. They may eventually be orchestrated in various ways, or strung together in symphonic arrangements or dance-band medleys, or sung, hummed, or whistled by people of unusual ability or no ability at all. The only really important thing about them is their melodic form and the peculiar crystallization of a mood that they convey, and this is an element that survives whether their dress is complex or simple. "All I really want to do," Rodgers once said, with an air of self-disparagement, "is to provide a hard-worked man in the blouse business with a method of expressing himself. If he likes a tune, he can whistle it, and it will make his life happier."

TO anyone looking over the enormous number of tunes that Rodgers has created, several characteristics are immediately noticeable. One is the virtual absence of the jazz and ragtime idioms that are such a pervasive ingredient of the melodies of, say, Gershwin. In his early days, Rodgers did turn out a few moderately jazzy ditties that could be easily converted into dance music. One of them was "Manhattan," from "The Garrick Gaieties," and it was promptly picked up by dance bands like Paul Whiteman's and played to death all over the country. Rodgers describes it as a schottische—a rather quaint German term that is used by Rodgers to designate a tune played in four-four time with four beats accentuated. But if he has turned his hand now and then to a melody of the schottische type, most of his tunes are songs that do not lend themselves very well to dance-music treatment. It is possible that the decline of the big dance band has influenced his style in this respect. Nowadays, American popular music is propagated by radio, television, and the recording industry, and Americans in the mass have taken to listening instead of dancing. "There's

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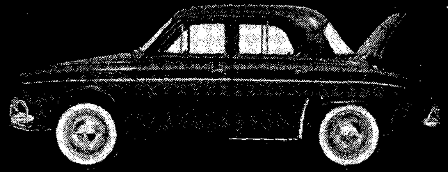

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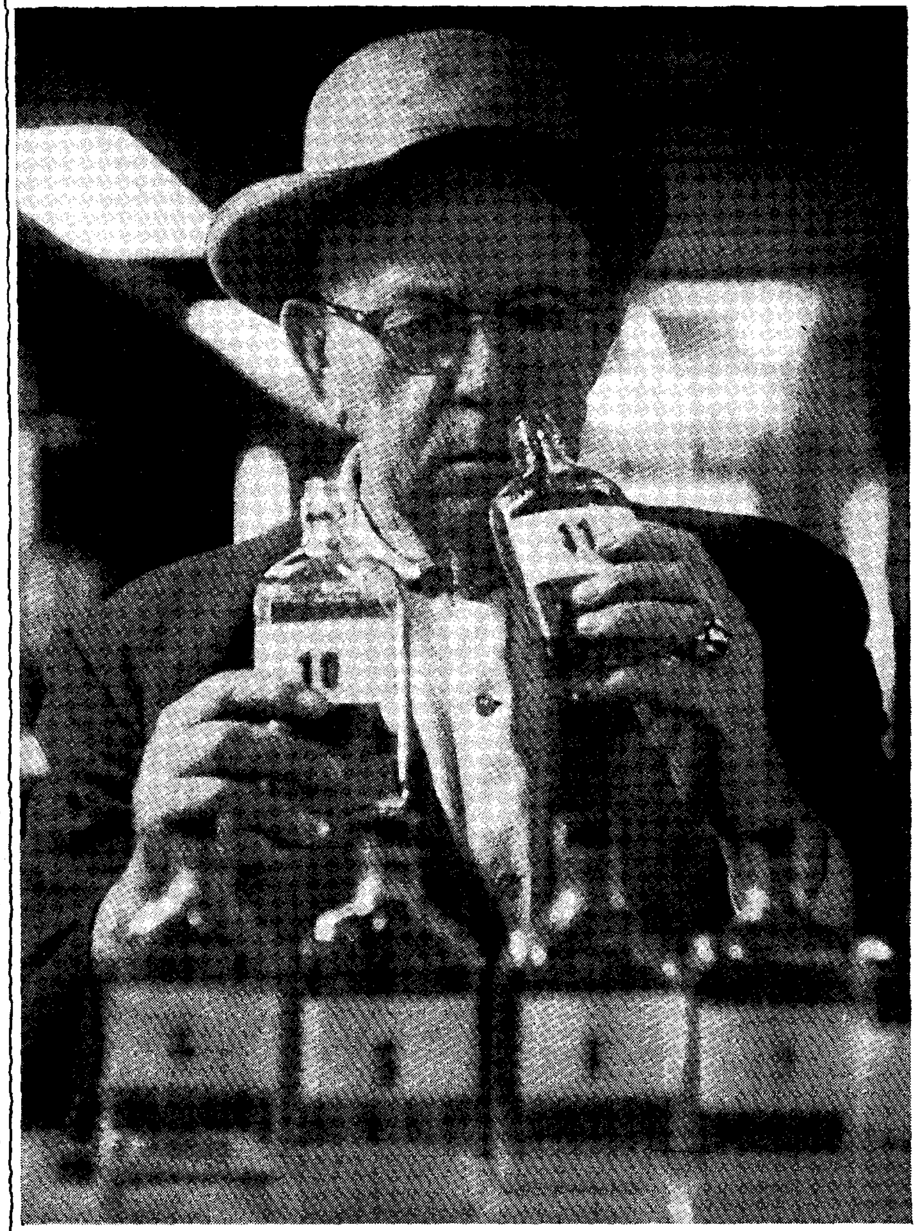
been a displacement in popular music," Rodgers explained recently. "There's society dance music, done by bands like Meyer Davis's, but the big, famous dance band is extinct. Nowadays, the place for tunes is the radio, television, Muzak, and records. For instance, the album of 'The Sound of Music' grossed far more than the Broadway show did during the first year. It sold eight hundred and seventy-five thousand copies and took in something like five million dollars." But Rodgers' style has also been influenced by his personal taste, and his personal taste rebels at the confinement of the routine pattern of four-four time and the thirty-two-bar phrase. Most of his melodies break out of these conventional molds, and a great many of them have a quality of musical sophistication that seems to reflect the play of conscious intellect rather than purely unconscious inspiration. Rodgers disclaims any deliberate intellectual approach to his work but admits that he may be influenced by something he refers to as "the conscious unconscious." Whatever this "conscious unconscious" may be, it produces a striking departure from the norms of Tin Pan Alley—a sort of unexpected twist. Many of his tunes are rapid waltzes or scherzos ("I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy" and the waltz from "Carousel," for example); others are polkas ("The Lonely Goatherd," from "The Sound of Music"); and still others ("If I Loved You," from "Carousel") are so far from the conventions of dance music of any kind, and so meditative in character, that they seem more closely related to the operatic aria than to what is commonly thought of as the American popular idiom. Many attempts have been made to pin down the characteristics of the Rodgers style. It has been said, for instance, that he is addicted to melodies built on major and minor scales. This particular mannerism, typical of the melodies of Tchaikovsky, is, however, by no means universal in Rodgers' work. There are certainly scales to be found here and there, but there are also plenty of tunes built out of leaping arpeggios, such as "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," whose lingering over the notes of both tonic and dominant chords recalls a number of old folk songs. Rodgers does occasionally play, teasingly, with the tonic and the leading tone just below it, especially in tunes of a highly emotional character. ("Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered," "If I Loved You," and the final repetitions of "I'm in love" in "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy"



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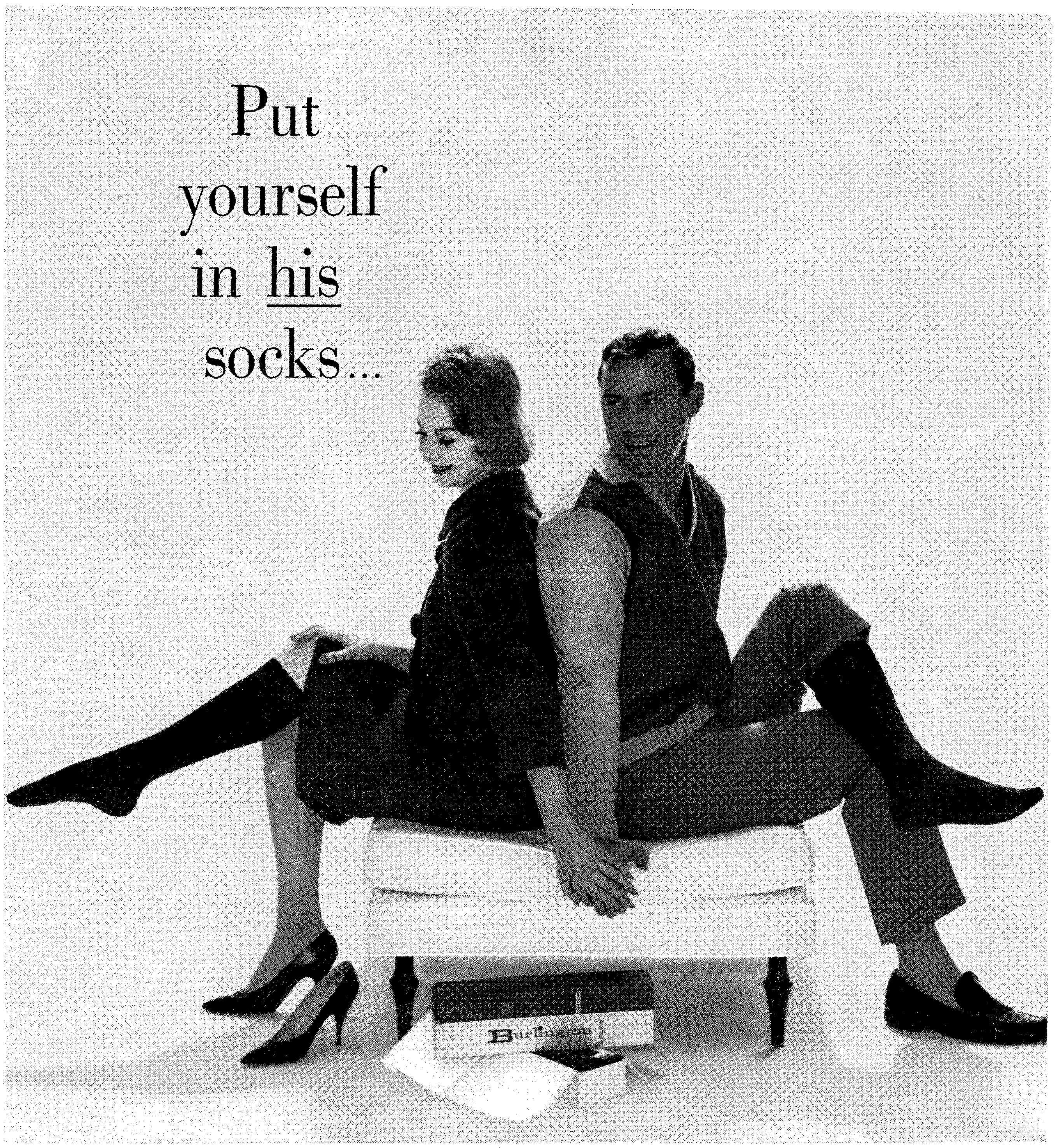
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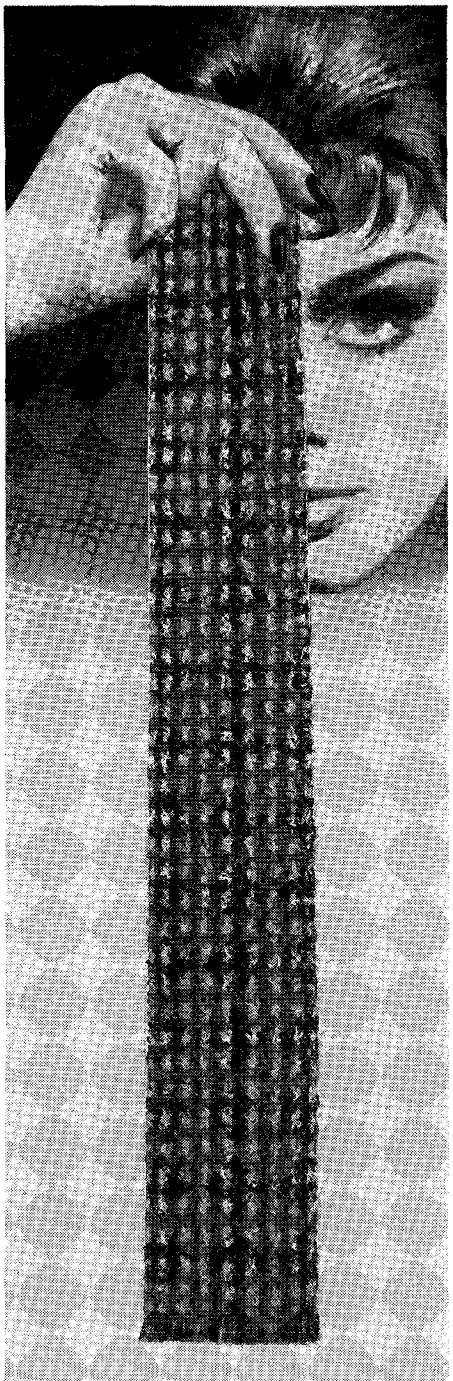
are striking examples of this.) But any attempt to reduce his style to a formula is doomed. He is always doing the unexpected, and the variety of his melodic invention, though it is now and then expressed in a traditional category, is probably greater than that of any other Broadway composer. If anything can be said to characterize his output as a whole, it is a certain smartness—a remarkable absence of clichés and a restless tendency to break away from standardized methods. Other Broadway composers—Kern, Porter, Gershwin, and so on—have sometimes written more haunting melodies, but their melodies have, in general, followed well-established prototypes. Rodgers almost never follows a prototype, and when he does, it is chosen with a very eclectic ear. The most extraordinary feature of the thousand-odd tunes he has written is the immense variety of their structure, and this variety extends to their harmonies as well as to their melodic lines. True, he is famous for discarding the thirty-two-bar phrase that is typical of nearly all popular music, or else extending and altering it in various ways. But a more impressive and more subtle distinction lies in the way he alters the standard harmonies that make up this phrase, substituting progressions that the average tunesmith would never think of. Time and time again, you think you can guess what Rodgers is going to do next, only to find him doing something else entirely.

THERE are lovers of serious music who dismiss all popular tunes as trash, and there is, of course, a large public that loves popular music and takes no interest whatever in symphonies and operas. The former group argues that the art of music consists of complex masterpieces that express noble sentiments and demand exquisite craftsmanship from both their creators and their performers. To these people, popular tunes are trivial, childishly simple in structure, tiresome, and comparatively vulgar. Actually, however, they listen to a great deal of melody that is just as simple and sometimes—as in most Liszt symphonic poems—just as vulgar as the most commonplace American popular music, and though one may have a special affection for Tchaikovsky's ballet melodies or Rossini's rather standardized operatic melodies, they are not intrinsically any more profound than the work of the gifted Broadway tunesmith. What it all comes down to, no doubt, is the nature and function of melodies in general. They are to all music, in-



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cluding symphonic music, what ideas are to literature, and it can hardly be denied that every composer of any stature whatever is a melodist of distinction. But from here on the thesis gets more complicated, for there are many kinds of melodies, suited to many kinds of music, and melodies that are right for one kind are not necessarily right for another. Among the supreme masters of German musical architecture—Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, and so on—a melody is apt to have the same status that an idea has in philosophy; that is, a germinal notion capable of development into a large edifice of musical thought. Such melodies may be beautiful in themselves, but their main function is to serve as themes for extended discourse, and what one admires about them is not so much their intrinsic beauty as their suitability as building blocks. The opening theme of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is perhaps the perfect example—a four-note idea of no particular charm that becomes significant because of what Beethoven does with it. And there are countless other examples, ranging from the fugal motifs of Bach to the main theme of the Schumann Piano Concerto and the Hunding leitmotiv in "Die Walküre." These are, in general, knotty melodies of strong physiognomy, created for a special purpose. They are not, however, the only kind of melody created by the great German architects (they wrote singable and charming melodies, too), and when one descends from the austere and rather specialized realm that the knotty kind occupies, one comes across a vast amount of music in which melody, as the average man recognizes it, is predominant—music of the kind that one hears in most opera; in Mozart, Chopin, and Tchaikovsky; in all the great Italian masters; in much of Beethoven and Wagner; and in all the lighter composers. But even here there are distinctions, a great many of them arising from the differing functions of the music. Chopin did the bulk of his writing for the piano, and his melodies exploit the subtleties of that instrument to such an extent that an audience will still hang on the slightest nuances drawn from them by master pianists. They are pretty tunes in the abstract, and one can whistle most of them, but to take them out of their frame as piano pieces is to lose a great part of their significance. Similarly, Bellini and Verdi—and, for that matter, Mozart in his operas—wrote for voices of unusual calibre. Again, the tunes are pretty, and some of them can be whistled, but in order to ex-

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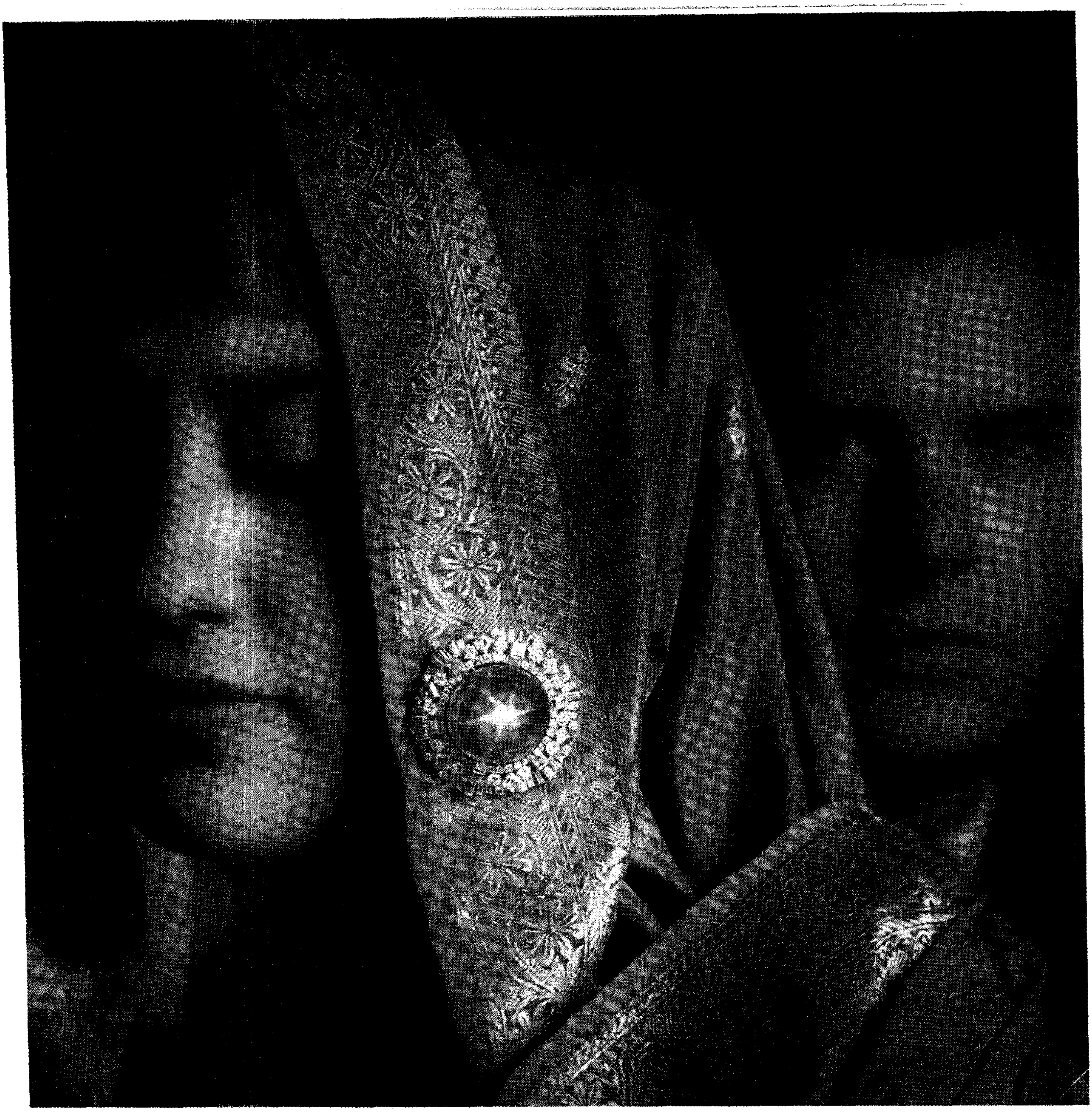

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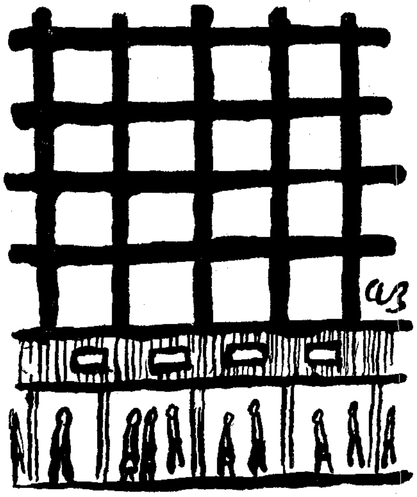
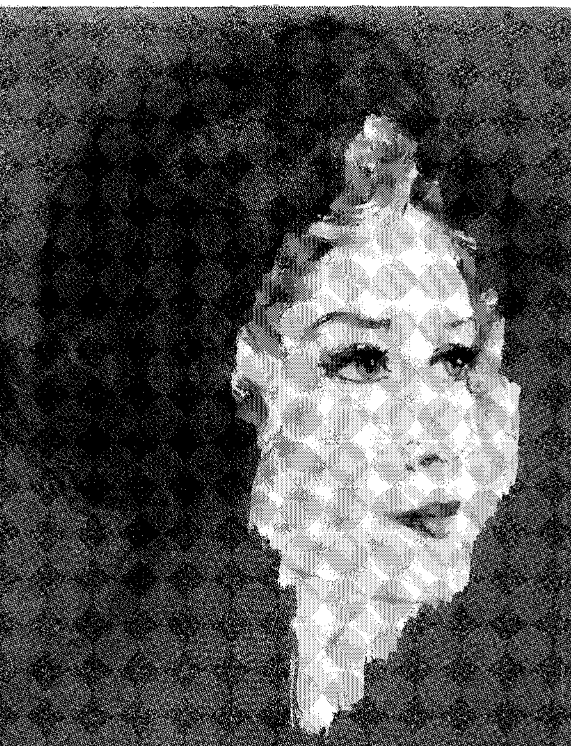
ert their full spell they demand the extraordinary technical capacities and dramatic insights found only among great vocal artists. Descending another rung or two to the comparatively "popular" melodists, one arrives at the kind of melody that the average man can be sure of singing or whistling with considerable success. Even here, though, there are peculiarities of the original score that make singing or whistling something less than totally adequate. Tchaikovsky—most of whose tunes are eminently whistlable—was a master of orchestration, and only an orchestra can give his works their full due. Offenbach's orchestration was inimitably sprightly, and often superior in verve and inspiration to his tunes. Johann Strauss was basically a composer of nineteenth-century dance music, utilizing an orchestra in which the violin was dominant. His tunes are works of genius, but one need only hear them miserably moaned by saxophones in modern dance-band arrangements to realize how closely wedded they are to their original instrumentation.

It is true that the Broadway tune lacks a challenge to unusual performing ability; it is conceived along such simple lines that almost anybody can sing it. Nobody who seeks the peculiar thrill that comes from listening to Joan Sutherland sing "Qui la voce," from Bellini's "I Puritani," or hearing Artur Rubinstein play a Chopin nocturne is going to be enormously impressed by "Some Enchanted Evening" sung by a personally charming but relatively untrained Broadway matinée idol, and when a highly trained and extraordinary operatic voice like that of the late Ezio Pinza undertakes the task, the average opera enthusiast is apt to feel that its great resources are being wasted. But this is hardly proof that "Some Enchanted Evening" is less a work of art than a comparable "classical" tune. It is certainly proof that "Some Enchanted



Evening" is less difficult to sing, and that it does not offer scope for the sort of polished artistry one expects in the opera house and the concert hall. On the other hand, of course, that is not its function. Its function is to be immediately intelligible to and easily memorizable by the large theatrical and radio audience that takes its music as casual entertainment. This is not to say, however, that it lacks musical appeal and distinction. Its very simplicity is a virtue at a time when melodic simplicity is shunned by nearly all highbrow composers. It contains the attributes of charm and mood that are the minimal requirements of all important music. It is, indeed, a work of art. In common with the "classical" tune, the Broadway tune has the peculiar adhesive quality of all good melody. It is a musical idea that sticks in the memory—that leads one to hum it imperfectly at first and then to discover, with some satisfaction, how it really goes. Its adhesive quality may even become slightly annoying; one may try to get rid of it, only to find that it has temporarily got an iron grip on one's unconscious. It is what Hungarians refer to as "*fülbemászó*," or "ear-creeping." It also tends to attach itself to episodes in one's life—to recall, in a somewhat haphazard manner, situations, people, and sensations that one encountered when first hearing it. All these attributes show that it has the hypnotic power over the fantasy-building side of the psyche that distinguishes genuine music of all kinds. It may not be as intellectually elaborate or as profound as a fugue or a symphony, but, simply as a tune, it is often fully as beautiful as any melody in "classical" music. And it is simply as a tune that one must judge it. It has no further function, except that of embellishing or underlining the dramatic situation on the stage.

People who seek an aesthetic pigeonhole in which to place musical comedy are often inclined to view it as a lesser form of opera; the words "operetta" and "comic opera" hint at this idea, and it is true that the musical show is something like opera in that it offers its audience a play ornamented with music. But the comparison is a little misleading, and not at all fair to the art of musical comedy, which has its own structural laws and its own goals. Because of the relative simplicity of these goals, a tune in a musical comedy is a self-contained number that stands or falls on its own merits and must make its effect without the vast machinery of climax and development that goes into most operas. Musical comedy is, of course, not as



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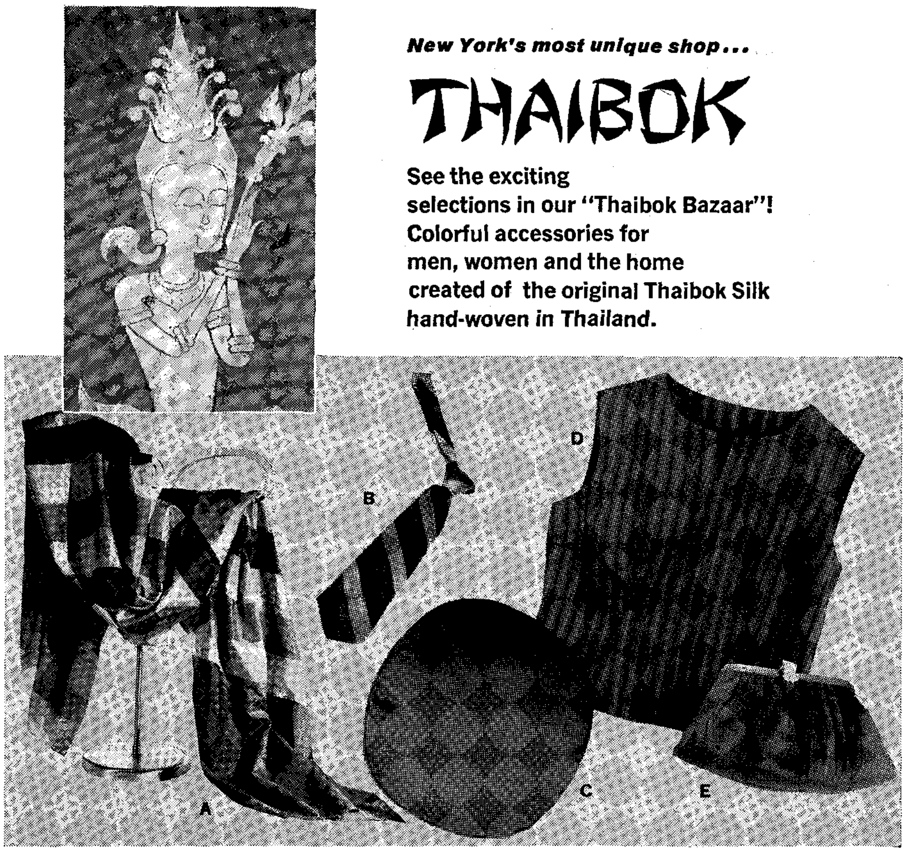

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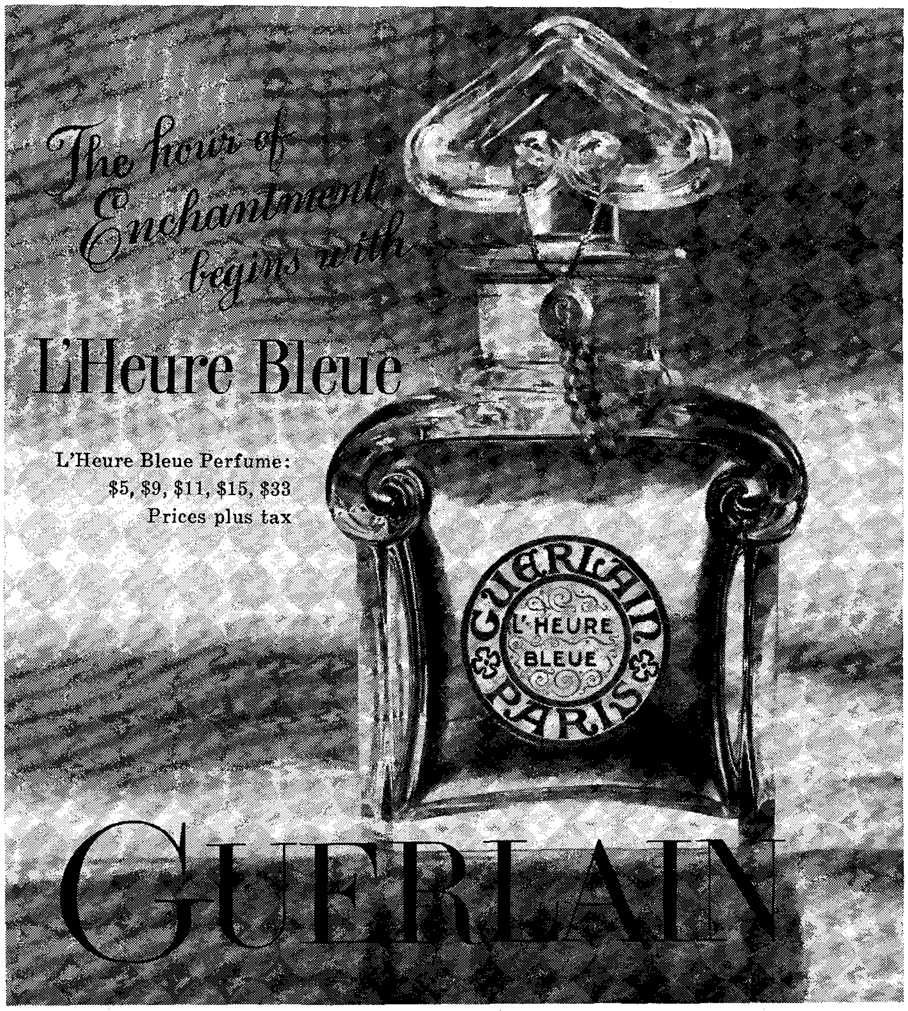

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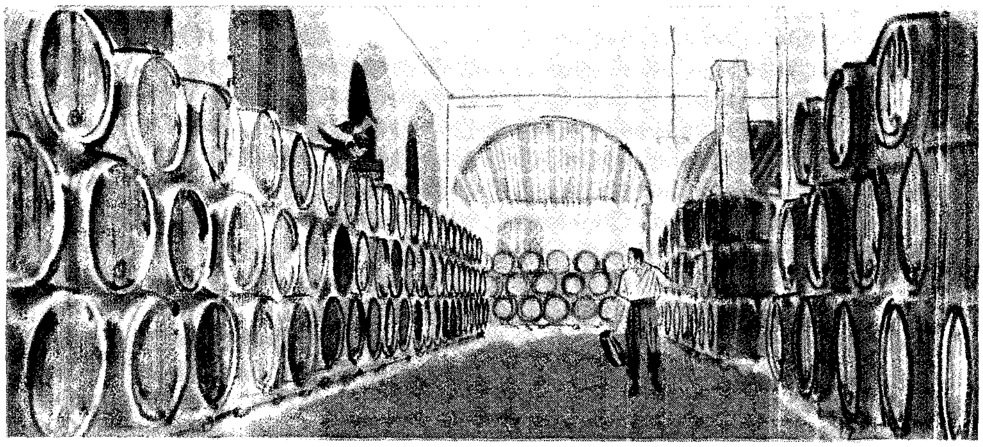
lofty an art as opera. But writing for it demands great talent—a talent that sometimes surpasses that of the operatic composer. There is, for example, an enormous gap between the work of Wagner and Richard Strauss, on the one hand, and that of Johann Strauss, on the other. The first two were great opera composers, and nobody would compare "Die Fledermaus" with "Die Walküre" or "Der Rosenkavalier" as a monumental contribution to the musical theatre. Still, almost anyone who examines the music of these widely disparate works will agree that while Wagner and Richard Strauss were opera composers of tremendous stature, Johann Strauss was superior to either of them as a tunesmith. The main distinction seems to be that while the opera composer is a greater master of musical and psychological characterization and dramatic continuity, the tunesmith is frequently a more skillful creator of self-contained melodies that have meaning both within and outside the context of the drama for which they are written. A Rodgers tune, for example, leads a life of its own, independent of the show for which it was created, and in order to do so it must have qualities of succinctness and catchiness that guarantee its accessibility to people unaware of its specific dramatic connotations in the show. Rodgers practices his art with due regard for this factor. His tunes must be capable of giving momentary pleasure all by themselves, whether they are hummed by a taxi-driver or played on a jukebox. In them, it is the momentary crystallization of a mood and emotion that counts; large-scale continuity is irrelevant to their purpose. Indeed, the more usual machinery of operatic continuity is highly uncongenial to Rodgers' habits of thought. "I hate recitativos," he declared some time ago. "If singing is called for, I give my characters a tune to sing. If they want to talk, I let them talk. There is nothing so dreary as trying to set a line like 'I'm going downtown to buy a bunch of bananas' to music. You need lyrics. Just setting talk to music is inartistic. Nobody likes it. The difference between a tune and a recitativo is the difference between captivating your audience and losing it. The Italians use recitativos, and in Italian opera they sound fine, but in an American musical show they are just a bore. Even in my most freewheeling passages—the soliloquy in 'Carousel,' for example—you'll find that the lyrics are poetry, not prose."

Rodgers also dislikes the rather formal and self-conscious type of singing



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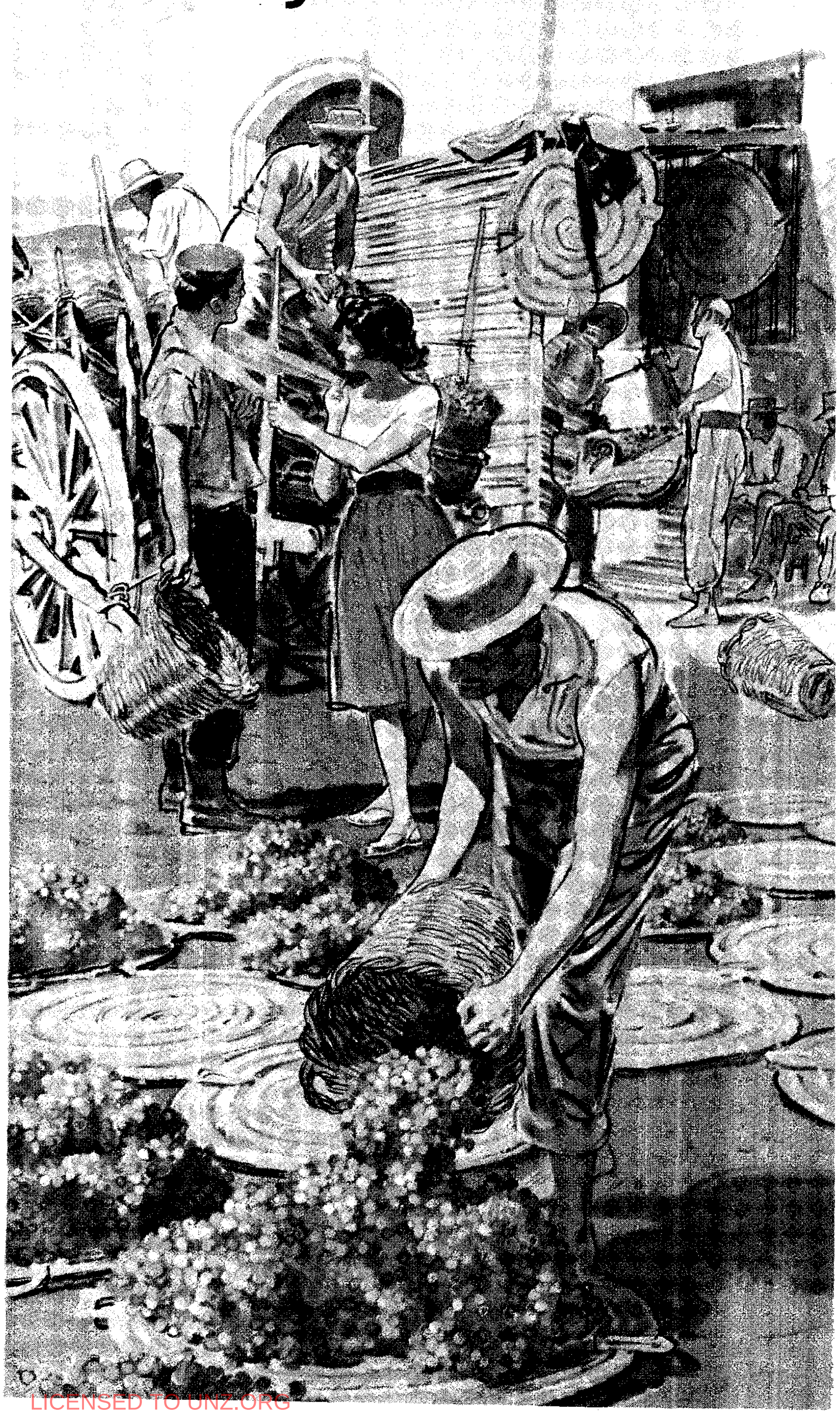

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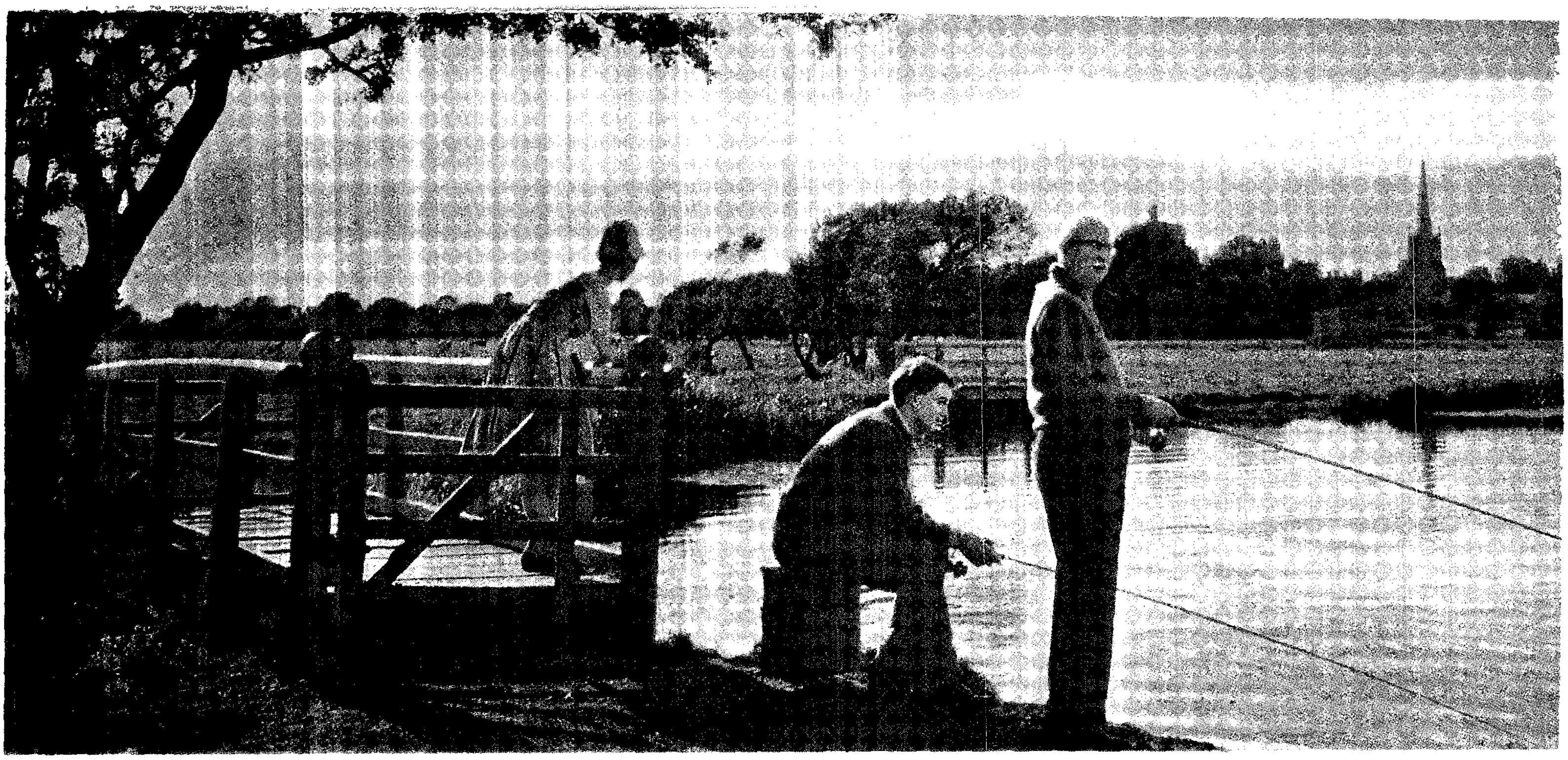

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that is demanded of professional operatic artists, and though he occasionally uses such artists in his productions, he does so sparingly. They are apt to destroy the intimacy, naturalness, and realism that he is after by calling attention to themselves as singers—something he tries hard to avoid in his shows, on the ground that it demolishes the stage illusion. He is constantly on the lookout for voices that are trained but give the effect of being natural and untrained. Such voices are exceedingly difficult to find, and when he does find them—and if they are accompanied by physical beauty and acting ability as well—he is beside himself with enthusiasm. One such recent discovery of his, Florence Henderson—who has grown from a bit part in "Wish You Were Here" to playing Laurey in a road company of "Oklahoma!" to the starring role in "Fanny" and in the road company of "The Sound of Music"—strikes him as being the ideal vehicle for his kind of music. Miss Henderson is pretty and full of extroverted spirits. She studies like a Trojan. The Metropolitan Opera would not be interested in her voice, which is deliciously naïve for all the training it has undergone and, though highly expressive, has not been forced into the operatic mold. For musical comedy she is perfect. She gives the impression of being a natural, if unusually talented and attractive, American girl both in her singing and in her acting. As for the Metropolitan's vocal standards, Rodgers is entirely uninterested in them. "I think Mr. Bing does a good job with what he has," he remarked recently, "but I think we are more appealing physically. We are not opera, we are theatre."

Most people who argue that Rodgers is not entitled to be called a composer in the grand sense base their argument on three points: that he does not toil and suffer enough to rate a place in what is certainly a toilsome profession; that the music he writes is so easily grasped that it makes no demands on the cultivated listener; and that its very popularity sets it outside the domain of art and within the domain of "mass culture"—a phenomenon that the intellectual élite instinctively distrusts, and not without reason. In answer to the first argument, one might note that there is, in reality, no necessary correlation between the quality of a composition and the amount of toil and suffering that has gone into it. Even classical music is full of composers who tossed off melodies as easily as they tied their shoelaces. There is a famous anecdote about Rossini—too lazy to get out of bed to retrieve the manuscript of

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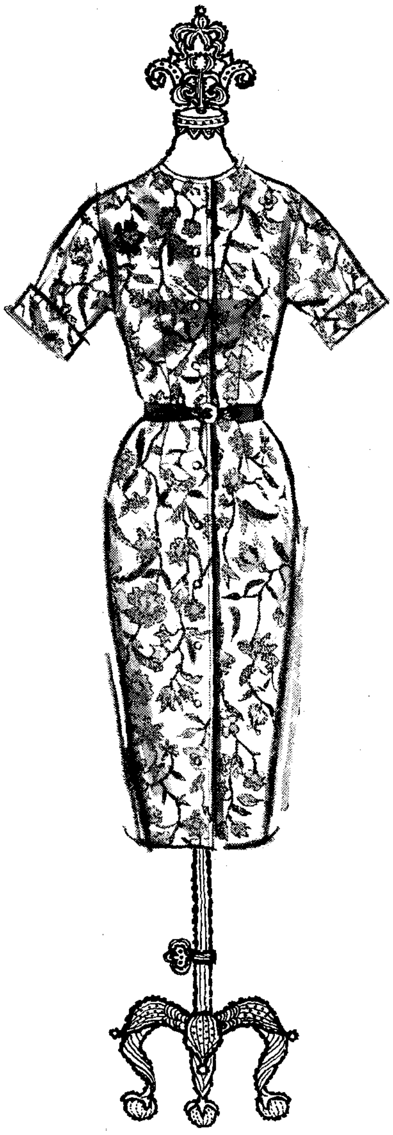
an aria that had fallen to the floor, he wrote an entirely new aria instead. And the world has always had its quota of toiling composers who have never succeeded in writing anything really worth listening to. It is true that in Rodgers' case much of the toil is done by his orchestraters, and that he undergoes no perceptible suffering at all. But whatever view one takes of the peculiar processes involved in show-tune composition, Rodgers is without any doubt an artist using a God-given talent to the full. In answer to the second argument, one can point out that not all classical music is intellectually demanding, and that a great deal of contemporary highbrow music makes a fetish of its intellectual demands while leaving the emotions untouched—something that Rodgers' music is never guilty of. In answer to the third, one must remark, first of all, that no music of any validity is totally incomprehensible to the audience for which it is written, and that nearly all the great masters of the past were popular with large sections of the public of their time. Moreover, though "mass culture" may, in our era, have certain rather horrifying features, it is not necessarily altogether bad. Sometimes—as in the comic strip, the detective story, and the popular tune—it reaches a degree of sophistication and emotional charge, and even shows a degree of skill, that is equal or superior to what is officially, and often rather preciously, designated as "serious" art. Rodgers' talent expresses itself in a musical vernacular of well-established and well-understood meanings. "I have always doubted the importance of any composer whose mother was frightened by a good, simple tonic chord," he said not long ago. His gift is simply for melody. He is very good at melody. And it is yet to be proved that melody is not the most inspired and the most fundamental ingredient of all music worthy of the name.

ASIDE from his music, Rodgers' life—like that of many composers—has been comparatively uneventful and unspectacular. It refutes completely the persistent—and nowadays quite untrue—rags-to-riches myth, according to which popular tunesmiths are supposed to be the offspring of immigrants on the lower East Side and make their way to success, without any musical education, by picking out tunes on the piano with one finger. There have been, it is true, a few such instances, but Rodgers is not one of them. (Neither was Jerome Kern, nor is Cole



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Porter.) "I know that it would all be much more interesting if I had once been a waiter at Lindy's," Rodgers has often been quoted as saying. The fact is that he is the product of a prosperous, cultivated, bourgeois background. His father, a respected physician named William Abraham Rodgers, who was an amateur musician and a man of rather Germanic appearance, came to New York not from Minsk but from Missouri. Richard Rodgers has an older brother who has followed his father's profession and is now Director of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Lenox Hill Hospital. Both his parents (his mother was a musician and an admirer of the theatre) encouraged his early musical ambitions, which, from the age of fourteen, expressed themselves in the writing of songs and in a deep love of the light music of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Victor Herbert, and Jerome Kern. He was sent to the opera, and to the concerts of the old New York Philharmonic (under Josef Stransky) and the old New York Symphony (under Walter Damrosch), and at a very early age he developed the profound respect for serious music that he still has. But he never felt impelled to write serious music; he had a shrewd sense of his own talents and limitations from the very beginning, and though he listened with enormous admiration to Bizet's "Carmen" and to Wagner ("There was a time when I knew all those leitmotivs by heart," he said recently), as well as to the symphonic masterpieces of Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky, he devoted his own energies exclusively to writing tunes of a type suited to the Broadway musical stage. He attended Columbia University briefly, having entered it mainly in the hope of writing its varsity show—which he did twice, in 1920 and 1921. His collaborator in both shows was Lorenz Hart, who had left Columbia a couple of years earlier but who returned to work with Rodgers because he was an old friend. (Rodgers' collaborator on one song in the 1920 show was Oscar Hammerstein, class of '16.) Following the varsity shows, the close association of Rodgers and Hart, which was to last for twenty-four years, sputtered along with various semi-amateur productions for camps and clubs and charity benefits, plus one moderate Broadway success, "Poor Little Ritz Girl," on which the team collaborated with Sigmund Romberg. Shortly afterward, in an attempt to improve his musical technique, Rodgers entered the Institute of Musical Art, where he studied harmony and composition for two years with the

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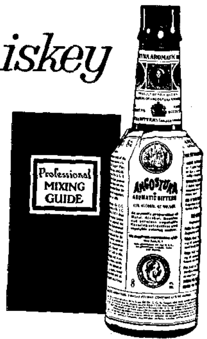
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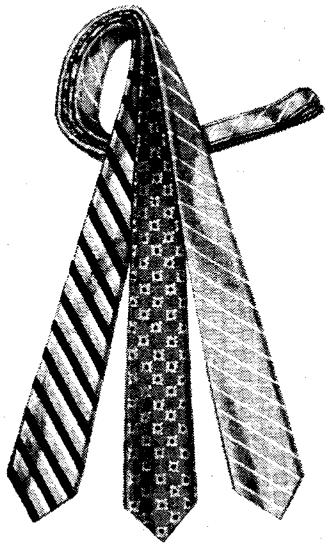

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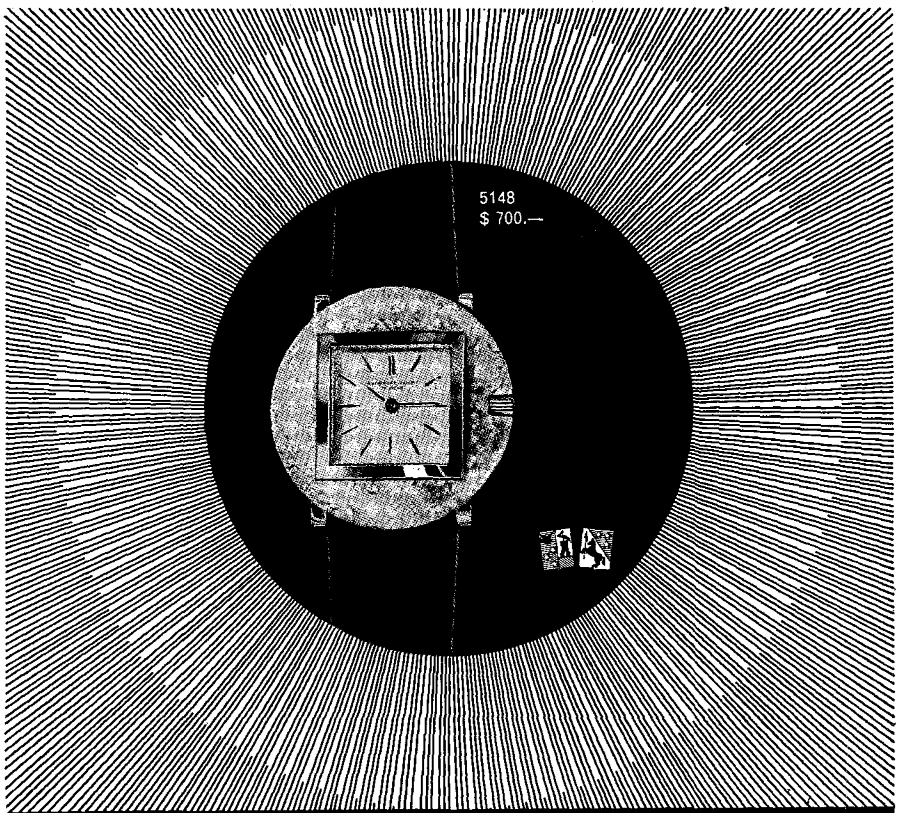

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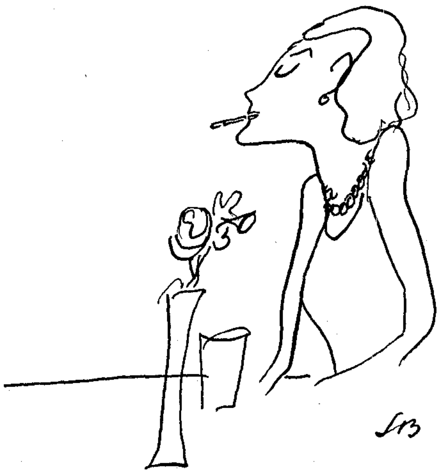
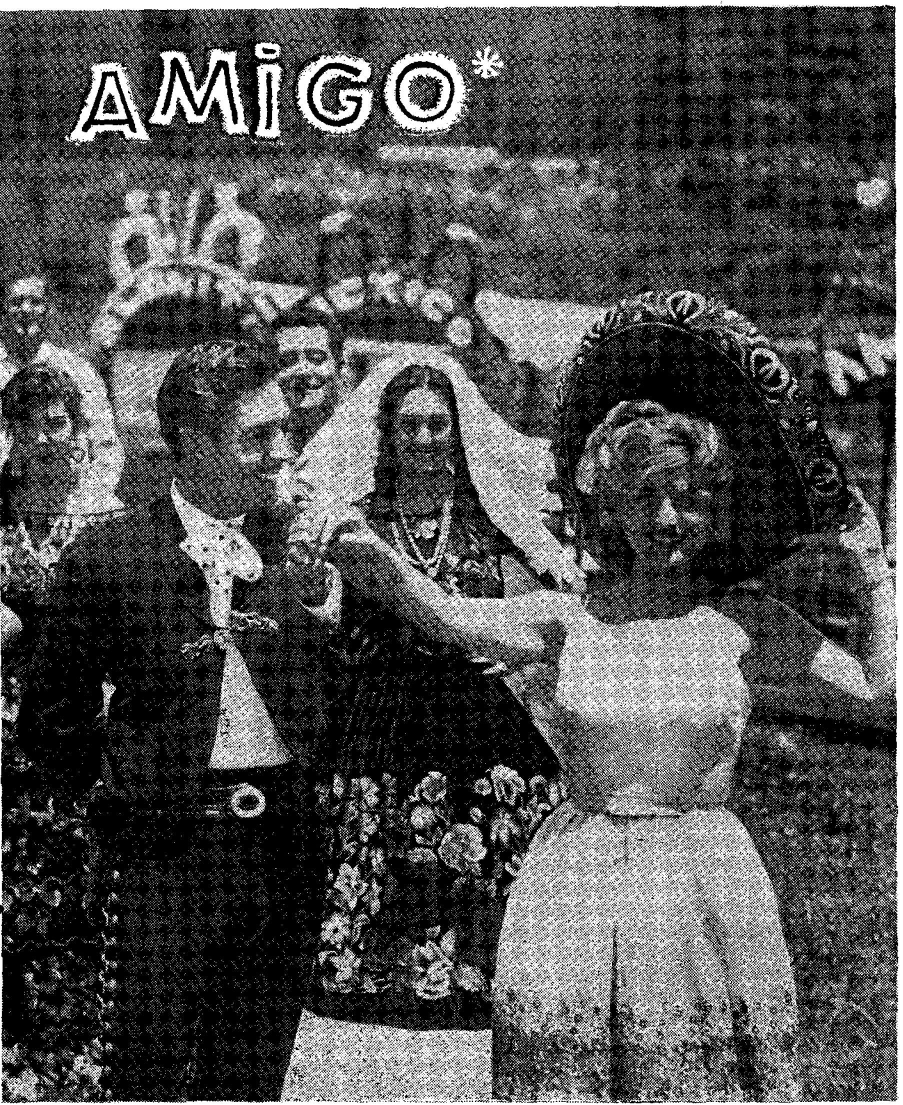
eminent teachers George Wedge and Percy Goetschius. These studies did indeed give him an increased mastery of the composer's tools (he has always thought very highly of technical accomplishment, and as late as 1937, when he was already a big success, he devoted a great deal of time to perfecting his piano playing), but even while he was pursuing his academic training, he was busy writing shows with Hart. The first of them to achieve large Broadway acclaim was, of course, "The Garrick Gaieties," in 1925, with the hit tune "Manhattan" (which was lifted out of an earlier, unproduced show called "Winkle Town"). "The Garrick Gaieties," presented by the Theatre Guild, put Rodgers and Hart on the map. Still, it was merely a collection of skits—a revue—and though it was a success, Rodgers and Hart were still obsessed with the idea of creating a more closely integrated combination of music and drama. If show business in general is a lowbrow affair, Rodgers and Hart were its highbrows. They were men of taste. Hart, a descendant of the poet Heinrich Heine, was always striving for literary quality and technical adroitness in his lyrics, and Rodgers, though he wrote simply, was by no means unaware of the standards by which fine music is judged. Their next shows, including "Dearest Enemy," "The Girl Friend," "Peggy-Ann," "A Connecticut Yankee," "Present Arms," and "Chee-Chee," nearly all worked in the direction of their ideal, and "Chee-Chee," though it had a rather unpleasant book, was, from a technical standpoint, something of a milestone in their development. All were studded with delightful songs, but they also had the sort of dramatic continuity that allied them with true comic opera. Quite naturally, success led the collaborators to contracts in Hollywood, where they did the scores for several movies, but both of them chafed under the conditions



of movie production, and they soon returned to Broadway for good, making their reëntry with the music and lyrics for Billy Rose's extravaganza "Jumbo." After that, they got down to the series of bright and highly original Broadway musicals for which they are chiefly remembered—"On Your Toes," "Babes in Arms," "I'd Rather Be Right," "I Married an Angel," "The Boys from Syracuse," and, finally, "Pal Joey."

In style and sophistication, these shows were something new on Broadway. They had visual beauty and youthful freshness. (The great choreographer George Balanchine had a hand in several of them.) They contained no end of unconventional music by Rodgers, and they inspired Hart's peculiar talent to its most tricky and ingenious endeavors. But Hart was one of those unhappy geniuses who are more apt to be found in the loftier forms of art. He was a rather grotesque-looking, gnomelike man of disorderly, bohemian habits. He was a heavy drinker, a half-mad visionary, and a man to whom financial success and the cautiousness of bourgeois life meant very little. He had the gift of fantasy and satire that characterizes people for whom the world is somehow unreal and unsatisfying. For a long time, he had seemed destined for the tragic fate of men like van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec, and on November 22, 1943, he died, officially of pneumonia but actually of a combination of troubles, of which malnutrition, alcoholism, and acute mental disturbance were a few.

There are those who claim that Hart was Rodgers' finest librettist, and that none of the lyrics Rodgers has subsequently set to music have had quite the urbanity and satirical bite of Hart's. In any case, Rodgers' next collaborator, Oscar Hammerstein, was Hart's diametrical opposite—an unabashed sentimentalist, a believer in optimism, religion, noble causes, and wholesome emotions, and a devotee of upright and highly respectable living. Hammerstein, a large man of affectionate disposition who was a much respected figure in the theatrical and literary worlds, had little or no gift for satire. He lacked the bitterness of the true satirist, and he found real life a wonderful thing. But he was a very skillful lyric-writer, as his previous collaborations with people like Rudolf Friml and Jerome Kern ("Show Boat") had demonstrated. It was inevitable that he should give the Rodgers musical show a new atmosphere—one in which the accent was on romantic love, political idealism, tolerance, and serious,



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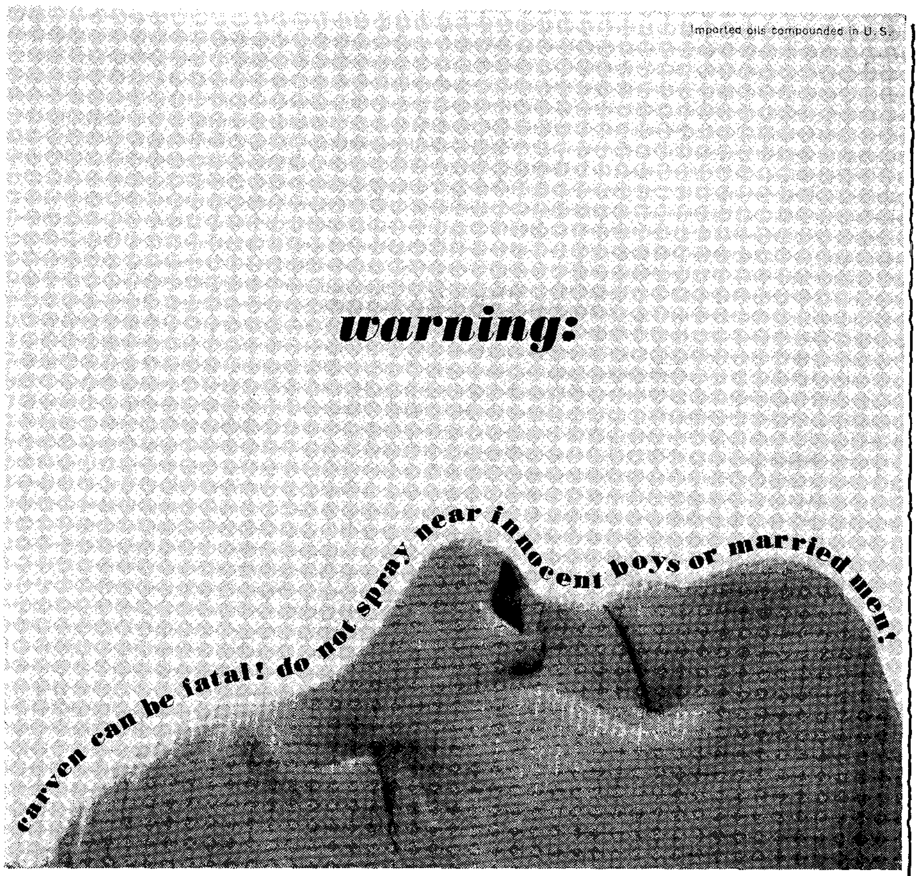
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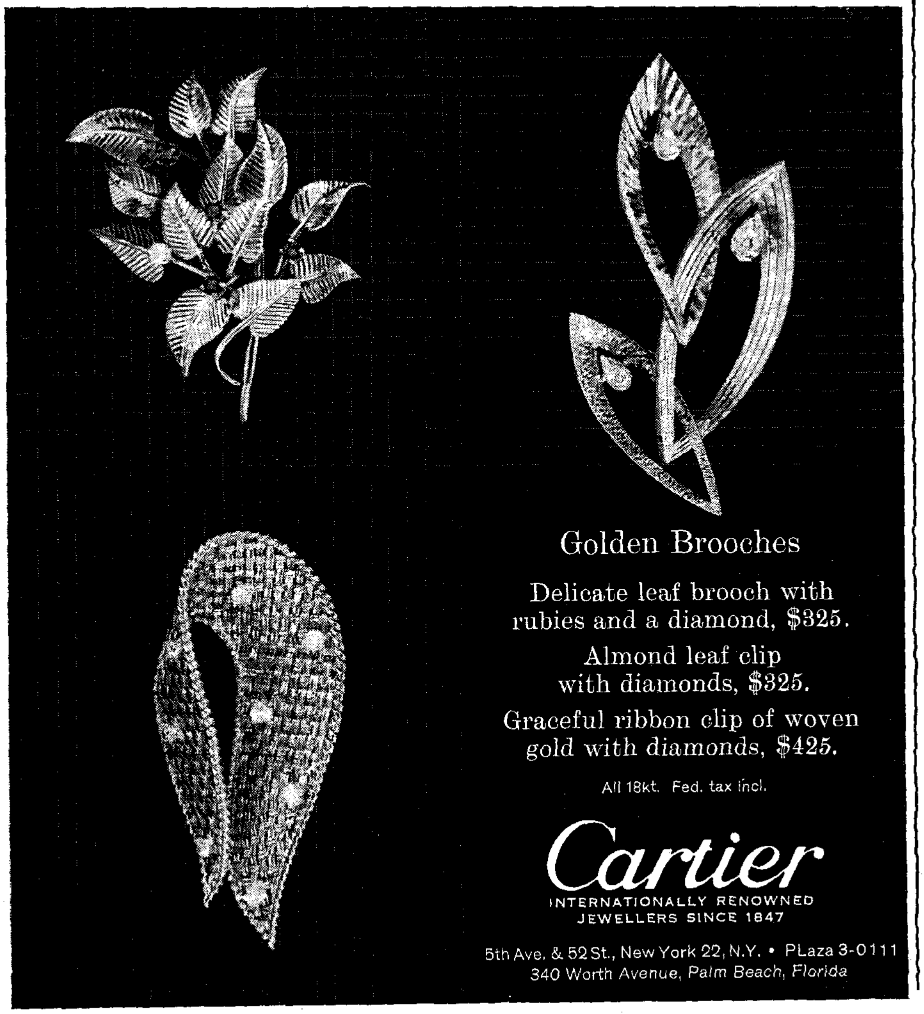
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if sometimes rather obvious, dramatic ideas. The new touch was evident in their first Broadway collaboration, “Oklahoma!,” in which the hero was all heroic virility and the villain a man with a suggestion of abnormality about him—a character whom Hart would probably have painted more subtly. But “Oklahoma!” had its points. It bubbled over with enthusiasm. Its stage spectacle, to which Agnes de Mille contributed lovely choreography, was wholly engaging, and, of course, it was a hit of historic proportions. Furthermore, it is interesting to note that although Hammerstein brought a more conventional moral tone and more obvious sentimentality to his side of the collaboration, Rodgers continued to expand the daring and freshness of his musical approach. Their other hit shows—“Carousel,” “Allegro,” “South Pacific,” “The King and I,” “Me and Juliet,” “Flower Drum Song,” and “The Sound of Music”—were all remarkable for the dash, gaiety, and unconventionality of their music. Hammerstein’s death left Rodgers crushed for the moment. He has experimented—successfully, he says—with writing his own lyrics for five new songs for the film “State Fair” and for a forthcoming show, “No Strings;” more recently he has entered upon a new collaboration, which most Broadway show people consider not only a happy but an almost inevitable one, with Alan Jay Lerner, the lyricist of such hits as “Brigadoon,” “My Fair Lady,” and “Camelot.”

What personal touches Lerner will bring to the Rodgers musical show remain to be seen, but there can be little doubt that Rodgers himself will go on writing tune after tune with his dependable fecundity and his eternal search for melodic novelty and catchiness. “I want to get humanity into my music,” he has been quoted as saying. “That’s all that really counts. I like to feel the direct reactions of an audience. I don’t like abstract music. Nowadays, they claim that Haydn was abstract, but I wonder if Haydn was abstract to Haydn.” And though he often forestalls his highbrow critics by saying deprecatingly, “I’m just a commercial-theatre kid—I don’t write for posterity,” he actually takes his craft very seriously. His attitude toward his work is, in fact, anything but purely commercial. Nevertheless, like practically all composers of any importance, he never discounts the tastes of his public. “I suspect,” he once said to his biographer, David Ewen, “that the limitations of any art form are set

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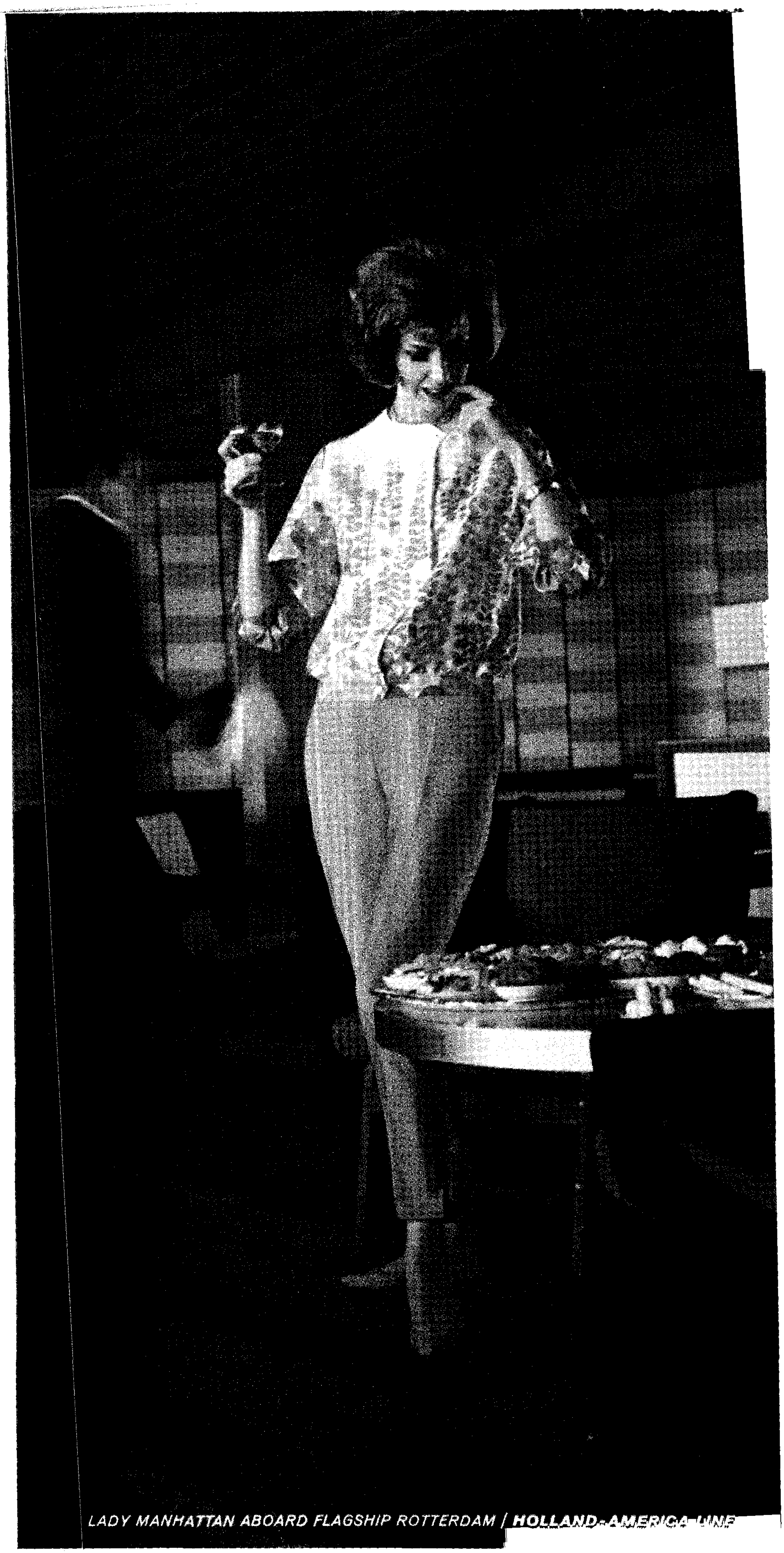

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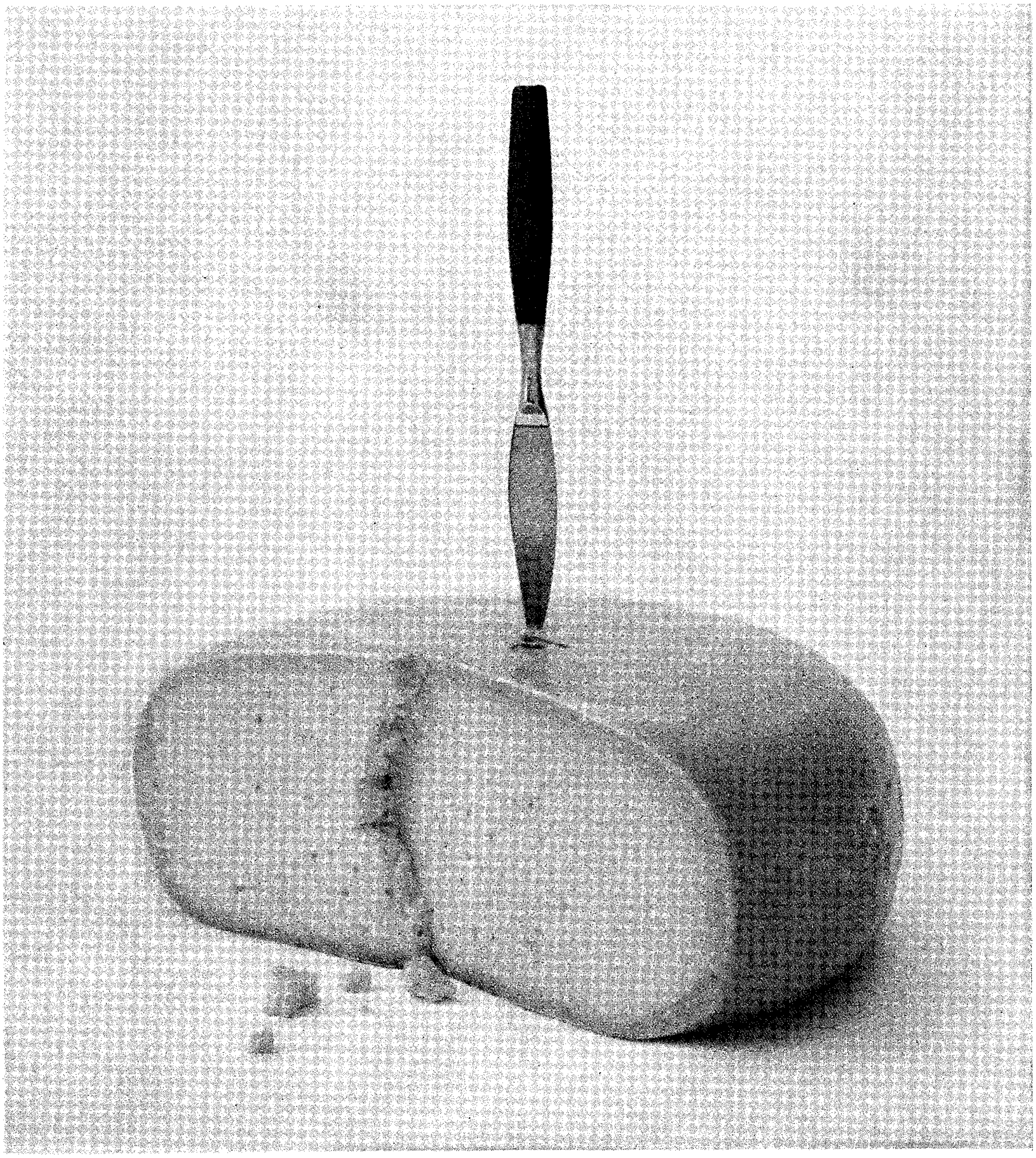

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by its creators and not by the public, and I can think of no field in which the viewpoint can be better substantiated than in the musical theatre. Too often I have heard the producer say, in all his expansive smugness, 'If I don't understand it, neither will the public.' What he doesn't understand is that the public is a lot smarter than he is, or I am, for that matter. Its taste is enormously catholic, and in its choice of entertainment it is precise and knowing. To the public, 'Parsifal' is good, and so is 'My Fair Lady.' The range is large, and the entertainment need only be good of its kind to attract hordes of people. The public is not only willing but anxious to go along with us in the theatre in search for better things, if we continue that search with honesty." The search seems to be the main impulse behind Rodgers' boundless versatility and his tendency to experiment within the framework of popular music. "I composed very serious music for the Churchill series," he told an acquaintance recently. "It was altogether different from my musical-show numbers. One of the things that have kept me alive all these years has been my unwillingness to settle for a prescribed formula. I like to think that I can write about the U.S. Navy, as I did in 'Victory at Sea,' and also do boy-and-girl songs like 'You Are Sixteen,' and turn from that to the religious chorales in 'The Sound of Music.' There are great possibilities in the musical theatre. All you have to do is find them."

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

●

This Bean Thread is made by the starch of Green Beans and water through machinery in our opinion hygienic.—*From a wrapper on a package of vermicelli bought in San Francisco's Chinatown.*

That's good enough for us.

●

Mrs. Fink recently accepted a position with the American Red Cross at Chicago, as assistant director in the disaster agency division, and is establishing a training school for expectant parents.—*Spooner (Wis.) Advocate.*

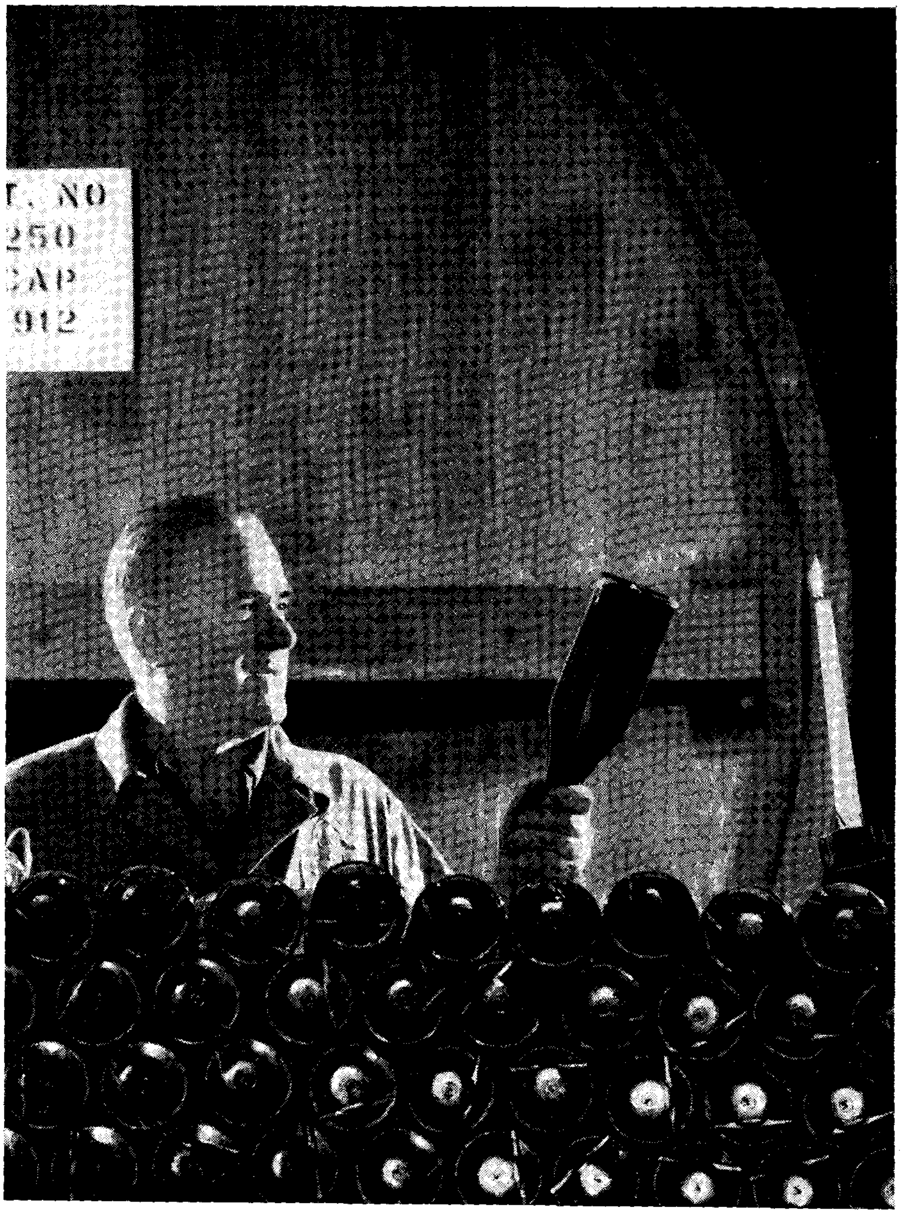
She knows the score, that girl.

●

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Universe Around Us," by Sir James Jeans, 1929*]

But if the star has a liquid, or partially liquid, centre . . . the star can be in no danger of exploding, for a mass of uranium or radium does not explode whatever we do to it.



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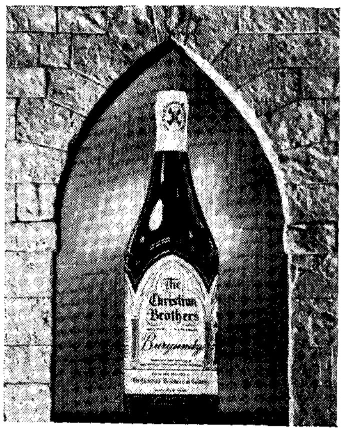

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THE THEATRE

GOD'S SOMETIME CHUM

WHEN, in the course of Paddy Chayefsky's Biblical drama, "Gideon," at the Plymouth, the Supreme Deity shows up, in the person of Fredric March, He gets no such resounding introduction as He did in "The Green Pastures." Instead of sweeping onstage to a line like "Gangway for de Lawd God Jehovah!," this time the Creator slips into view most unostentatiously, and is mistaken by Gideon, who is trying to get some wheat threshed, for a stranger of no consequence. (God, by the way, is diffidently listed in the program as a mere "angel.") Admittedly, Mr. Chayefsky's Gideon is not a very perceptive type—and besides he and the rest of his tribe are distracted because the dread Midianites are about to descend upon them—but even if he were as sharp as an adze, he might not recognize the head celestial being, despite the fact that God's robe is a lot more elegant than Gideon's dreary tatters, and His face is framed in a formidable head of hair and a fine set of whiskers. In His approach to Gideon, He is alternately irascible at the way the Hebrews have violated the Covenant they made with Him generations before, and amused, to the point of tittering, at His notion of transforming Gideon, a simple farmer, into a military genius capable of smiting the Midianites hip and thigh. Now, a Hebrew God of wrath is plausible, and so is a God of love, but a God of quips and caprices would probably have seemed pretty alien to the earnest Old Testament Jews, though the Greeks and Romans might have taken to him.

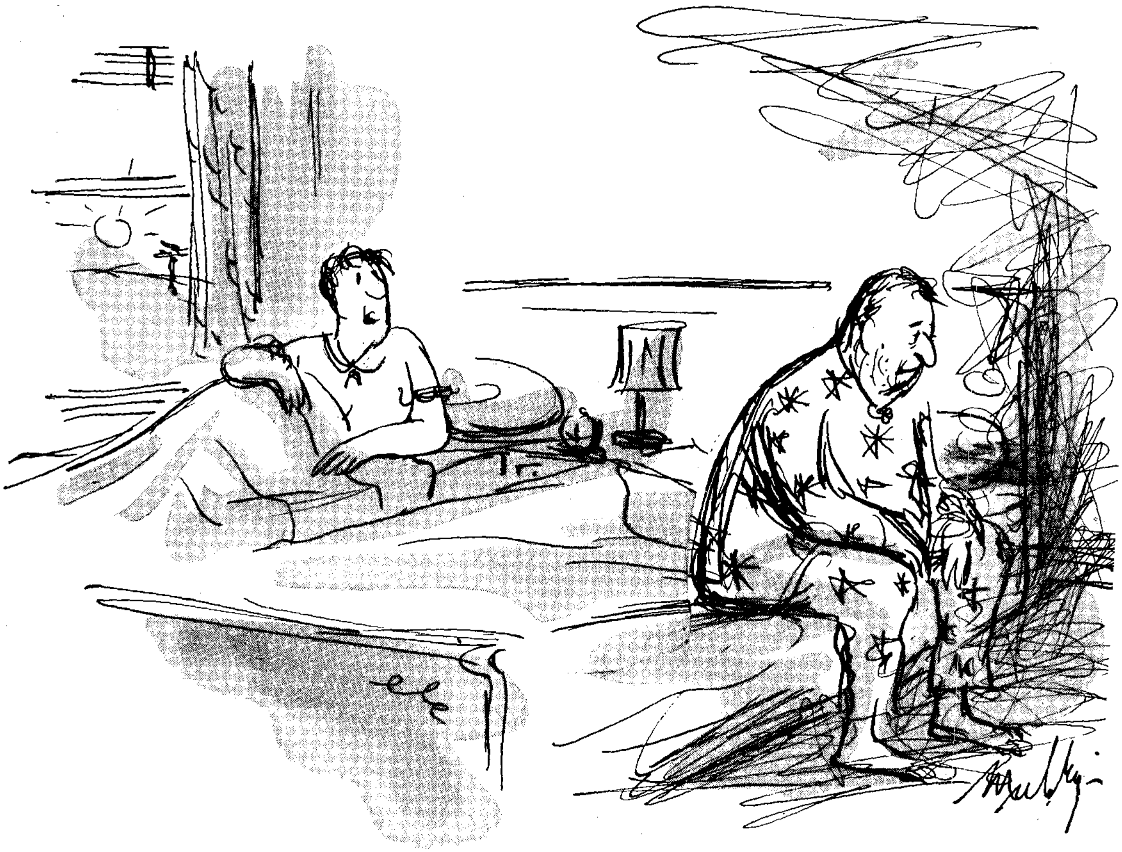
Against a background of papier-mâché rocks and burlap draperies, Mr. March and Gideon—played with charm and wit by Douglas Campbell, who makes Gideon a kind of Androclean type—act out the dilemmas of a God who wants to be loved and a creature who wants to be something more than a mindless instrument of destiny. Mr. Chayefsky has created some ingenious dialogue for God and His humble servant, letting it get orotund and liturgical on some occasions and colloquial on others, but never so broad as to be grotesque. For all his verbal ingenuity, however, he is stymied by the fact that once God is on Gideon's side, it's hard to imagine that Gideon isn't going to beat the tar out of the Midianites in one way or another. (As it happens, God brings victory about through trickery.) And it's also hard not to anticipate that Gideon will presently start chafing at always being in the heavy harness of the Lord and will try to defy his Master. The burden of Mr. Chayefsky's philosophy is that man, even when the finger of God directs his every move, has to attempt to take some of the credit himself, because of his vainglorious, self-centered nature, and is thus guilty of trying to steal God's thunder. I don't think that this notion is really very profound, or that it gains by reiteration in "Gideon." Nevertheless, the play contains a good many jolly moments, and Mr. March and Mr. Campbell have the support of a highly expert cast, including a gelatinous young lady named Lorraine Egypt, who, though she is only twenty-one, grinds and shimmies and bumps as if she had a lifetime at Minsky's behind her. "Gideon" was directed by Tyrone Guthrie and produced by Fred Coe and Arthur Cantor, and in their several capacities they cannot be faulted.

—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Undoing Sheridan

"ALL IN LOVE," at the Martinique, is a musical comedy based on "The Rivals," and it represents not so much a collaboration as an uncomfortable liaison between Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Bruce Geller, the man responsible for the book and lyrics. The up-to-date music, by Jacques Urbont, who also did the arrangements, sounded vigorous and catchy to me; the eighteenth-century costumes and settings, by Charles Lisanby, are decorative; Jules Fisher's lighting is particularly ingenious; and the



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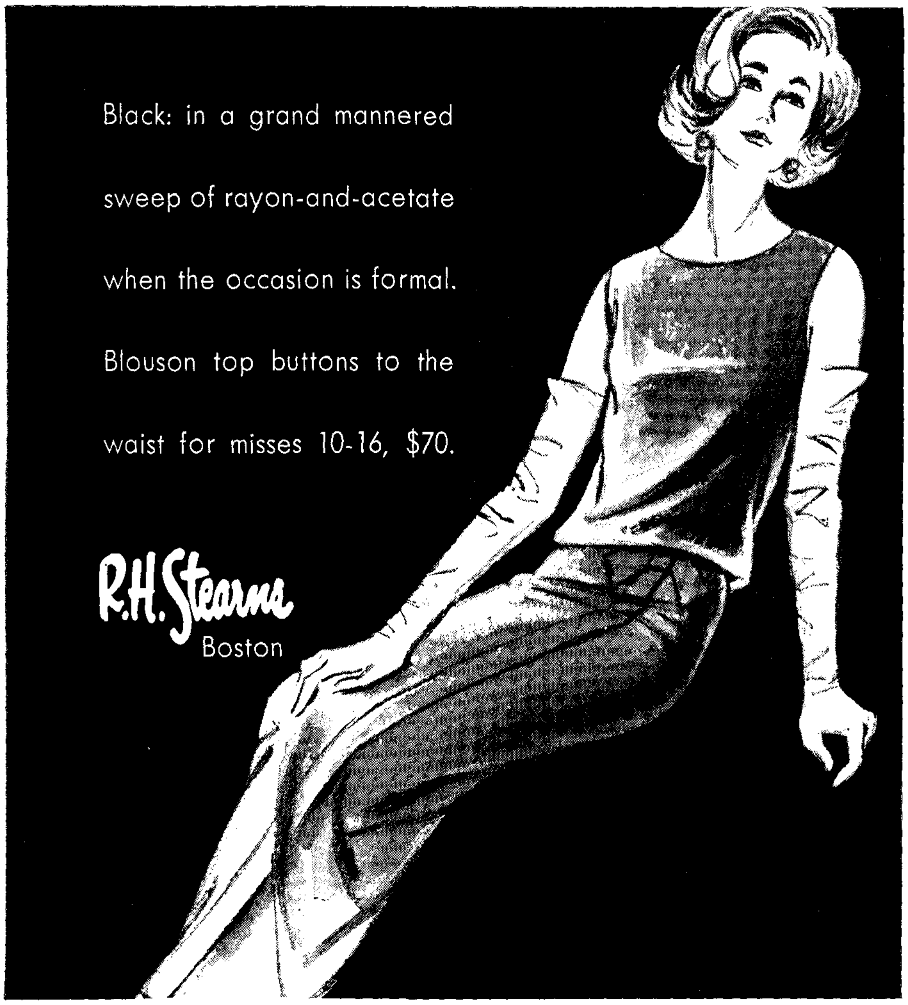

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cast, under Tom Brennan's direction, moves with snap and assurance. The performances vary in quality, but most of them are at least acceptable. David Atkinson makes a dashing, authoritative Jack Absolute, and his singing of "I Love a Fool" and "The Lady Was Made to Be Loved," both of them good tunes, is splendid. Opposite him, as the naïve, romantic Lydia, Gaylea Byrne sings pleasantly and acts well enough. Mimi Randolph seemed to me to stress Mrs. Malaprop's grotesqueness at the expense of her appealing silliness and bustling complacency. The real trouble with the show is that it is offensive. The ideas and words are so sleazy that one wonders how Mr. Geller ever got mixed up with Sheridan in the first place. The conception of the great Bob Acres—that warmhearted rustic vainly trying to pass himself off as a man of the world—as an openly flouncing ninny, to pick a big example, is not only dull-witted but inexcusable, and the rhyming (in a song called "I Found Him") of "pageant" and "imagined," to pick a small one, is grating. To be fair to Mr. Geller, he does seem able to write singable lyrics, but most of them are the wrong lyrics for this play. If you can ignore the intrusion of Atlantic City cheesiness on eighteenth-century Bath, then you may be able to enjoy "All in Love." I can't and didn't.

"SHARON'S GRAVE," a production of the Irish Players, which opened and closed at the Maidman last week, is a melodramatic farce about a bunch of superstitious, sex-obsessed peasants on the southwest coast of Ireland that often suggests an anthology of all the bum parodies of Irish plays in existence. It is redeemed, however, by one highly original comic character—a villain named Dinzie Conlee, who was played with brilliant relish by Dermot McNamara. Dinzie, a cripple with a hump on his back and useless, dangling legs, is sly, malicious, and witty, and although his brain is as lopsided as his back, it is the most entertaining brain in the crew. We meet him in the middle of the first scene, which up to then has been tedious going—John B. Keane, the playwright, had a hard time getting started, and certainly gave the audience a hard time, too—and he buzzes through the rest of the play, a lethal hornet of a man, all but drowning out the ethnic retreads and the hick plot. He seems to me to be an unexpectedly successful theatrical creation. The only other character worth noticing is an unlicensed healer with a collection of startling props and a gaudy line of chatter. His name is Pats Bo Bwee, and he was amusingly played by John Call, who somehow managed to make the dramatist's primitive humor tolerable.

HOW odd it is to see a Gilbert and Sullivan opera without one familiar song or line or character! "Utopia, Ltd.," which the American Savoyards are putting on at the Jan Hus, was entirely new to me. Written in 1893, and thus one of the last of the G. & S. canon, it has rarely been revived (except by this company), which is not surprising, since, in spite of some good songs, it doesn't mean much. As a matter of fact, when the curtain came down, my first impression was that the humor is certainly ltd. The story, about an Anglophile King of Utopia who decides to run his South Sea paradise along British lines and takes on six Englishmen as advisers to help him remake it into a corporation, is weak and—of all words for Gilbert—flat. These objections aside, I must say that I sort of enjoyed the production, partly because the Savoyards seemed to enjoy doing it so. The music is lovely, a few of the words are funny (the company does better by the music than by the words), and the staging, whether the ideas originated with Gilbert or with Dorothy Raedler, the director, is attractive. In an auditorium as small as the Jan Hus, and with a piano and an organ substituting for an orchestra, part of the joke that runs through all the operettas—the pompous or formal presentation of trivia—must inevitably go by the board, and it is a wonder to me that the Savoyards capture as much of the spirit of this piece as they do. A few scenes work perfectly, the high point of the show being the King's first Cabinet meeting, with his six advisers lined up in chairs on either side of him and beating time like minstrels; the addition of a tambourine makes the accompaniment almost as amusing as the patter song. Another funny patter song, about forming a company, ltd., is well sung by Thomas S. Vasiloff, as a promoter, and Mary Ann Staffa and L. D. Clements do a nice job with a charming romantic duet, "Words of Love Too Loudly Spoken." One small quibble: The men's makeups are awful, creating an impression of amateurishness that is quite misleading.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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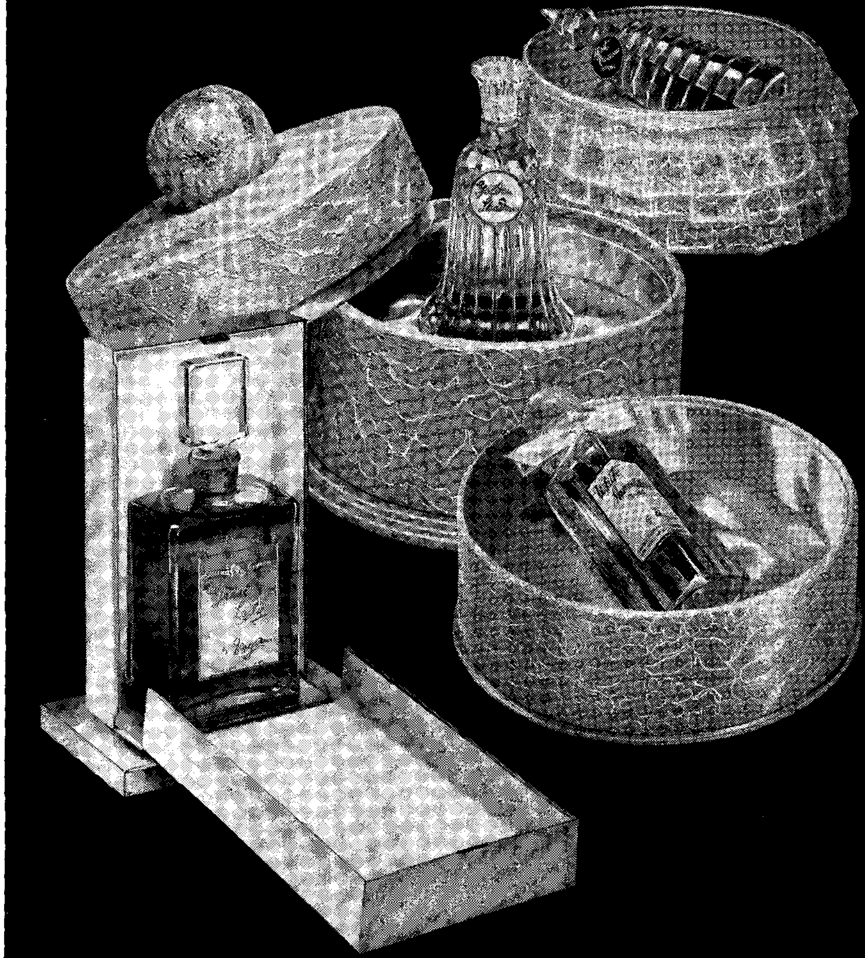

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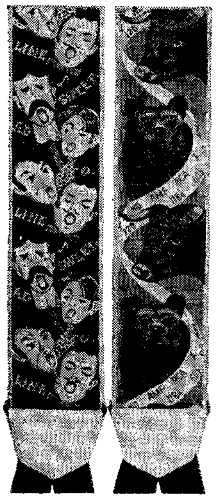

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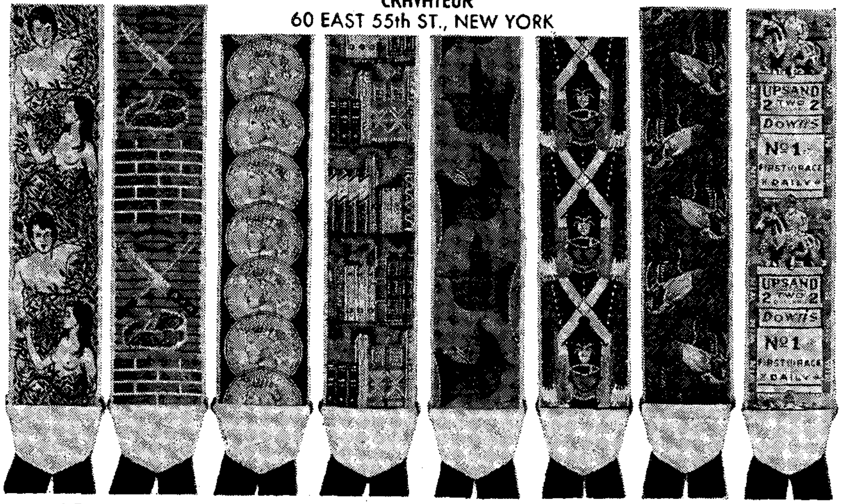

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Aïda à la Russe

THE American operatic début of the Soviet soprano Galina Vishnevskaya on Monday night of last week at least provided the Metropolitan Opera House with the prettiest Aïda I have ever come across. With her petite figure and her delicate makeup, in a sort of Indonesian copper color, she seemed the embodiment of vulnerable femininity, and, like many Russians, she showed herself to be an instinctive actress. Vocally, she was a little less striking. Her voice, which is lyric in quality, lacks the weight, volume, and expressiveness that we are accustomed to in the role, though it showed itself capable of cutting through the ensembles with considerable force. This, at any rate, was the impression she conveyed during the first two acts, and it may have had something to do with first-night nerves and lack of adequate rehearsal; in the third act she seemed much more at ease and began singing quite beautifully. But her interpretation remained a small-scale one compared to the great Aïdas of the past, though it was scrupulously neat and genuinely musical in style.

Otherwise, I am afraid that this was a very slipshod "Aïda," obviously under-rehearsed, and careless in matters of detail. The conducting of Nino Verchi missed nearly all the big dramatic lines of Verdi's score. As Radames, Jon Vickers, who made such a stunning impression as Florestan and Siegmund last year, appeared to be out of touch with the Italian style; he yelled some of his high notes with a degree of strain that might well ruin his admirable voice if it should be persisted in for long, and he seemed bent on making up for his general disorientation by means of self-conscious mannerisms. Mignon Dunn made a handsome enough Amneris but sang, on the whole, with very little polish. Carlotta Ordassy, in the role of the Priestess, sang flat, as "Aïda" Priestesses frequently do. Anselmo Colzani, as Amonasro, appeared with his face suitably blackened and bewhiskered but with his bare arms white, and innocent of any makeup whatever. The ballet in Amneris's boudoir was disorderly, and the bigger ballet, in the Triumphal Scene—always, I admit, a problem, because of the triviality of the music that Verdi wrote for it and the old-fashioned spectacularity it seems to demand—was even worse than usual, bordering here and there on the downright obscene. (For some unfathomable reason, the costumer had chosen to dress his dancers—a healthy and rotundly un-Egyptian-looking lot—in bikinis instead of skirts.) Well, "Aïda" is a great opera, and it has survived such treatment before, though it is seldom subjected to it in first-rate opera houses. Can I mention any mitigating elements besides the svelte looks and generally pleasing singing of Miss Vishnevskaya? Yes. Jerome Hines was a gratifyingly sonorous High Priest, Louis Sgarro was an adequate King, and the scenery, by Rolf Gérard, remains among the best "Aïda" settings I have seen.

Getting back for a moment to that Triumphal Scene ballet, I am sure that someday a really imaginative choreographer at the Metropolitan will throw out the tradition that makes it into a late-nineteenth-century burlesque-show act and place it where it belongs—in the surroundings of ancient Egypt. The New York City Opera recently succeeded with this idea on a small scale in a production that was superior in almost every way to the one I saw last week.

THINGS went a good deal better in the Metropolitan's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" on Saturday night. Anna Moffo, who had undertaken the heroic task of impersonating all four of the avatars of Hoffmann's ladylove and then rendered it even more heroic by developing a severe sore throat before the curtain rose and going on with the show in spite of it, tackled Olympia's coloratura passages with almost flawless accuracy, and, except for a shy high note or two and a second act that was a little more subdued than usual, managed her roles as though she were in perfect health. "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" is,

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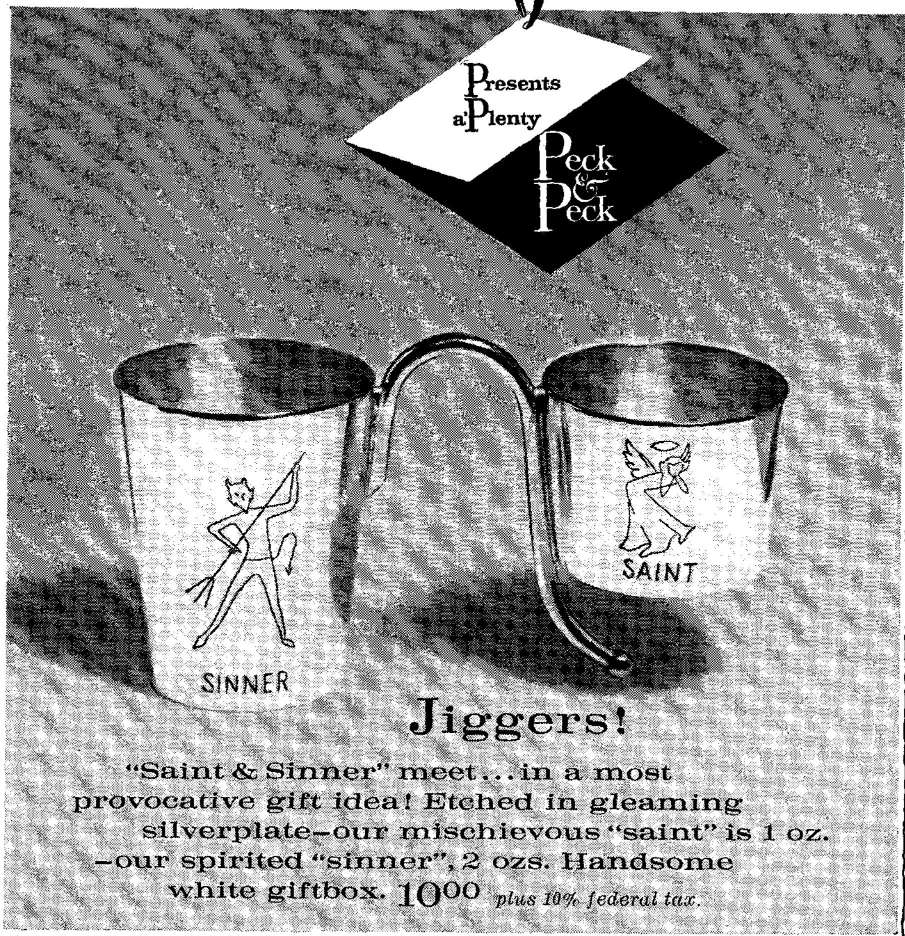

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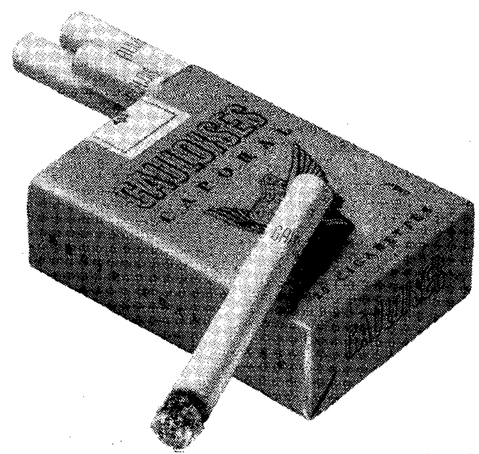

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of course, by no means as great an opera as "Aïda." A lot of it is outrageous theatrical bric-a-brac. But it remains opera's only successful metaphysical fantasy, dealing, as it does, with the age-old question of reality vs. illusion. And though in the second act it literally does the job with mirrors, and elsewhere reminds one of a conjurer's box of tricks, it has a quaint charm that is doubtless responsible, along with some beautiful Offenbach tunes, for its remarkable powers of survival. At any rate, it is impossible to dim my affection for it, and its Venetian scene, in particular, always strikes me as one of the most gripping episodes to be found anywhere in the repertory. The scene was even more gripping than usual the other night, because of the masterly singing and acting style of George London, whose studied elegance, superb French diction, and dominating stage presence make him the ideal Dappertutto. Mr. London's other impersonations—of the mad scientist Coppélius and the mad physician Dr. Miracle—were, by their nature, essentially comic, but it is to his credit that he nowhere broke the romantic mood by playing them for laughs. Nicolai Gedda was a suitably handsome Hoffmann (he is a rarity among tenors in having the slim build of a baritone) and sang his tunes with fervor and polish. I was happy to see Paul Franke promoted from bit parts to the role of Spalanzani, which he carried off admirably. Alessio De Paolis, that inimitable old *comprimario*, who has become as much a part of the Metropolitan as its weathered façade, was genuinely comic in his four subordinate roles, and provided a deft demonstration of how to hold the stage when your voice is, let us say, a good deal past its prime. The remaining parts were all adequately done, and the conducting of Jean Morel, if not the most brilliant I have ever encountered, was at least fresh and spirited. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The ball bounced out of his hands, off an Irish defender and into the hands of Jim Stewart, who raced to the Notre Dame three. Hecht plunged over three days later. —*Champaign (Ill.) News-Gazette.*

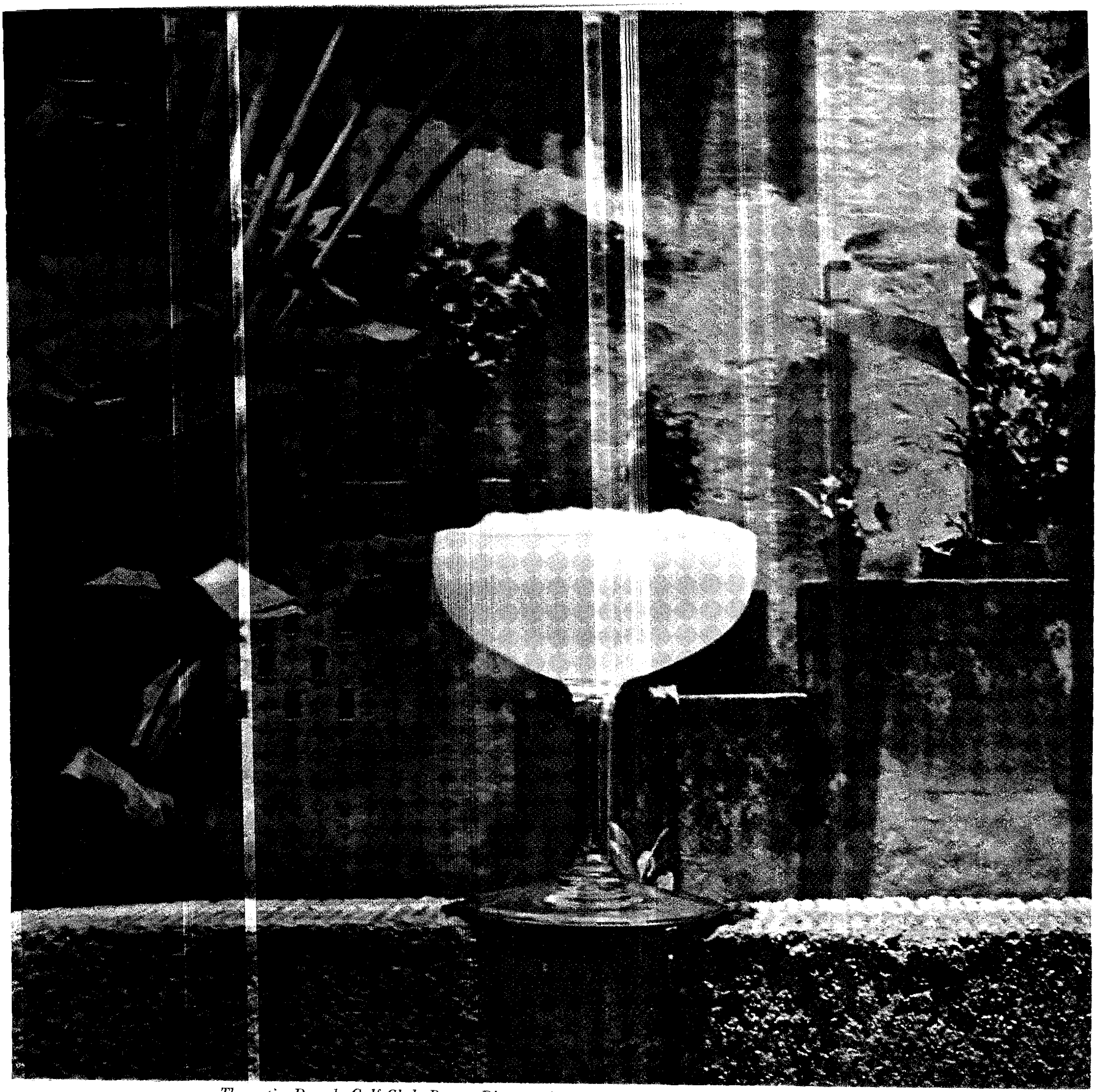
There's no sense rushing into these things.

•

SIAMESE cat lost vicinity Rose Lane, Haverford, wearing blue collar and bell.

LOST: Light blue parakeet named Blue Boy; responds to a small bell.—*Advs. in the Ardmore (Pa.) Main Line Times.*

Oh-oh!



The Patio, Dorado Golf Club, Puerto Rico, a relaxing place to sip a Derby Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

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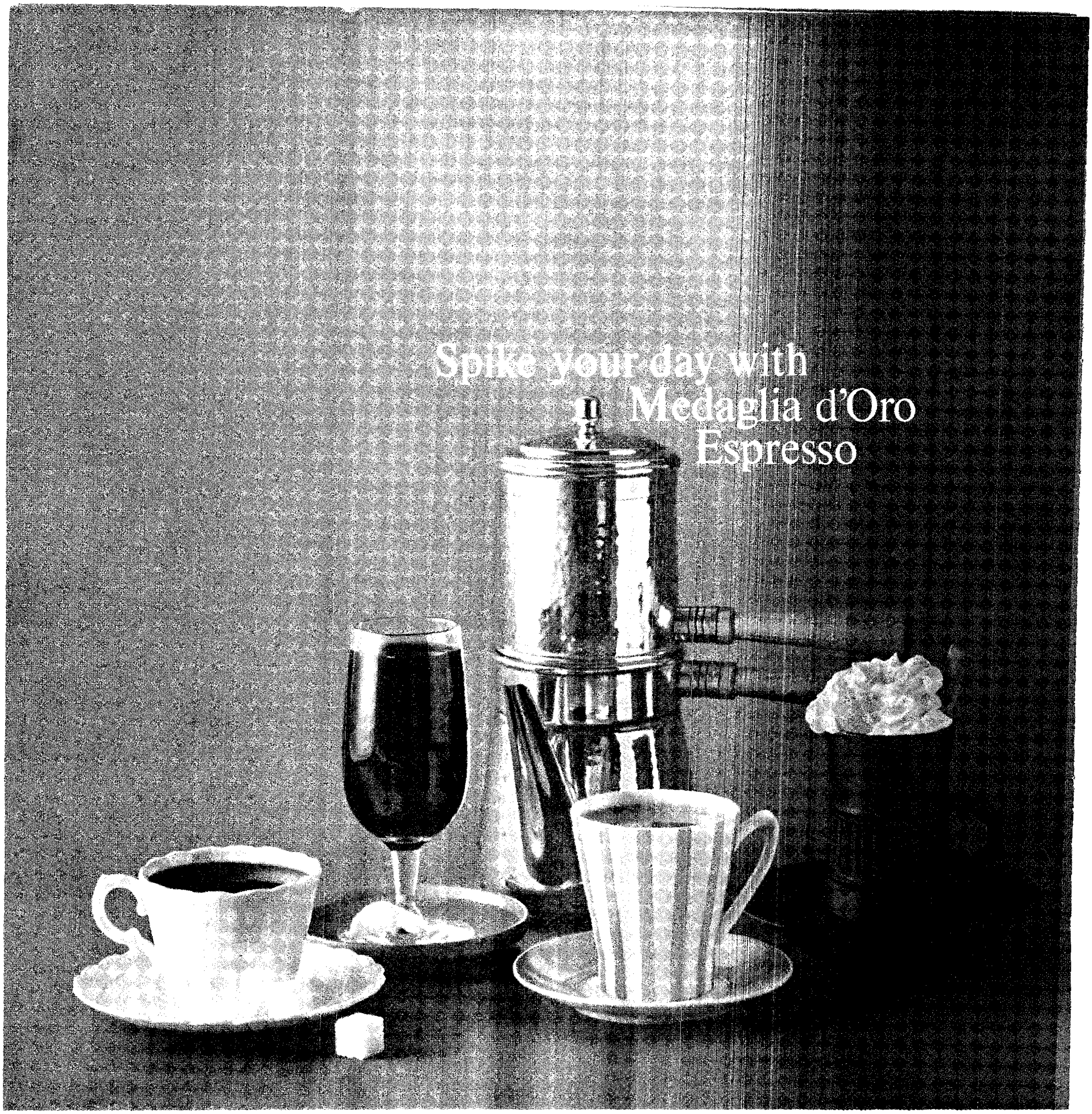

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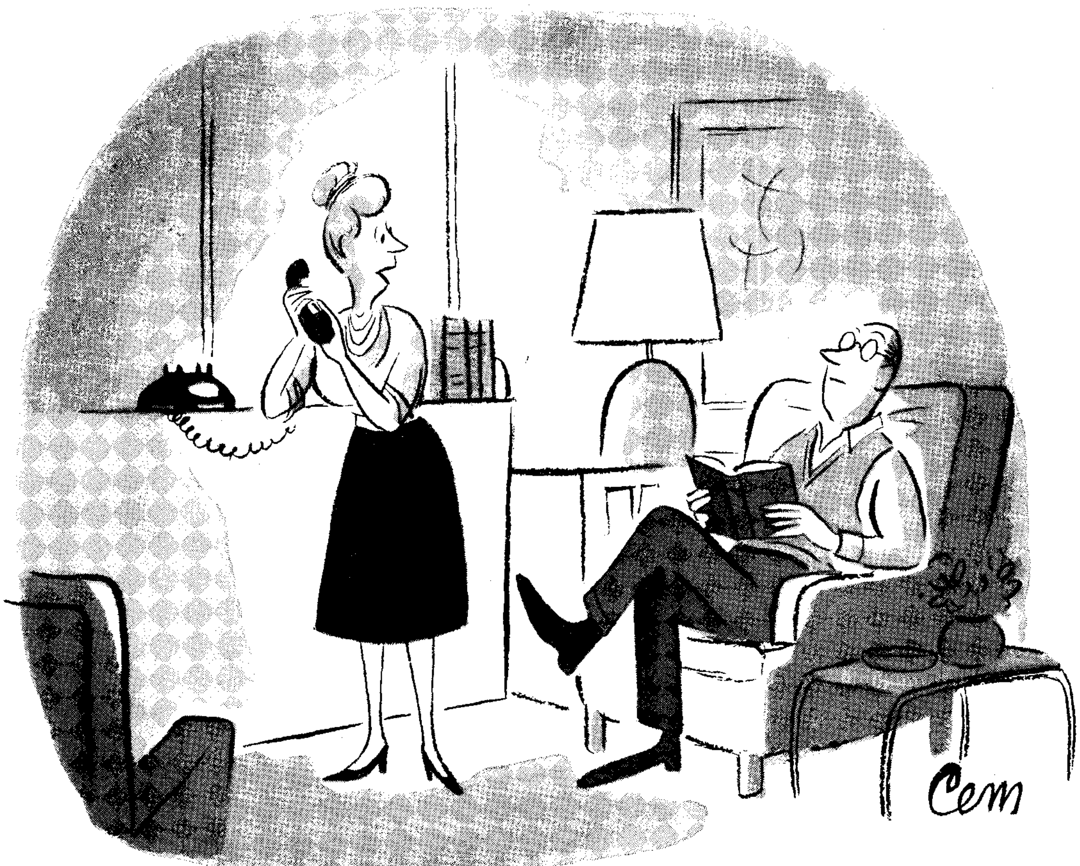
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE TUNNEL IN THE CHALK—I

THROUGHOUT the history of England, the English Channel, that proud sea passage some three hundred miles long, has separated Britain from the Continent as by a great gulf or a bottomless chasm. However, at its narrowest point, between Dover and Cap Gris-Nez—a distance of some twenty-one miles—the Channel is actually less a yawning profundity than an extremely shallow puddle. In this area, it is nowhere more than two hundred feet deep, and for half of the distance across it is less than a hundred feet deep. It is just this extreme shallowness, in combination with strong winds and the tidal currents flowing between the North Sea and the Atlantic, that makes the seas of the Strait of Dover so formidable, especially in the winter months. The weather is so bad during November and December that, according to the computations of the marine signal station at Dunkirk, the chances are one in seven that a gale will occur on any given day, and in the whole year there are only sixty periods of fine weather in the Channel that last as long as a day. Under these conditions, the ferry passage across the Channel is notoriously trying; the experience has been referred to in print during the last hundred years as "that fearful ordeal," "an hour and a half's torture," and "that unspeakable horror." Writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1882, a Frenchman named Valbert described the trip from Dover to Calais as "two centuries . . . of agony." Ninety-odd years ago, an article in the English *Gentleman's Magazine* asserted that each year hundreds of thousands of people crossing the Strait suffered in a manner that beggared description. "Probably there is no other piece of travelling in civilized countries where, within equal times, so much suffering is endured; certainly it would be hard to find another voyage of equal length which is so much feared," the author said. Under the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that cross-Channel ferry passengers have spoken and written with great persistence about the desirability of some sort of dry-land passage between England and France, and engineers have been attracted to the idea of constructing such a passage for at least a hundred and fifty years. During that time, they have come up with proposals for spanning the Channel with great bridges, for laying down submersible tubes that would rest on the sea bottom or float halfway between sea bed and sea level, and even for using transports shaped like enormous tea wagons, whose wheels would travel along rails below sea level while their decks towered high above the highest waves. The most common proposal of all, however, has been to bore a tunnel. The idea of a Channel tunnel, at once abolishing seasickness and connecting England with the Continent by an arterial flow of goods and travellers, has always had about it a quality of grand simplicity—the simplicity of a very large extension of an easily comprehended principle; in this case, digging a hole—that has appealed irresistibly to generations not only of engineers but of visionaries and promoters of all kinds.

A Channel tunnel seems always to have had the ability to arouse in its proponents a peculiarly passionate and unquenchable enthusiasm. Men have devoted their whole adult lives to promoting its cause, and so powerfully has the project gripped the imagination of its various designers that just to look at some of their old drawings—depicting, for example, down to the finest detail of architectural ornamentation, ventilation stations for the tunnel rising above the surface of the Channel among ships sailing gracefully to and fro—almost convinces one that the tunnel is a reality and the artist merely a conscientious reporter of an existing scene. Such is the minute detail in which the tunnel has been designed by various people that eighty-six years ago the French Assembly approved a tunnel bill specifying the price of railway tickets for the Channel-tunnel journey, and even containing a clause that required second-class coaches to be provided with stuffed seats, rather than the harder accommodations offered in third class.

Interestingly enough, ever since the days, a century or so ago, when practical Victorian engineers began taking up the problem, the technical feasibility of constructing a tunnel through the



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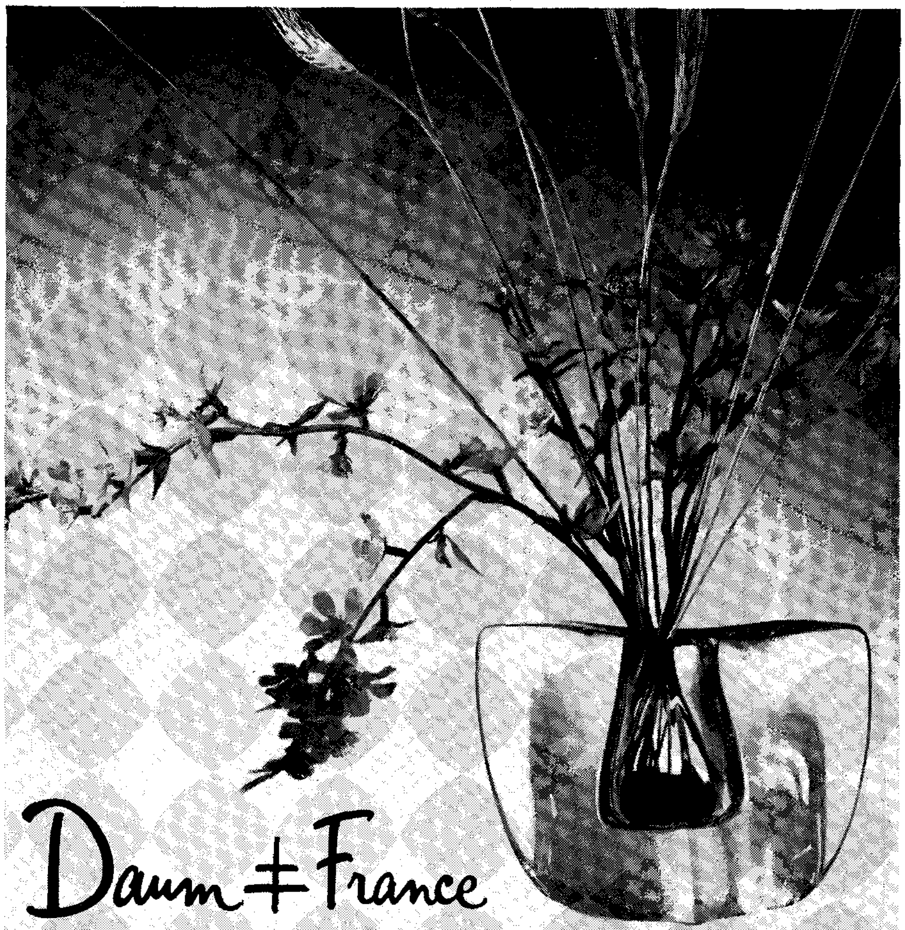

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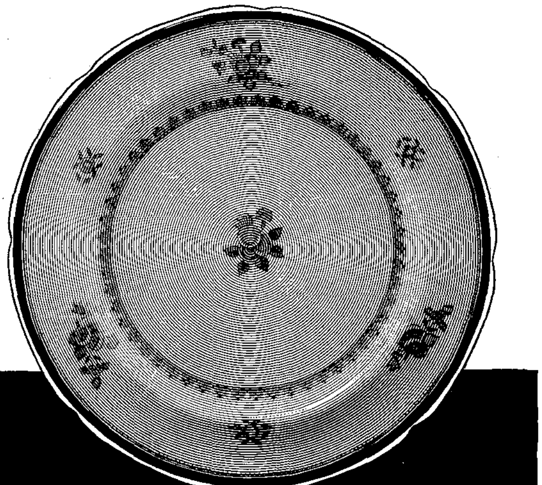

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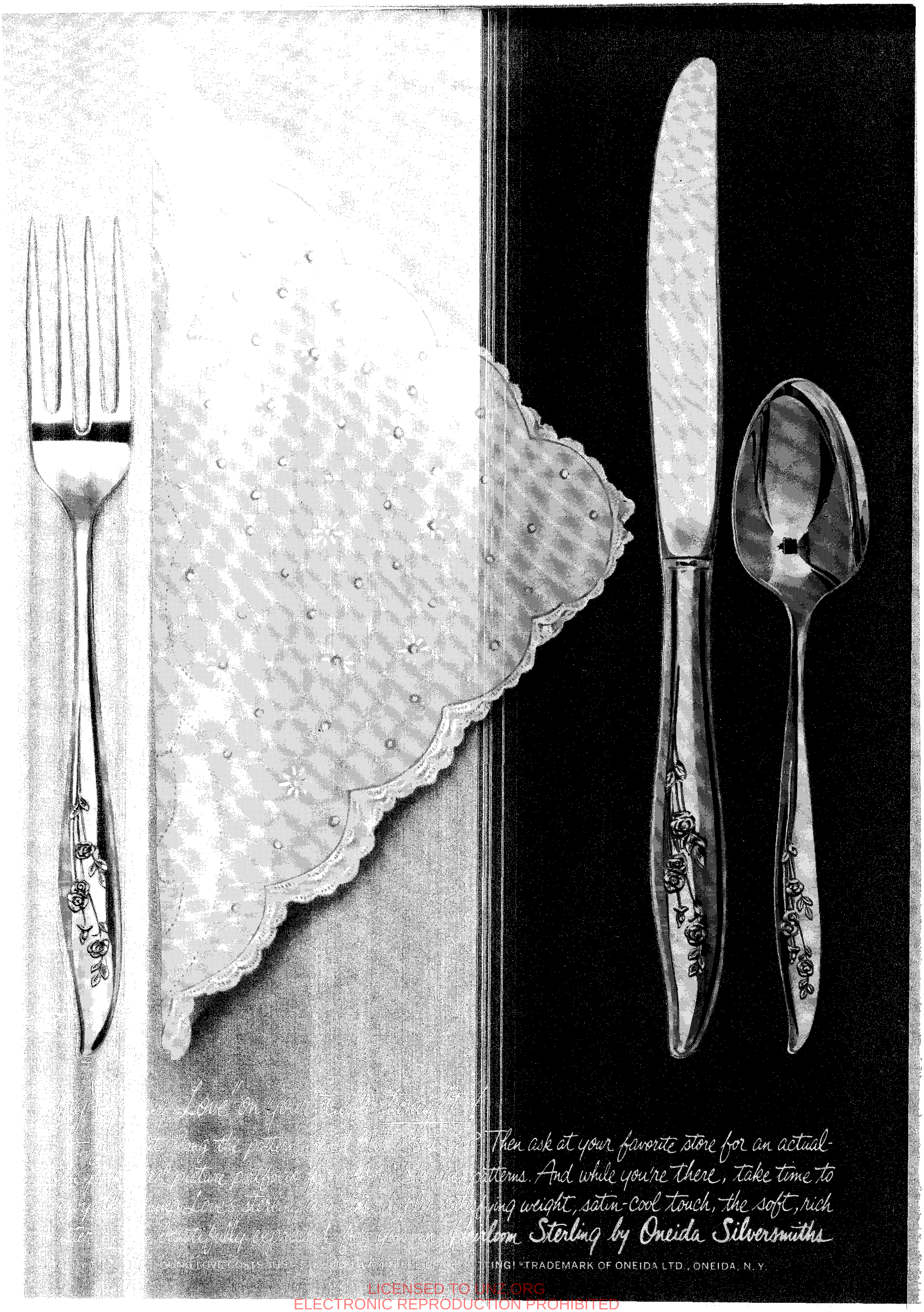
chalky rock under the Channel has never really been seriously questioned. Yet, despite effort piled on effort and campaign mounted on campaign by engineers, politicians, and promoters, nobody has quite been able to push the project through. Everyone who has tried to do so has encountered a difficulty harder to understand, harder to identify, and, indeed, harder to break through than any rock stratum. The difficulty seems to lie in the degree to which, among Englishmen, the Channel has been not only a body of water but a state of mind—the feeling that somehow, if England were to be connected by a tunnel with the Continent, the peculiar meaning, to an Englishman, of being English would never be quite the same again. Because of the strength of this curious attitude, the history of the scheme to put a tunnel below the Channel has proved almost as stormy as the Channel waves themselves. In 1936, Winston Churchill wrote in an article for the *Daily Mail*, "There are few projects against which there exists a deeper and more enduring prejudice than the construction of a railway tunnel between Dover and Calais. Again and again it has been brought forward under powerful and influential sponsorship. Again and again it has been prevented." The subject of the Channel tunnel was brought up for discussion at thirty-five sessions of the House of Commons between 1882 and 1950, and ten bills in favor of the project were either rejected or tabled. On several occasions, however, the Parliamentary vote on the tunnel was close enough to bring it within reach of becoming a reality, and in the eighties work was actually begun on pilot tunnels leading out from both the English and the French coasts. But always the tunnel advocates have had to give way before persistent opposition, and always they have had to begin their exertions all over again. The ranks of pro-tunnel people have included, besides Sir Winston (who once called the opposition in England to the tunnel "occult"), both Prince Albert and, at one point, Queen Victoria; the anti-tunnel forces have included Lord Randolph Churchill (Sir Winston's father), Alfred Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, Professor Thomas H. Huxley, and, more recently, First Viscount Montgomery of Alamein. Queen Victoria, pro-tunnel at first, eventually turned anti-tunnel; William E. Gladstone, her sometime Prime Minister, was anti-tunnel while in office and pro-tunnel later on. Throughout its stormy history, the tun-



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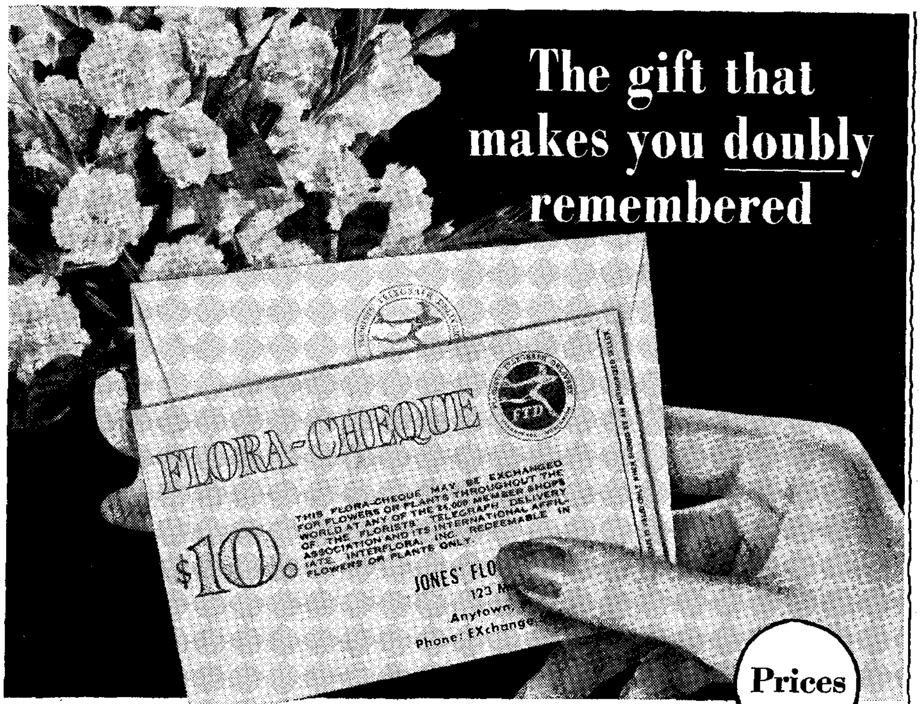
nel project has had the qualities of both fantasy and nightmare—a thing at once of airy grace and claustrophobic horror; a long, bright kaleidoscope of promoters' promises, and a cavern resounding with Cyclopean bellowing. Proponents of the tunnel have called it an end to seasickness and a boon to peace, international understanding, and trade, and potentially the greatest civil-engineering feat of their particular century. Opponents have referred to it tartly as a "mischievous project," and have denounced it as a military menace that would enable the French (or the Germans) to invade England. This prospect, in 1914, caused one prominent English anti-tunneller, Admiral Sir Algernon de Horsey, to characterize the pro-tunnellers as "those poor creatures who have no stomach for an hour's sea passage, and who think retention of their dinners more important than the safety of their country." Over the years, anti-tunnel forces have used as ammunition an extraordinary variety of further arguments, ranging from the possibility of customs difficulties at each end of the tunnel to the prediction that a Channel tunnel would make it easier for international Socialists to commingle and conspire.

If the proponents and promoters of the tunnel have never quite succeeded in putting their project across in all the years, they have never quite given up trying, either, and now, in a new era of rockets, air ferries, and the European Common Market, the pro-tunnel forces are at it again, harder than ever. In April, 1960, in London, an organization called the Channel Tunnel Study Group, representing British, French, and American interests, announced a new series of proposals for a Channel tunnel, based on a number of recent elaborate studies of the subject. The proposals called for twin side-by-side all-electric railway tunnels, either bored or immersed, with trains that would carry passengers and provide piggyback transport, on flatcars, for autos, buses, and trucks. (While an automobile tunnel could be constructed, engineers say that the problem of ventilating it would make it prohibitively expensive.) The bored double tunnel would be about thirty-two miles long between portals, and would be by far the longest traffic tunnel, of either the underwater or the under-mountain variety, in the world. (The longest underwater tunnel in existence is the 2.2-mile railroad tunnel under the Mersey, connecting Liverpool and Birkenhead; the longest under-mountain tunnel is the 12.3-mile Sim-



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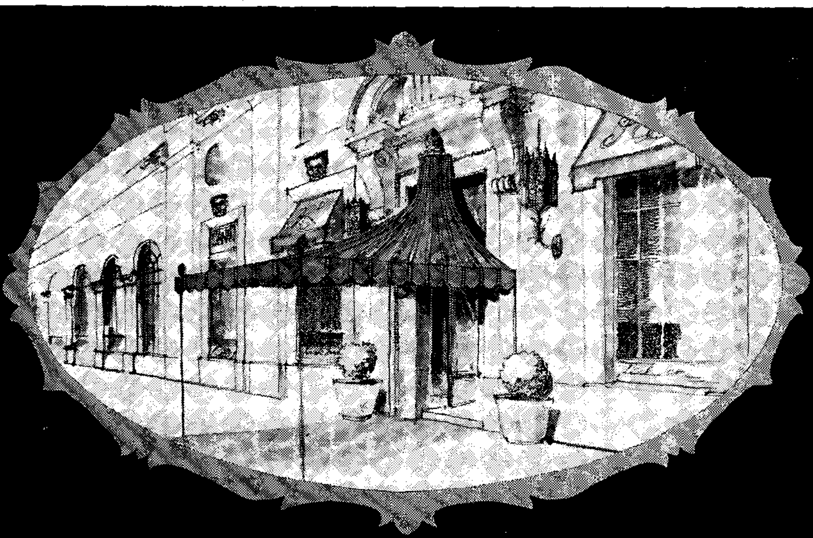

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plon railroad tunnel, in the Alps. The automobile tunnel now being built under Mont Blanc will be only 7.5 miles long.) The Channel tunnel would run between Sangatte, on the French side, and Folkestone, on the English side. Passenger trains would travel through it at an average speed of sixty-five miles an hour, making the run in about thirty minutes, and during rush periods, with trains running ten minutes apart, forty-two hundred passengers and eighteen hundred vehicles could clear the tunnel in each direction every hour. Passengers would pay four dollars and fifty cents—about a third less than the price of the present ferry-passenger ticket—to ride through the tunnel, and the trip from London to Paris would take four hours and twenty minutes. The whole tunnel would take five years to build, and the Study Group estimated that, including the railway terminals, it would cost approximately three hundred and sixty-four million dollars.

All that the Study Group needs in order to go ahead with the project is the approval of the British and French governments. The pro-tunnel people are hopeful—as hopeful as they have ever been—and one of the leading pro-tunnellers in England has called the current campaign "a last glorious effort to get this thing through." The French government has never had any real objection to a fixed installation linking both sides of the Channel, and in July, when the British government announced that it would seek full membership in the European Common Market, most of the tunnel's proponents felt sure that, with this prospective impetus to cross-Channel trade, the forces of British insularity that had blocked the project for nearly a century would finally have to yield. But what raised pro-tunnel excitement to its highest pitch ever was the decision of the French and British governments last month to hold joint discussions on the problem of building either a bridge or a tunnel. These discussions are scheduled to begin next week, and the main question now seems to be the economic practicality of such a huge undertaking. Even with all this encouragement, however, few of the pro-tunnel people in England seem willing to make any flat prediction that the British government will come right out and support the construction. They have been disappointed too often in the past. And although they believe that by this time the old strategic objections to the tunnel have been forgotten, they are also aware that many people in England have vivid memories of 1940 that have

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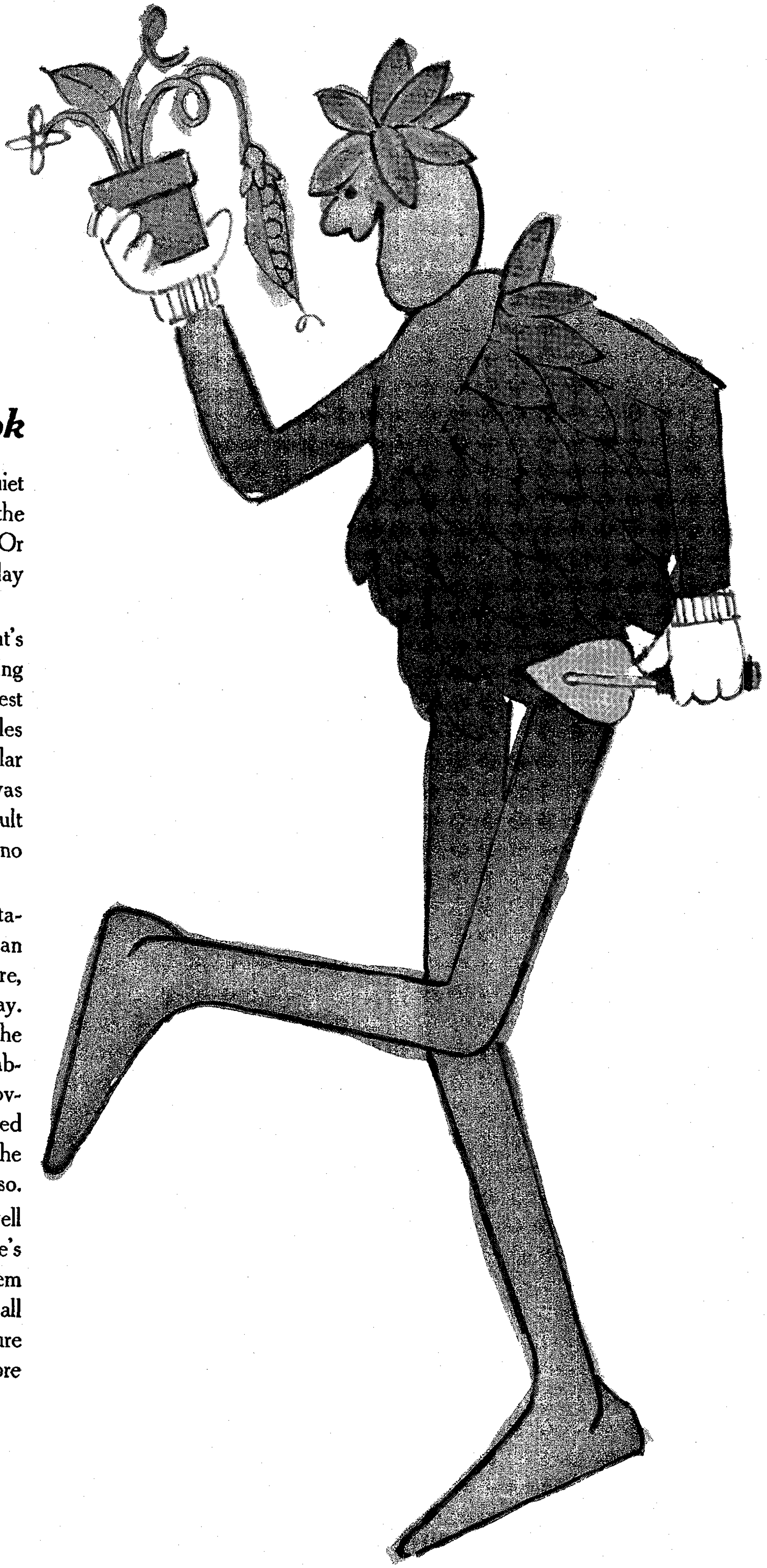

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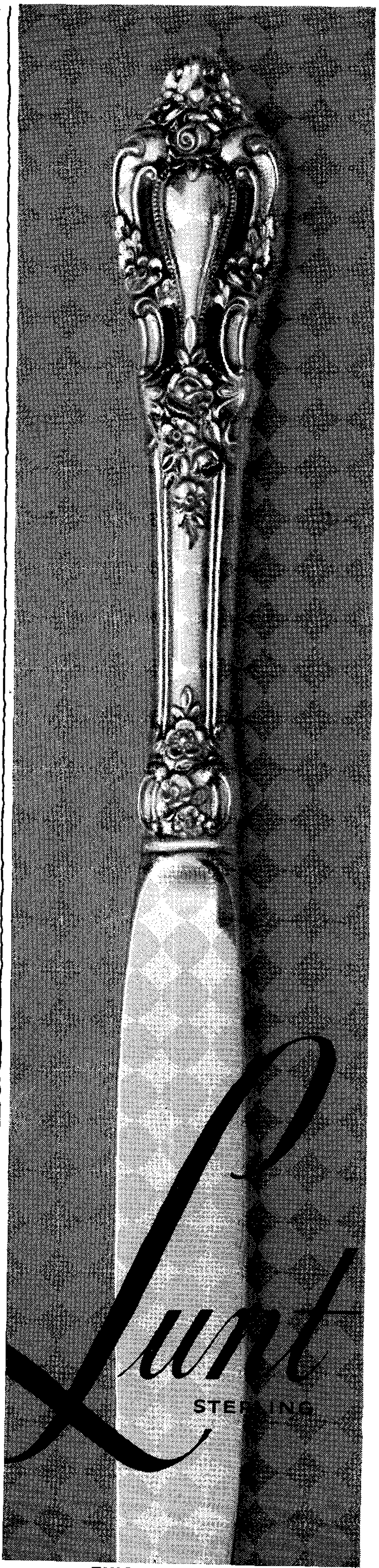
kept them, if not actively anti-tunnel, at least dubious about the idea. "The Channel saved us last time, even in the age of the airplane, didn't it?" an English barrister remarked a while ago. To show that the spirit of the anti-tunnellers has not lost its resilience, Major-General Sir Edward L. Spears, in the correspondence columns of the London *Times* in April of last year, denounced the latest Channel-tunnel scheme as "a plan which will not only cost millions of public money but will let loose on our inadequate roads eighteen hundred more vehicles an hour, each driven by a right-of-the-road driver in a machine whose steering wheel is on the left."

THE first scheme for the construction of a tunnel beneath the English Channel was put forward in France in 1802 by a mining engineer named Albert Mathieu. The second was launched the next year by an Englishman named Mottray. Neither project ever got under the ground, and the subject lay dormant until 1833, when it attracted the attention of Aimé Thomé de Gamond, a twenty-six-year-old French civil engineer and hydrographer of visionary inclinations. Thomé de Gamond was to turn into an incomparably zealous and persistent projector of ways in which people could cross between England and France without getting wet or seasick; he devoted himself to the problem for almost thirty-five years, and had no hesitation in exposing himself to extraordinary physical dangers in the course of his researches. Thomé de Gamond's plans were based on fairly systematic hydrographic and geological surveys of the Channel area. In 1833, he made the first of these surveys by taking marine soundings to establish a profile of the sea bottom on a line between Calais and Dover, and the next year he drew up a plan for levelling the bed of the Strait of Dover with a great battering-ram and rake, operated from boats, and then submerging an iron tube, later to be lined with masonry. In 1835, Thomé de Gamond modified this scheme by eliminating the iron tube in favor of a movable hydrographic shield that would slowly advance across the Channel bottom, leaving a masonry tube behind it as it progressed. But the rate of progress, he calculated, would be slow; the work would take thirty years to complete. Moving on to other schemes, he turned out detailed plans for five types of cross-Channel bridges. They included a granite bridge of colossal proportions—its arches would be



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Such obstinate resistance to joining England and France above water sent Thomé de Gamond back to the idea of doing the job under the sea, and during the mid-fifties he made various energetic explorations of the Channel area in order to determine the feasibility of driving a tunnel through the rock formations under the Strait. Up to that time, geological conditions in the middle of the Strait had been almost entirely a matter of surmise, and to find out more about them Thomé de Gamond resolved to descend in person to the bottom of the Channel. In 1855, at the age of forty-eight and unencumbered by diving equipment, he made a number of such descents in the middle of the Strait. Naked except for a cotton cap tied about his head to keep in place pads of buttered lint that he had plastered over his ears as protection against high water pressure, he plunged to the bottom of the Channel, weighted down with bags of flints for initial ballast, belted with inflated pig's bladders for subsequent buoyancy, and trailing a long safety line leading to a rowboat occupied by a Channel pilot, a young assistant, and his daughter, who went along to keep watch over him. On the deepest of these descents, at a point off Folkestone, he actually touched bottom at a depth of between ninety-nine and a hundred and eight feet. His ascent from this dive was not unremarkable, either; in an account of it, he wrote that just after he had left

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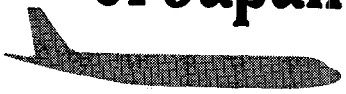

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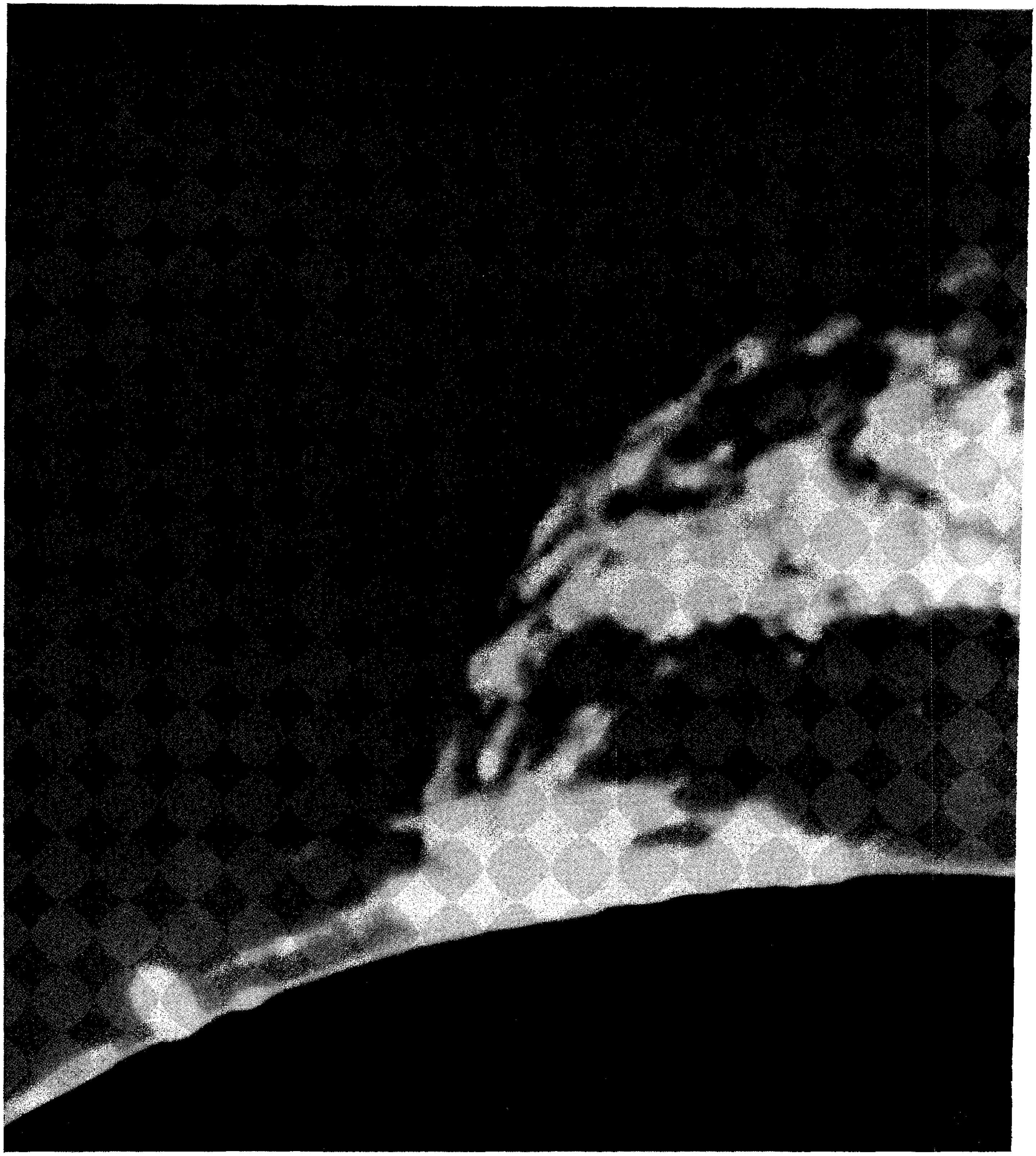

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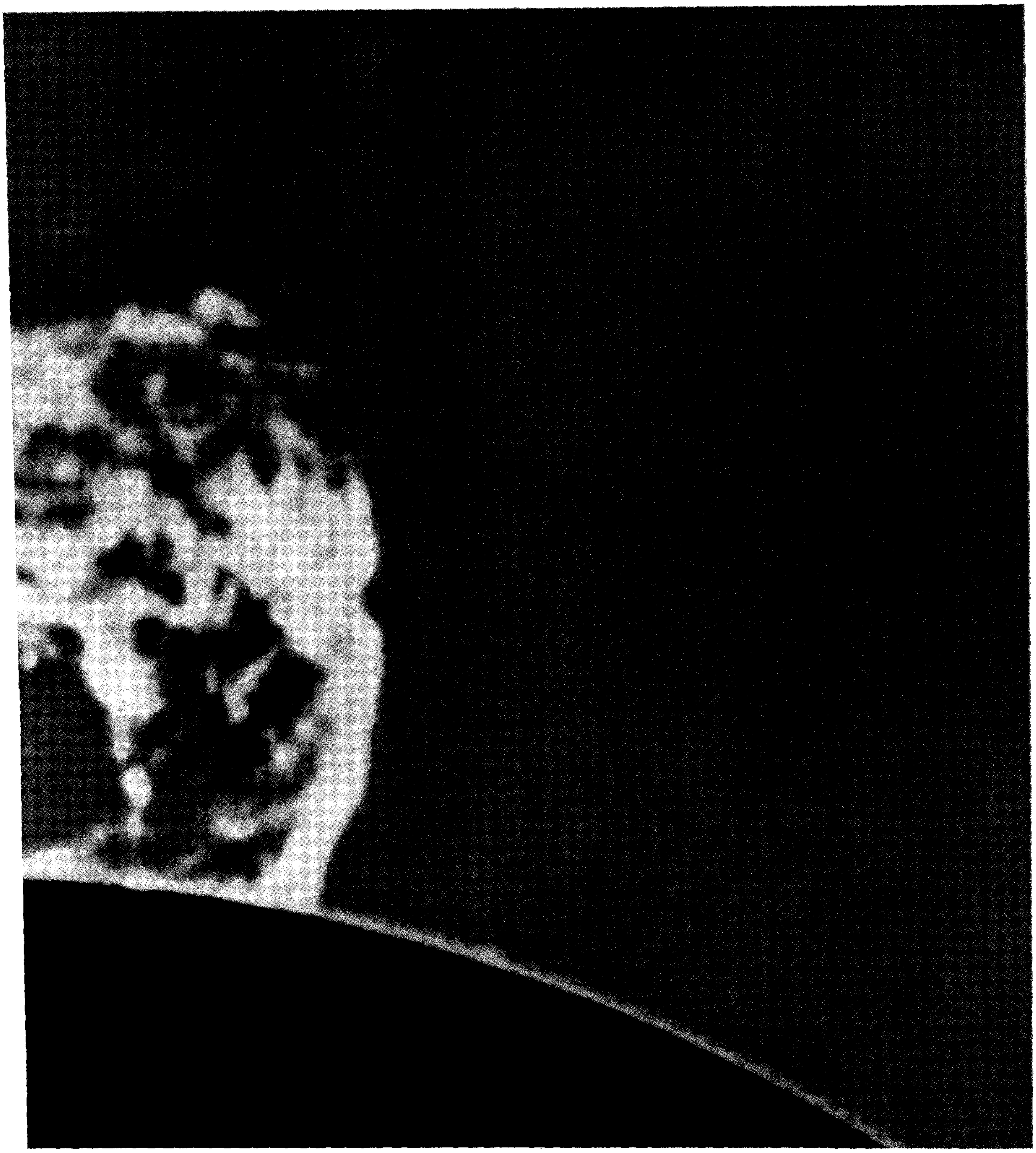

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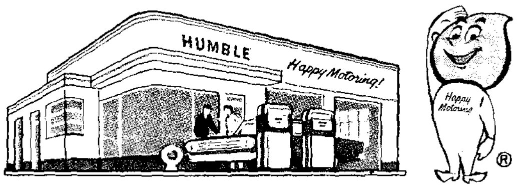
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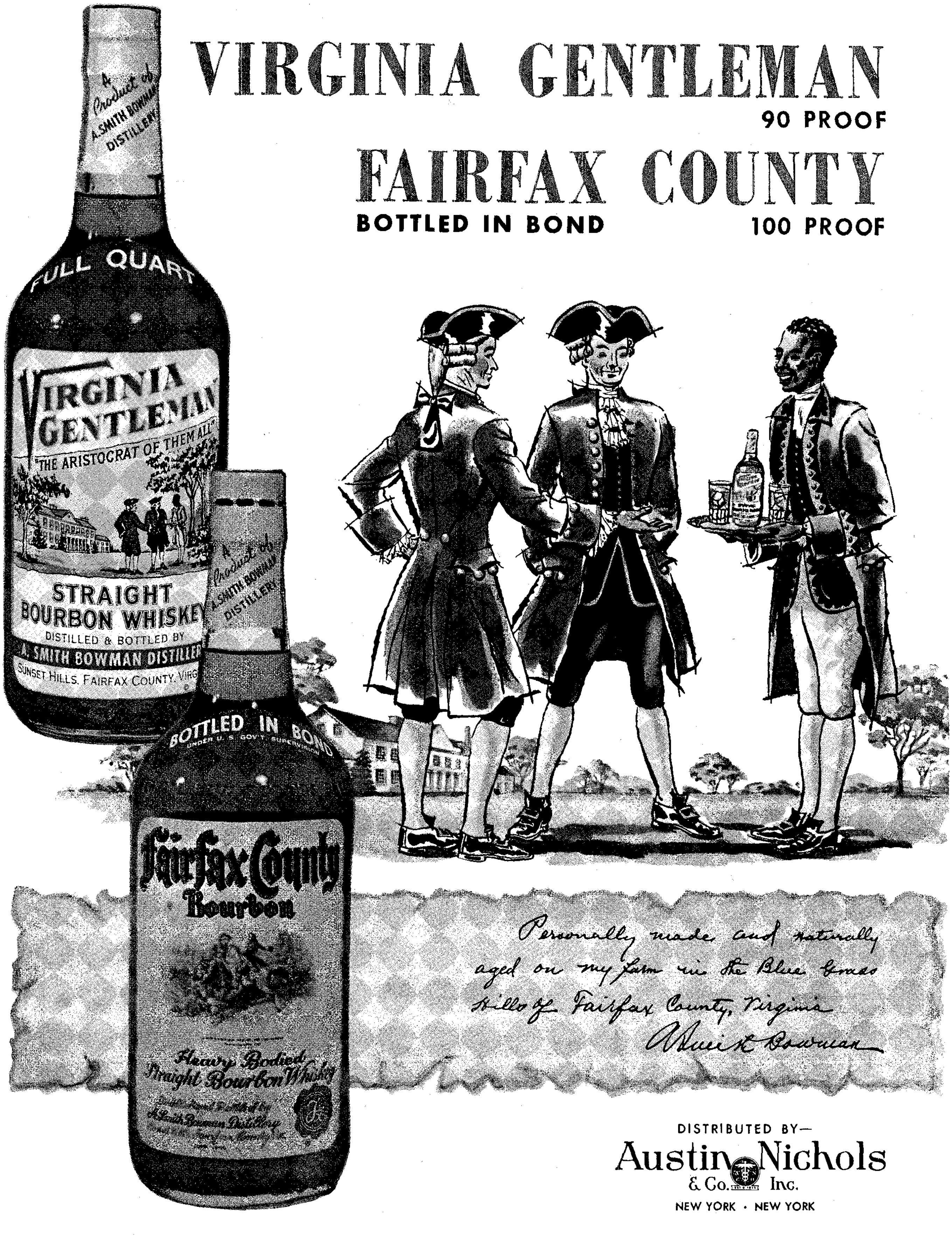
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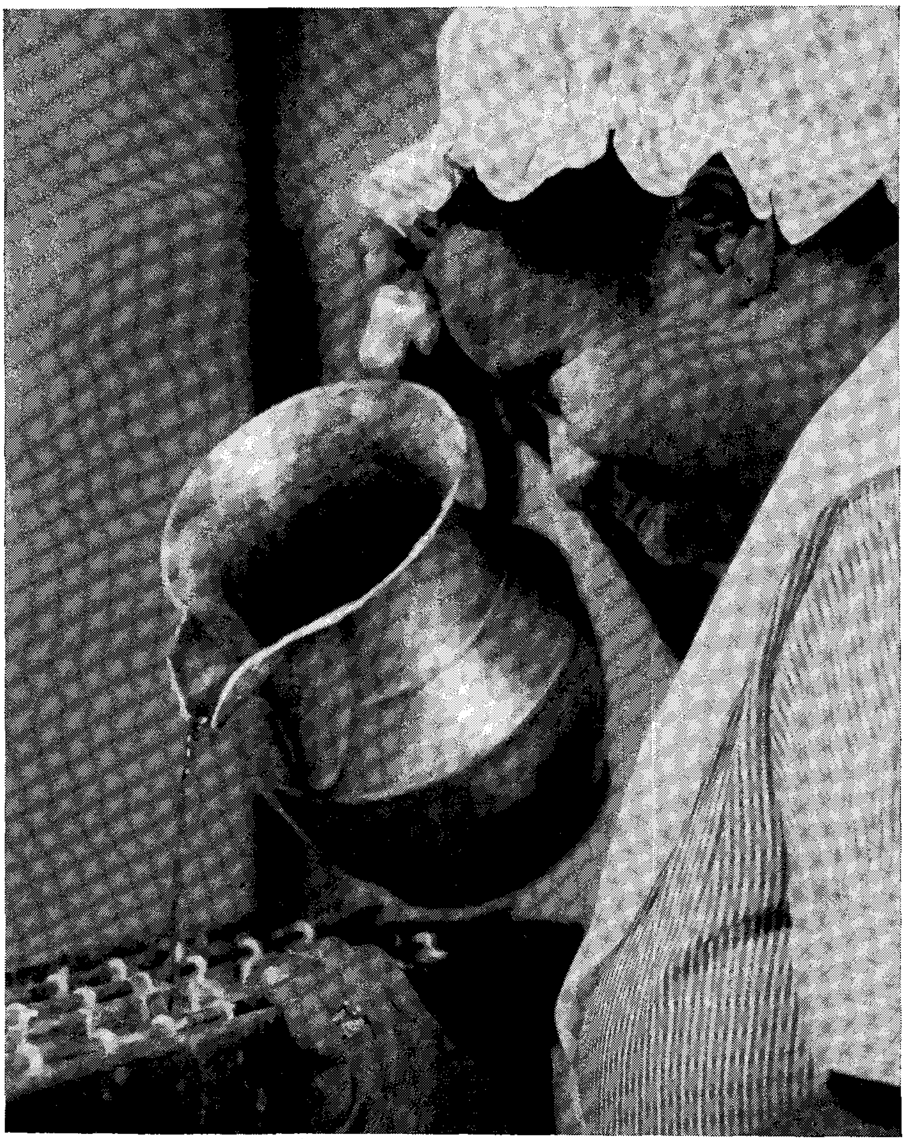
Thomé de Gamond's geological observations, although they were certainly sketchy by present-day standards, were enough to convince him of the feasibility of digging a tunnel under the Channel, and in 1856 he drew up plans for such a work. This was to be a stone affair containing a double set of railroad tracks. It was to stretch twenty-one miles, from Cap Gris-Nez to East Wear Point, and more than nine miles of sloping access tunnels were to connect it with the French and British railway systems. Above the surface, the line of the main tunnel was to be marked by a series of twelve small artificial islands made of stone. These were to be surmounted by lighthouses and were to contain ventilating shafts for the tunnel. In his plans, Thomé de Gamond prudently provided the ventilating shafts with sea valves, so that in case of war between England and France each nation would have an opportunity to flood the tunnel on short notice. Parallel to the English coast about ten miles off Folkestone there lies a narrow submerged shelf called the Varne, so close to the surface that at low tide its highest point is only about fifteen feet under water. Thomé de Gamond planned to convert the Varne into an artificial island by building it up with rocks and earth brought to the spot in ships. Through the Varne, engineers would then dig a great shaft down to the level of the tunnel—a hundred and fifty feet below the surface—so that the horizontal work on the tunnel itself could be carried on from two working faces in mid-Channel besides the two from the shores. The great shaft—almost a thousand feet in diameter—was also to serve both as a ventilator for the tunnel and as a means of communication between the tunnel and the outside world. Moreover, Thomé de Gamond planned, with a characteristically grand flourish, an international port called the Etoile de Varne. From the bottom of the shaft, trains might ascend, by means of gently spiralling ramps, to the surface of the Etoile de Varne, and the Paris newspaper *Patrie* invited its



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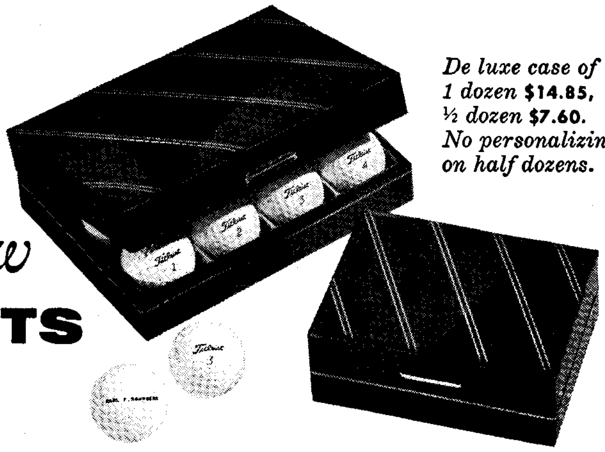

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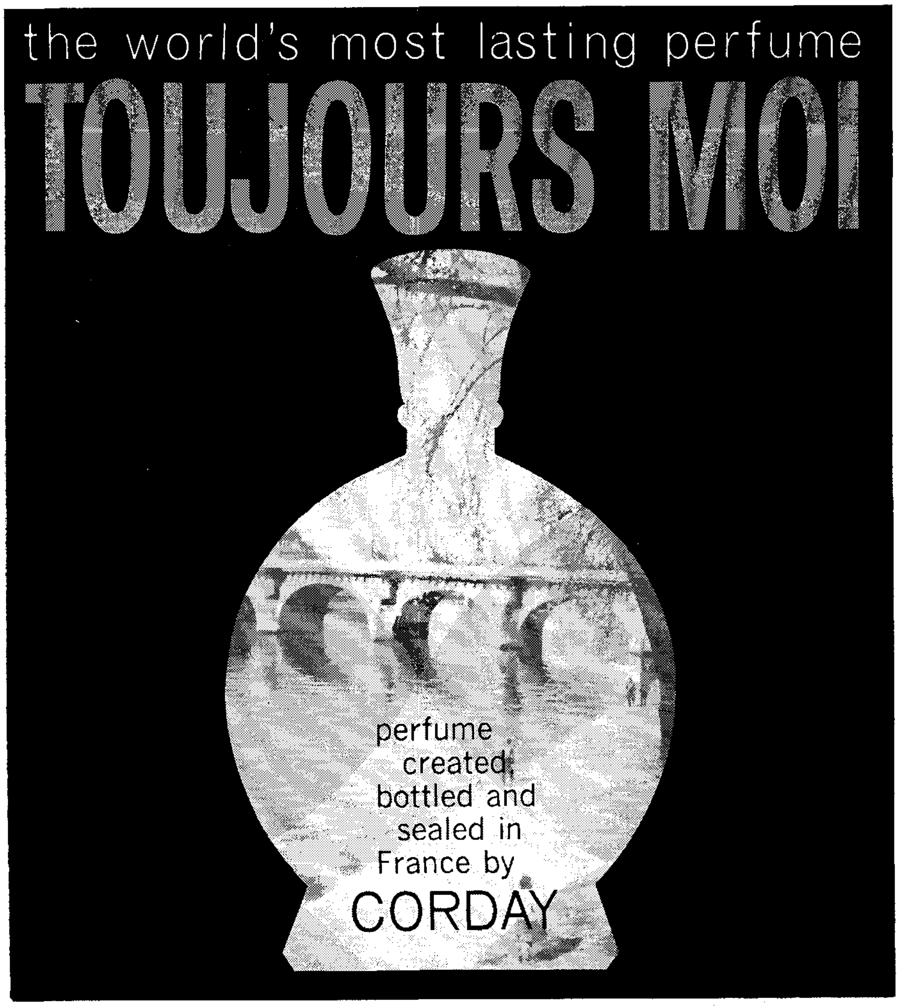
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readers to contemplate the panorama at sea level:

> Imagine a train full of travellers, after having run for fifteen minutes in the bowels of the earth through a splendidly lighted tunnel, halting suddenly under the sea, and then ascending to the quays of this island. The island, rising in mid-sea, is furnished with solid constructions, spacious quays garnished with the ships of all nations, some bound for the Baltic or the Mediterranean, others arriving from America or India. In the distance, her silver cliffs extending to the north, reflected in the sun, is white Albion, once separated from all the world, now become the British Peninsula. To the south . . . is the land of France. . . . Those white sails spread in the midst of the Strait are the fishing vessels of the two nations. . . . Those rapid trains which whistle at the bottom of the subterranean station are from London or Paris in three or four hours.

In the spring of 1856, Thomé de Gamond obtained an audience with Napoleon III and expounded his latest plan to him. The Emperor reacted with interest, and told the engineer that he would have a scientific commission look into the matter "as far as our present state of science allows." The commission found itself favorable to the idea of the work in general, and Thomé de Gamond, encouraged by the way things seemed to be going, set about promoting his scheme more energetically than ever. He obtained a promise of collaboration from three of Britain's most eminent engineers—Robert Stephenson, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, and Joseph Locke—and in 1858 he went to London to advance the cause of the tunnel among prominent people and to make sure that it received adequate notice in the press. Leading journals were receptive to the idea. An article in the *Illustrated London News* referred to the proposed tunnel as "this great line of junction," and added that it

> would still preserve for this country for the future that maritime isolation which formed its strength throughout the past; for the situation of the tunnel beneath the bed of the sea would enable the government on either coast, in case of war, as a means of defense, to inundate it immediately. . . . According to the calculations of the engineer, the tunnel might be completely filled with water in the course of an hour, and afterwards three days would be required, with the mutual consent of the two governments, to draw off the water, and re-establish the traffic.

Thomé de Gamond's visit to England was climaxed by a couple of interviews he obtained with Prince Albert, who supported the idea of the tunnel with considerable enthusiasm, and even took up the matter in private with Queen Victoria. The Queen, who was

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known to suffer dreadfully from seasickness, said to Albert, "You may tell the French engineer that if he can accomplish it, I will give him my blessing in my own name and in the name of all the ladies of England." However, in a discussion Thomé de Gamond had had earlier with Her Majesty's Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, the idea of the tunnel was not so well received. The engineer found Palmerston "rather close" on the subject. "What! You pretend to ask us to contribute to a work the object of which is to shorten a distance which we find already too short!" Thomé de Gamond quoted him as exclaiming. And, according to the same account, when Albert, in the presence of both men, spoke of the benefits to England of a passage under the Channel, Lord Palmerston, "without losing that perfectly courteous tone which was habitual with him," remarked to the Prince Consort, "You would think quite differently if you had been born on this island."

In 1858, an attempt to assassinate Napoleon III brought France into the Italian war against Austria, and when word spread in France that the assassins' bombs had been made in Birmingham, a chill developed between the French and the British governments. This led to a wave of fear in England that another Napoleon might try a cross-Channel invasion. All this froze out Thomé de Gamond's tunnel-promoting activities for several years. He did not try again until 1867, when he exhibited a set of revised plans for his Varne tunnel at the Universal Exhibition in Paris. He thereupon concluded that he had exerted himself pretty well to the limit of his powers in the cause of a Channel tunnel. Thirty-five years devoted to the problem had cost him a modest personal fortune, and he was obliged to note in presenting his plan that "the work must now be undertaken by collective minds well versed in the physiology of rocks and the working of subterranean deposits." After that, Thomé de Gamond retired into the background, squeezed out, it may be, by other tunnel promoters. In 1875, an article in the London *Times* that mentioned his name in passing reported that he was "living in humble circumstances, his daughter supporting him by giving lessons on the piano." He died the following year.

ALTHOUGH Thomé de Gamond's revised plan of 1867 came to nothing in itself, it did cause renewed talk about a Channel tunnel. The new

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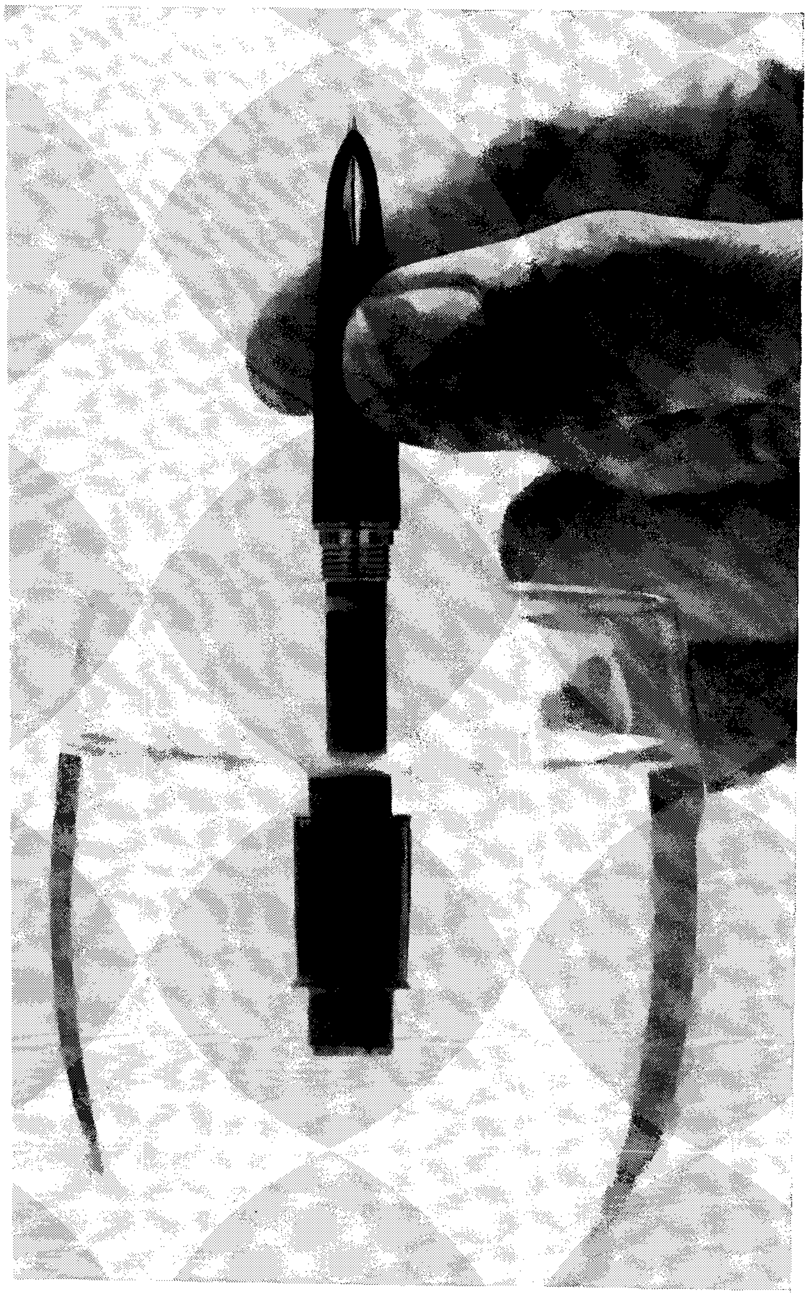

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It enables a Parker 61 to make its own ink from plain water.

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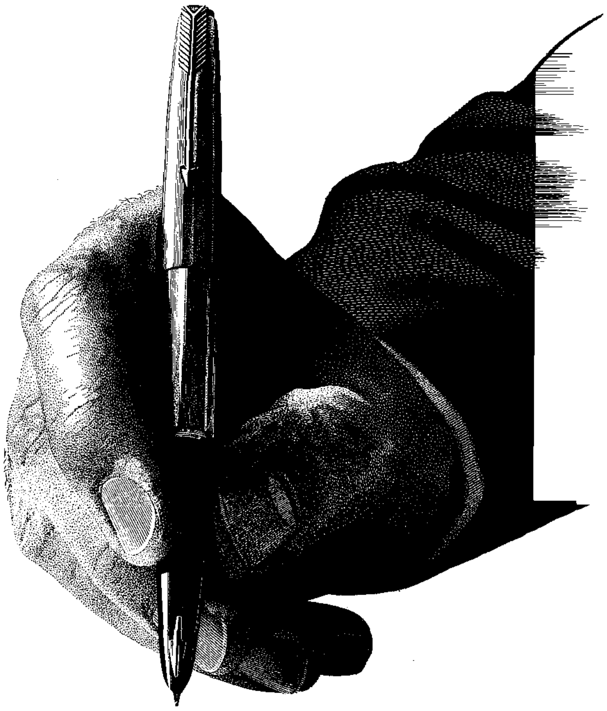

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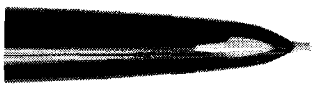

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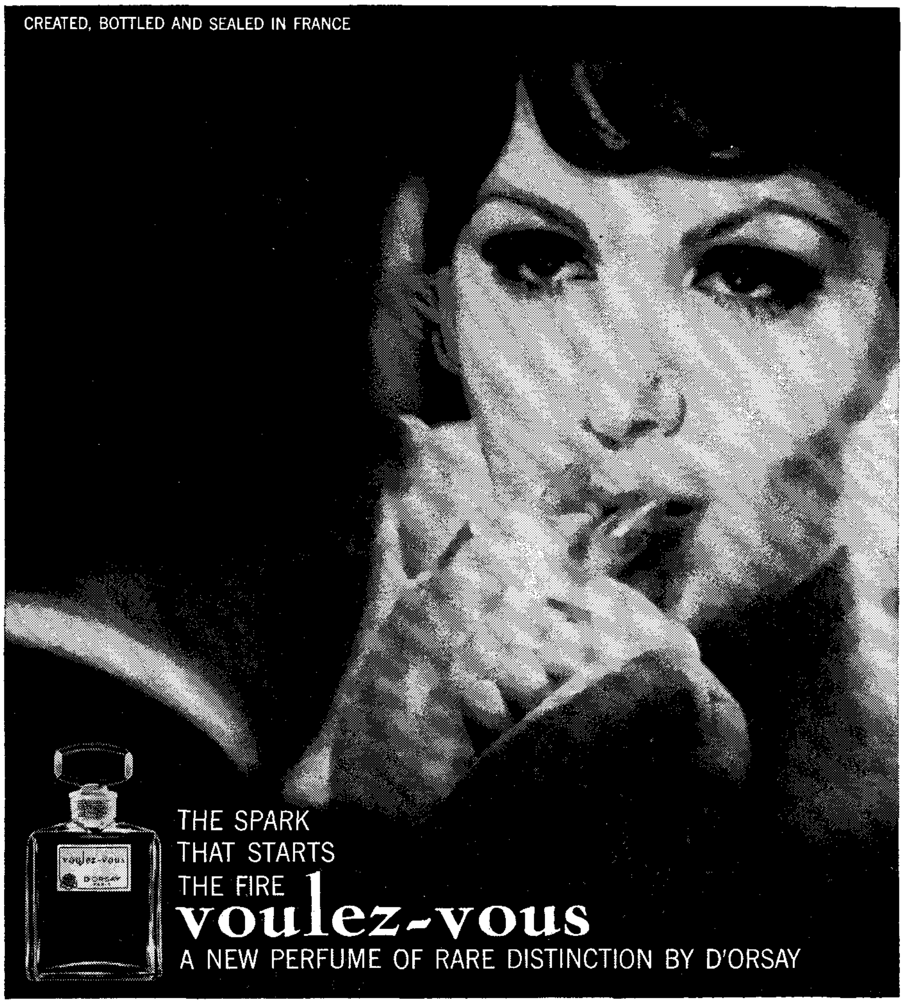
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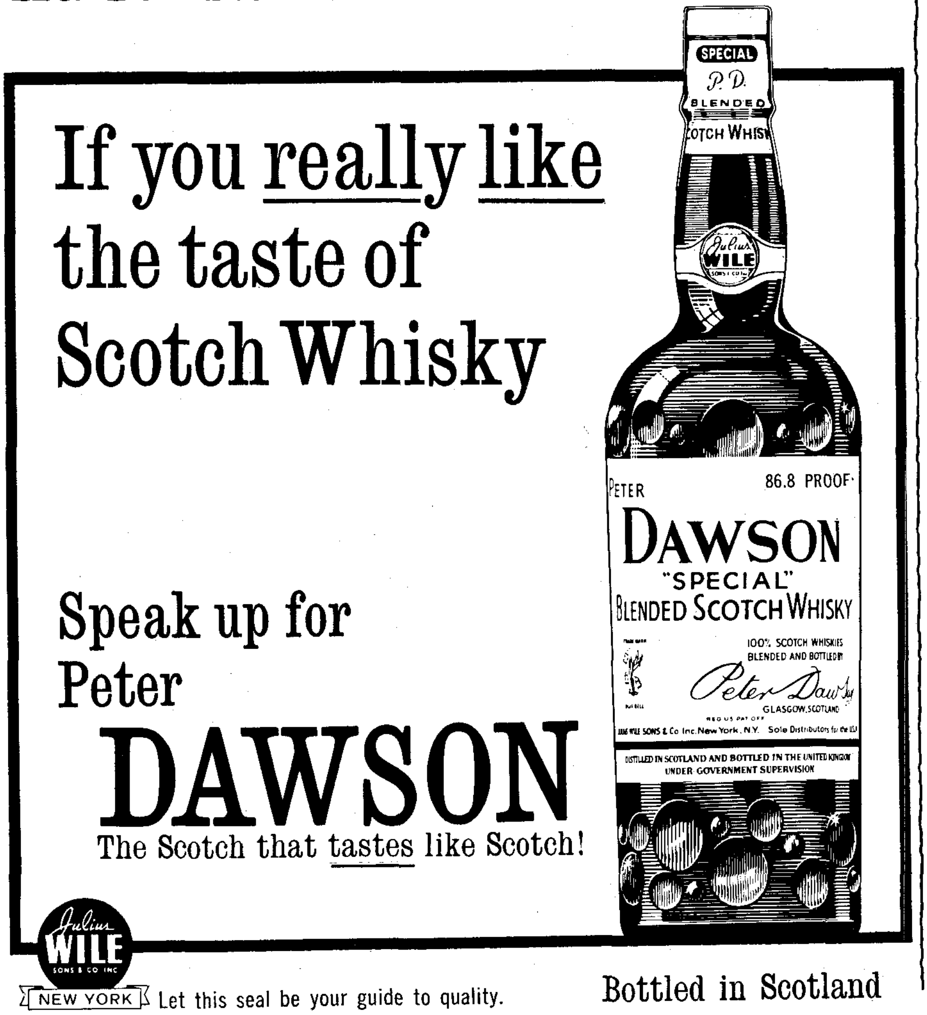
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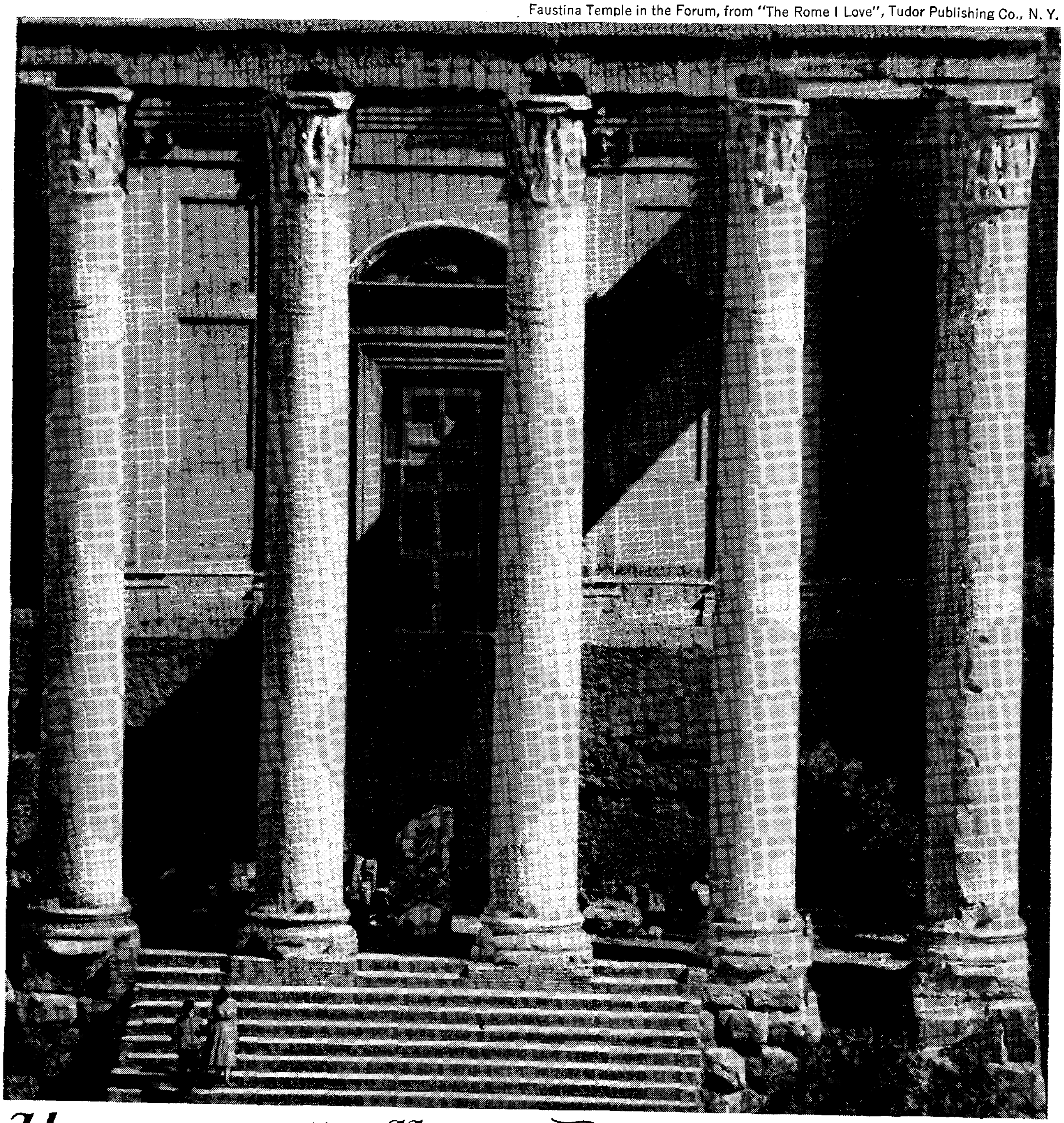
spirit of free trade among Europeans was favorable to it, and everybody was impressed with the huge European engineering projects of the time—the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez, the 8.1-mile Mont Cenis tunnel, and the 9.3-mile St. Gotthard tunnel, for example. Hardly any natural physical barriers between neighboring nations seemed beyond the ability of the great nineteenth-century engineers to bridge or breach, and to many people it appeared logical enough that the barrier of the Strait of Dover should have its place on the engineers' list of conquests. In this generally propitious atmosphere, an English mining engineer named William Low took up where Thomé de Gamond had left off. Shortly after the Paris Exhibition, Low devised a Channel-tunnel plan based principally upon his own considerable experience as an engineer in charge of coal mines in Wales, and showed it to Thomé de Gamond, who approved. Low proposed the creation of twin tunnels, each containing a single railway track and interconnected at frequent intervals by short cross-passages. The idea was a technically striking one, for it aimed at making the tunnels, in effect, self-ventilating by employing the tendency of a train entering a tunnel to push air in front of it and draw fresh air in behind. According to Low's scheme, this sort of piston action, repeated on a big scale by the constant passage of trains bound in opposite directions, would keep air moving along each of the tunnels and between them through the cross-passages in such a way as to allow for its steady replenishment. With modifications, Low's concept of a double self-ventilating tunnel really forms the basis for the latest plan advanced by the Channel Tunnel Study Group for a bored tunnel.

Low obtained the collaboration of two other Victorian engineers—Sir John Hawkshaw, who had made a number of geological test borings near Dover and Calais, and had become convinced that a Channel tunnel was geologically practicable, and Sir James Brunlees, who had helped build the Suez Canal. In 1867, an international committee of tunnel promoters submitted a scheme for a Channel tunnel based on Low's plan to a commission of engineers under Napoleon III, and asked for an official concession to build it. Although the members of the commission were unanimous in regarding the scheme as workable, they balked at an accompanying request that the French and English governments guarantee interest on the capital necessary to get the project un-



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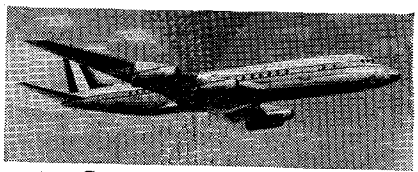

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der way, and took no action. Even so, the situation was still promising for the promoters. In the early eighteen-seventies, they persuaded the French government to propose the idea to the British government on a diplomatic level. In 1872, the British government informed the French government that it found no objection "in principle" to a Channel tunnel, provided it was not asked to put up money or guarantees of any kind, and provided, further, that such a tunnel didn't become a perpetual private monopoly. In the same year, a Channel Tunnel Company was chartered in England, with Lord Richard Grosvenor, chairman of the London, Chatham & Dover Railway, as its head and with Hawkshaw, Low, and Brunlees as its engineers. Three years later, a newly formed French Channel Tunnel Company, backed by the House of Rothschild and headed by an economist named Michel Chevalier, obtained by act of the French legislature permission from the French government to start work on a tunnel from the French side, and a concession to operate the French part of it for ninety-nine years.

The greatest uncertainty facing the two companies, now that they had sanction to start digging toward each other's working site, had to do with the geological formation of the sea bed; for all they knew, they might encounter formidable obstacles in the intervening rock masses. However, the companies' engineers had substantial reasons for believing that, in general, the region and stratum in which they planned to bore the tunnel were peculiarly well suited to their purpose. Their belief was based on a rough reconstruction—a far more detailed reconstruction is available nowadays, of course—of various geological events that occurred in the area before there ever was a Channel. A hundred million years ago, in the Upper Cretaceous period of the Mesozoic era, a great part of southern England, which had been connected at its easterly end with the Continental land mass, was inundated, along with much of Western Europe, by the ancient Southern Sea. As the land lay submerged, it accumulated on its surface, over a period of ten million years, a layer of white or whitish mud about nine hundred feet thick and composed principally of tiny shells and the microscopic skeletons of plankton. Eventually, the mud converted itself into rock. Then, during the forty million years that followed, at just the point where the neck of the Strait of Dover is now, very gentle earth movements raised the level of this rock to form a bar-shaped island run-

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You can see the Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars advertised on page 125 at the following dealers. Or, write your nearest distributor(*).

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DALLAS, Overseas Motors Corp., 808 N. Harwood
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*FORT WORTH, Overseas Motors Corp., 2824-30 White Settlement Rd.
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INDIANAPOLIS, Schaler-Waters, 2000 North Meridian
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NEW HAVEN, CONN., Nelke Motor Co., 214 and 226 Whalley Ave.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Sport Cars, Inc., 840 St. Charles Avenue
NEWPORT BEACH, CALIF., Roy Carver, Inc., 1400 West Coast Highway
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PALM BEACH, Taylor Imported Motors, 1314 So. Dixie Highway, W. Palm Beach
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PHILADELPHIA, Warrington Motors Imports, Inc., 705 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr
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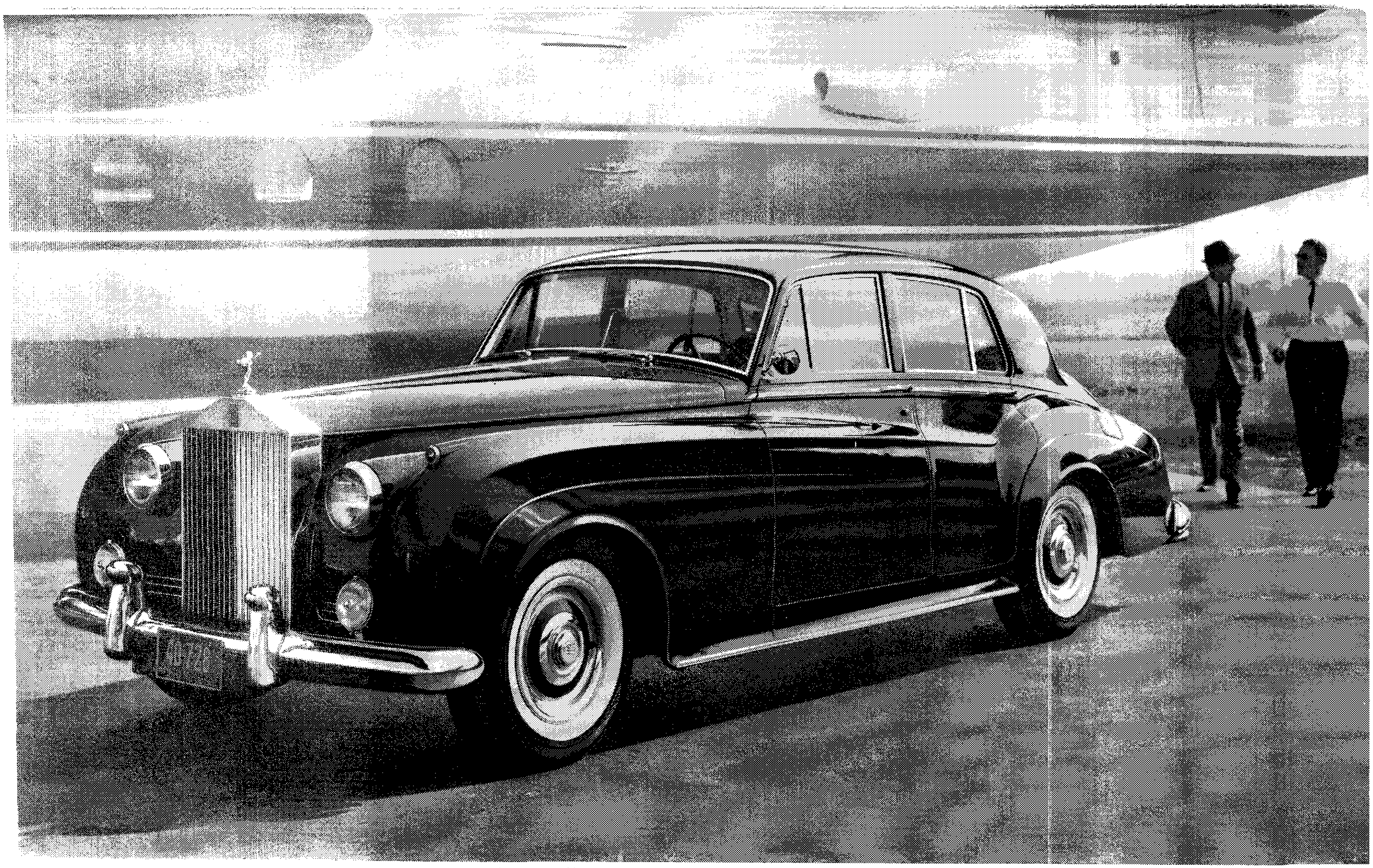

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2. Every Rolls-Royce engine is run for four hours at full throttle before installation, and each car is extensively test-driven over varying road surfaces. Every Rolls-Royce has its "History Book"—an *eleven-page* signed record of all operations and inspections performed on the car.

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5. The new eight-cylinder aluminium engine is even more powerful than the previous six-cylinder unit. It accelerates from zero to 60 miles an hour in 11.4 seconds. (ROAD AND TRACK test report.)

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9. There are *three* independent brake linkages. The Rolls-Royce is a very *safe* car—and also a very responsive and *lively* car. It cruises serenely at eighty-five. Top speed is in excess of 100 m.p.h.

10. Automatic transmission, power brakes and power steering are *standard.* So are the radio, heating and ventilating equipment, walnut panelling, seats adjustable for tilt and rake, and white sidewall tires. The Rolls-Royce people do not designate essential equipment as "optional extras."

11. The Bentley is made by Rolls-Royce. Except for the radiator shells, they are identical motor cars, manufactured by the same engineers in the same works. The Bentley costs $300 less, because its radiator is simpler to make. People who feel diffident about driving a Rolls-Royce can buy a Bentley.

PRICE. The Rolls-Royce motor car illustrated in this advertisement costs $15,655 at port of entry. Slightly higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

If you would like to try driving a Rolls-Royce or Bentley, write or telephone any dealer on page 124. Or write Mr. Norman C. Miller, Executive Vice President, Rolls-Royce Inc., Room 465, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

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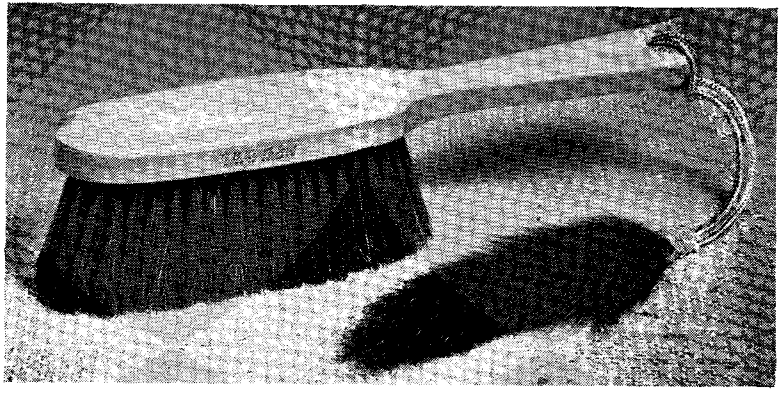

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ning east and west for some forty miles. By Eocene times, this island, stretching across the Calais-Dover area, actually seems to have been the only bit of solid ground standing out in an almost completely inundated Western Europe. In Miocene times, when most of France and southern England reappeared above the surface, this island became an isthmus that welded them together; later, in the ice age, the isthmus disappeared and emerged again four times as the alternate freezing and thawing of the northern icecap caused the sea to rise and fall. When each sequence of the ice age ended, the land bridge remained, high and dry as ever, and it was over this path that paleolithic man shambled from the Continent, in the trail of rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, giant boars, and other great beasts whose fossilized bones have been found in the area.

About six thousand years ago, encroaching seas gouged a channel through the isthmus, cutting the Bronze Age descendants of these first Britons off from the Continent. The fierce tidal currents coursing between the North Sea and the Atlantic widened the breach until, as recently as four thousand years ago (about two thousand years before Caesar's legions invaded Britain by boat), the Strait attained approximately its present width, leaving exposed high at each side the eroded walls of what had been the whitish mudbank of Cretaceous times—the familiar white chalk cliffs of the Dover and Calais areas. Providentially for the later purposes of Channel tunnellers, however, the seas that divided England from the Continent left behind a thin remnant of the old land connection, in the form of certain chalk layers that still stretched in gentle folds across the bottom of the Strait. Even more providentially, one of these layers, a grayish formation known as the Lower Chalk, has proved to be almost ideal for tunnelling purposes. Unlike the two layers that lie above it—the white Upper

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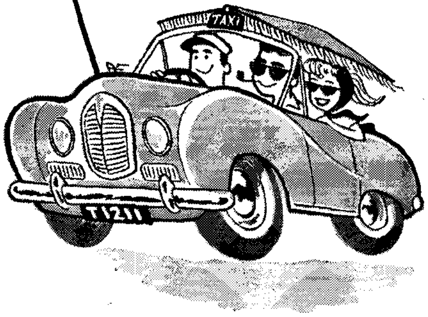

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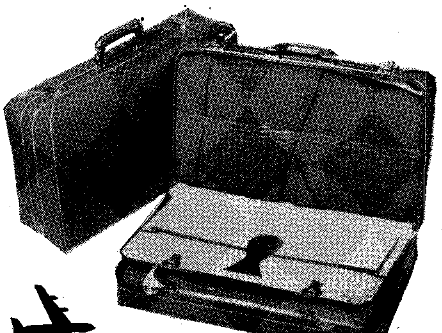
Chalk and the whitish Middle Chalk, both of which are flint-laden, heavily fissured, and water-bearing, and consequently almost impossible to tunnel in for any distance—the Lower Chalk is virtually flint-free and nearly impermeable, especially in its lower reaches, where it is mixed with clay; at the same time, it is stable, nearly free of fissures, and generally easy to work. From the coastline between Folkestone and South Foreland, northeast of Dover, where its upper level is visible in the cliffs, the Lower Chalk dips gently down into the Strait in a northeasterly direction, disappears under an outcropping of Middle Chalk, and emerges again on the French side between Calais and Cap Blanc-Nez. Having studied the structure of the chalk beds on both sides of the Channel, and some of the outcroppings on the bottom, the engineers felt confident that a ribbon of Lower Chalk extended all the way across the Strait. In 1875, to test this properly, the French Channel Tunnel Company commissioned a team of eminent geologists and hydrographers to make a more detailed survey of the area than had ever yet been attempted. That year and the next, the surveyors took 7,700 soundings and collected 3,267 geological samples from the bed of the Strait; from these they concluded that, except in a couple of places near each shoreline, which a tunnel could avoid, the Lower Chalk indeed showed every sign of stretching without interruption or fault from shore to shore. However, by the time these studies were completed, Lord Grosvenor's Channel Tunnel Company did not find itself in a position to do much about them. The company was having trouble raising money, and William Low had long since become the chief engineering consultant of a rival Channel-tunnel outfit called the Anglo-French Submarine Railway Company. But the Anglo-French Submarine Railway Company wasn't getting anywhere, either. It remained for a third English company, headed by a railway magnate named Sir Edward Watkin, to push the Channel-tunnel scheme into its next phase, which turned out to be the most tumultuous one in all its history.

SIR EDWARD WATKIN, a vociferously successful railway promoter and financier from Manchester, was chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, and he caught the Channel-tunnel fever when he realized that part of the land his company owned along its coastal railway between Folkestone



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and Dover lay happily accessible to the Lower Chalk ribbon. After calling in William Low, whose company had by now quite fallen apart, for engineering consultations, Watkin decided to aim for a tunnel based on Low's idea, and he put his own engineers to work on the job. In 1880, the engineers sank their first shaft, at Abbot's Cliff, on the coast three and a quarter miles southwest of Dover, and from a depth of seventy-four feet, in the Lower Chalk, drove a horizontal pilot gallery, seven feet in diameter, about a third of a mile off to the northeast. Thus satisfied that the Lower Chalk would lend itself to being tunnelled, Sir Edward in 1881 formed the Submarine Continental Railway Company, capitalized at two hundred and fifty thousand pounds and closely controlled by the South-Eastern Railway. At the same time, he reached an understanding with the French Channel Tunnel Company on coördination of English and French operations and managed to put through Parliament (he was an M.P. himself, and that helped things a bit) a bill enabling the South-Eastern to acquire certain coastal lands in the general direction taken by the existing heading.

Then Sir Edward's engineers sank a second shaft, this one also down to the Lower Chalk, a hundred and sixty feet beneath a level stretch of ground near the South-Eastern Railway line at Shakespeare Cliff, between Abbot's Cliff and Dover. From this depth, they began driving another pilot gallery, which would incline gently and follow the Lower Chalk bed under the Channel. The two galleries were aligned in such a way that they could be linked up later. The boring was done by a tunnelling machine designed by Colonel Frederick Beaumont. A prototype of some of the most powerful tunnelling machines in use nowadays, it was run by compressed air piped in from the outside, and the discharge of this air served to keep the gallery ventilated. The cutting of the rock was done by steel planetary cutters set in two revolving arms at the head of the machine; with each turn of the borer, a paring of chalk five-sixteenths of an inch thick was shorn away from the working face, the spoil being passed by conveyor belt into carts, which were pushed by hand along the gallery on narrow-gauge rails. The machine made two or three revolutions a minute, and Sir Edward estimated for his stockholders that with simultaneous tunnelling by a similar machine from the French shore—the French Tunnel Company had already sunk

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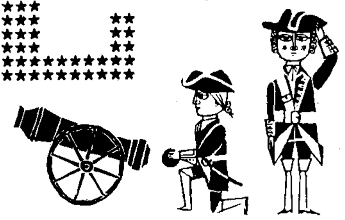

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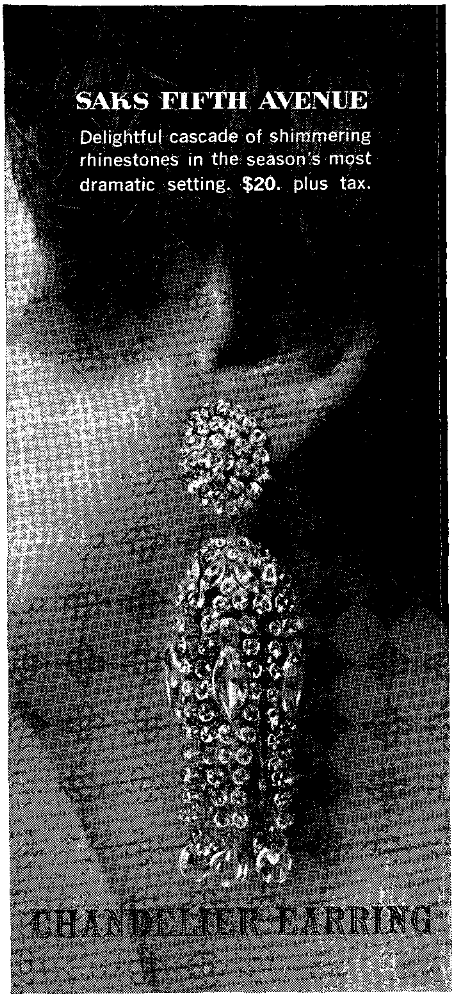

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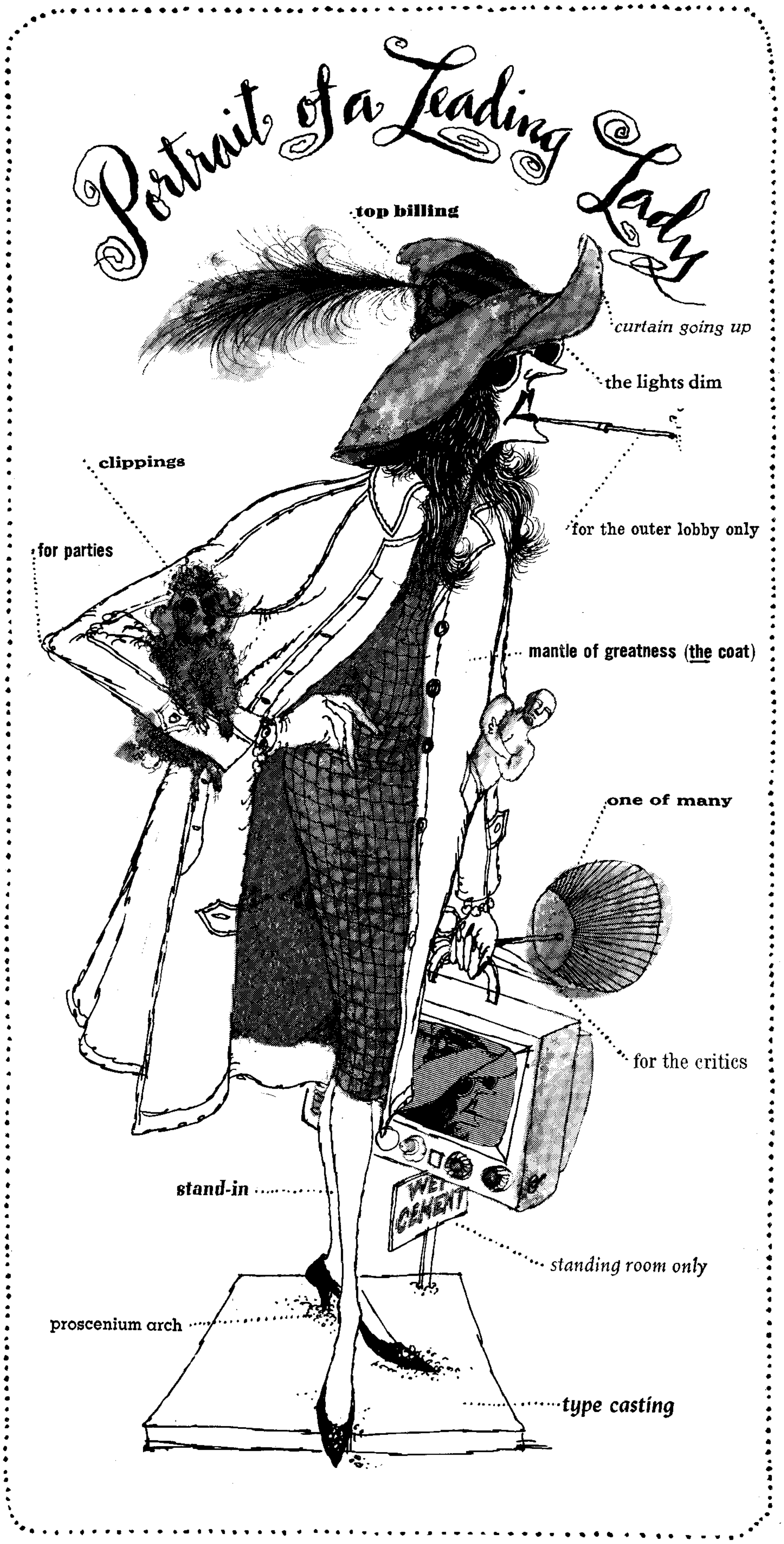
a two-hundred-and-eighty-foot shaft of its own at Sangatte and was preparing to drive a gallery toward England—the Channel bottom would be pierced by a twenty-two-mile pilot tunnel in three and a half years. Once this was done, according to Sir Edward's plan, the seven-foot gallery was to be enlarged by special cutting machinery to a fourteen-foot diameter, and a second tunnel, thickly lined with concrete and connected with the first by cross-passages, would be constructed. (Four miles of access tunnel were to be added on the French side, and possibly on the English side, too.) The completed tunnel was to be lighted throughout by electricity—a novelty already being tried out in the pilot tunnel by the well-known electrical engineer C. W. Siemens—and the trains that would run through it between France and Britain were to be hauled by locomotives designed by Colonel Beaumont. Instead of being run by smoke-producing coal, they would be propelled by compressed air carried behind the engine in tanks, and, like the Beaumont tunnelling machine, they were supposed to keep the tunnel ventilated by giving out fresh air as they went along. (A lot of air was to be released in the tunnel in the course of a day; a tentative schedule called for trains to be dispatched every five minutes or so for twenty hours out of the twenty-four.)

Trains coming through the tunnel from France were to emerge into the daylight and open air of England either from a four-mile-long access tunnel connected to the South-Eastern's railway line at Abbot's Cliff or—this was a favored alternative plan of Sir Edward's—by being raised by a giant hydraulic lift, an entire train at a time, from a great glassed-in station, a hundred and sixty feet down in the ground, to the level of the existing South-Eastern line at Shakespeare Cliff. (Actually, constructing an elevator capable of raising such an enormous load would not seem as unlikely a feat in the eighties as it might to many people now. Victorian engineers were expert in the use of hydraulic power for ship locks and all sorts of other devices; in fact, the London of half a century ago had perhaps eight hundred miles of hydraulic piping laid below the streets to work industrial presses, motors, and most of the cranes on the Thames docks.)

As the experimental work progressed, Sir Edward Watkin saw to it that all the splendid details of the Channel-tunnel scheme were constantly brought to the attention of the South-



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> The visitors were lowered six at a time in an iron "skip" down the shaft into the tunnel. At the bottom of this shaft, 163 feet below the surface of the ground, the mouth of the tunnel was reached, and the visitors took their seats on small tramcars which were drawn by workmen. So evenly has the boring machine done its work that one seemed to be looking along a great tube with a slightly downward set, and as the glowing electric lamps, placed alternately on either side of the way, showed fainter and fainter in the far distance, the tunnel, for anything one could tell from appearances, might have had its outlet in France.

The tramcars that took the visitors to view Colonel Beaumont's boring machine stopped en route to permit their passengers to enjoy another experience—a champagne party held in a chamber cut in the side of the tunnel. After this refreshing pause, the visitors were helped back onto the tramcars and taken to see the boring machine cutting through the Lower Chalk and to admire the generally dry appearance of the tunnel; then they were escorted back to the surface and given a splendid lunch either in a marquee set up near the entrance to the shaft or at the Lord Warden Hotel, in Dover, where champagne and other wines were served, more toasts to the Queen's health were proposed, and speeches were made on the present and future marvels of the tunnel, the progressiveness of its backers, and the new era in international relations that the whole project promised. Sometimes these lunches were held in the tunnel itself, and general conditions down there were such that even ladies attended them on special

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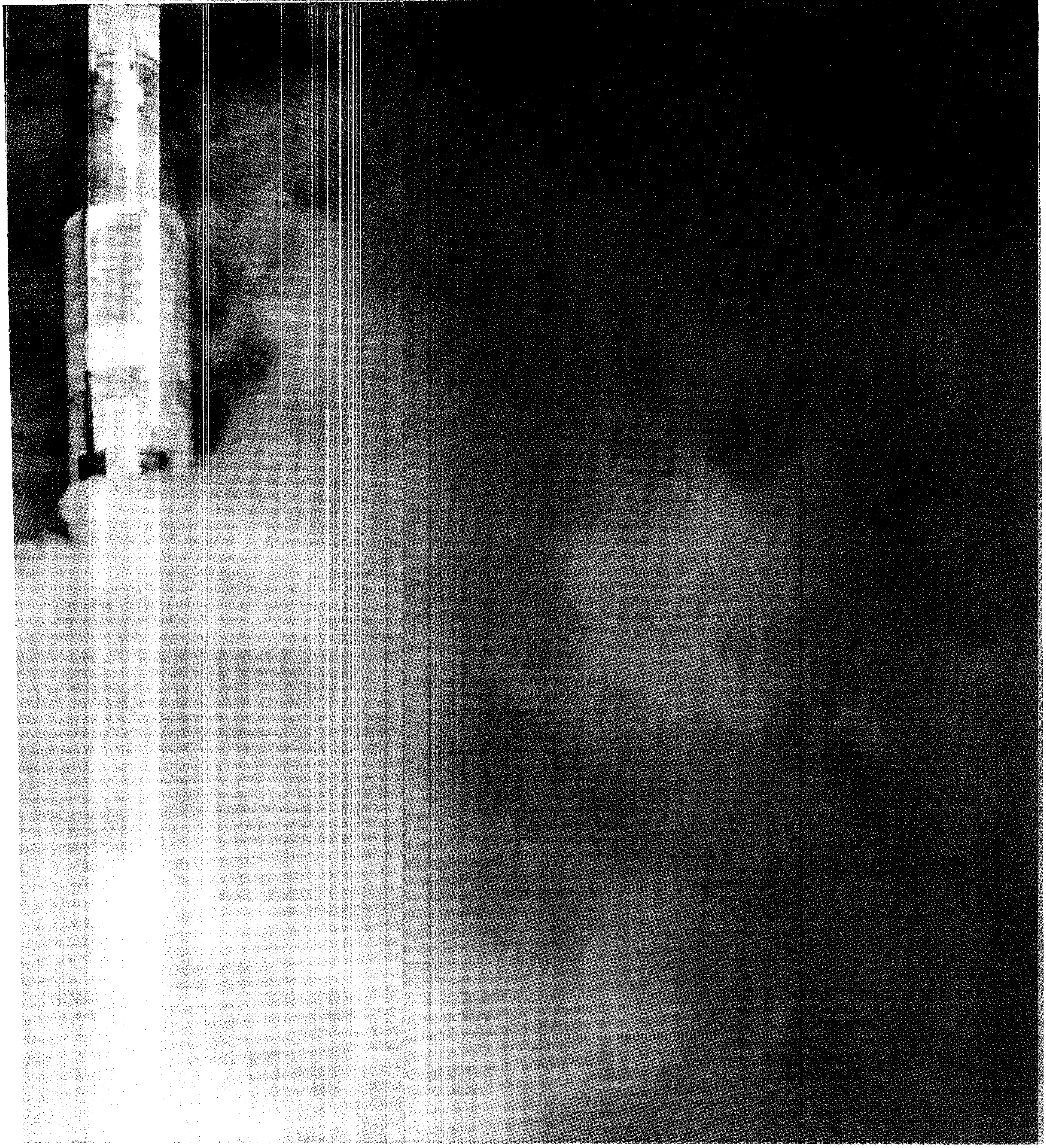

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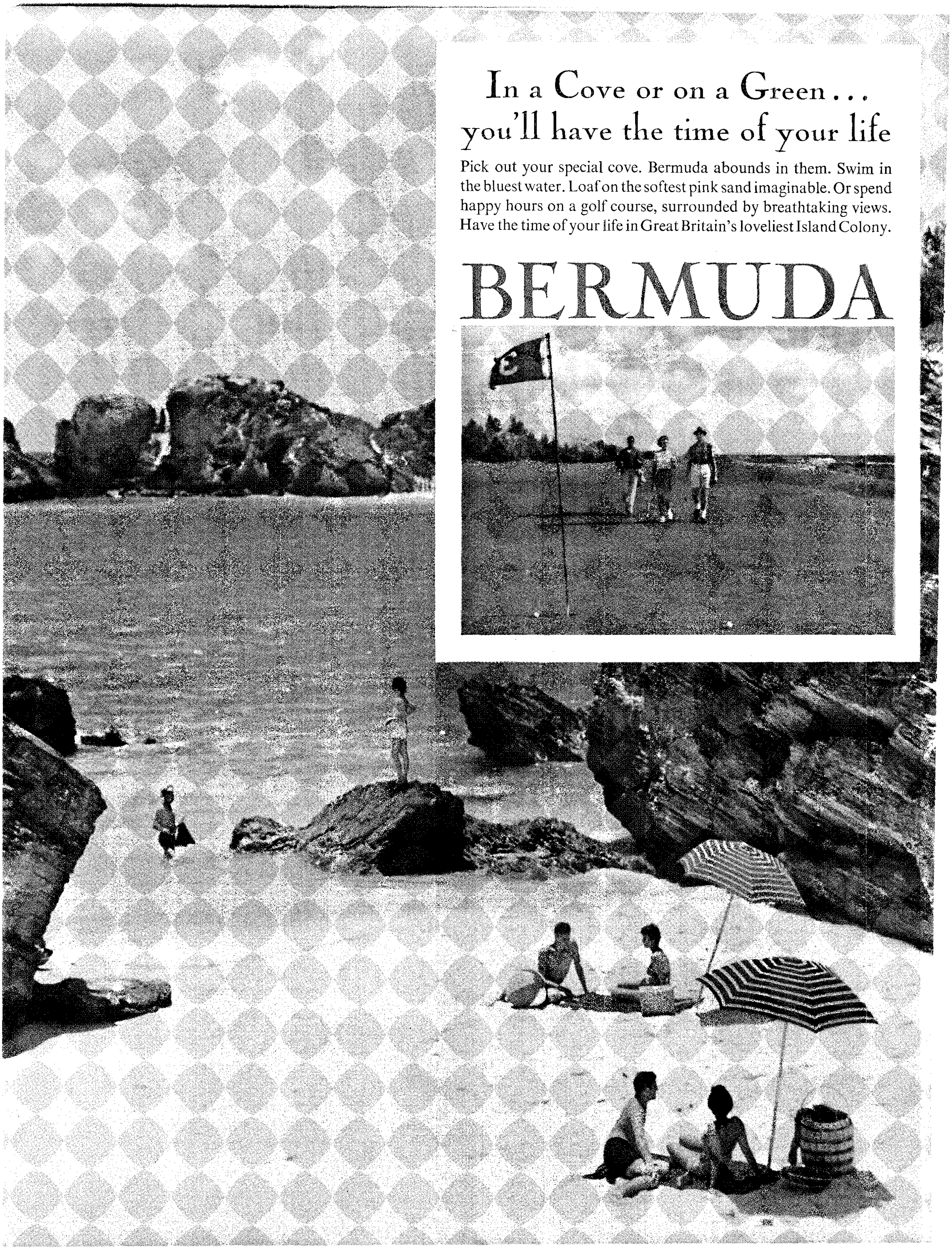

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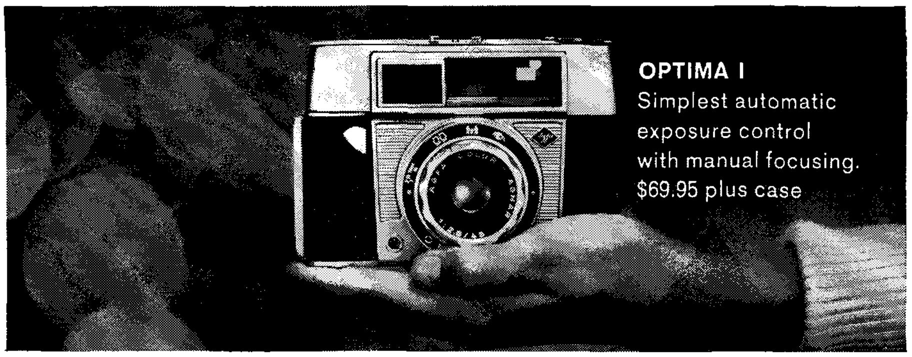
occasions, as a contemporary magazine account of a visit paid to the gallery by a number of engineers and their families makes clear:

> The visitors were conducted twenty at a time to the end on a sort of trolley or benches on wheels drawn by a couple of men. In the centre of the tunnel a kind of saloon, decorated with flowers and evergreens, was arranged, and, on a large table, glasses and biscuits, etc., were spread for the inevitable luncheon. There was no infiltration of water in any part. In the places where several small fissures and slight oozings had appeared during the boring operations, a shield in sheet iron had been applied against the wall by the engineer, following all the circumference of the gallery and making it completely watertight. There they were as in a drawing-room, and the ladies having descended in all the glories of silks and lace and feathers were astonished to find themselves as immaculate on their return as at the beginning of their trip. The atmosphere in the tunnel was not less pure, but even fresher than outside, thanks to the compressed air machine which, having acted on the excavator at the beginning of the cutting, released its cooled air in the centre of the tunnel.

What with the widespread talk of champagne below the sea, of potted plants flourishing under the electric lights, and of bracing breezes blowing within the Lower Chalk, going down from London to attend one of Sir Edward's tunnel parties seems to have become one of the fashionable things to do in English society in the early part of 1882; among the visitors taken into the tunnel and entertained by Sir Edward were such eminent figures as the Lord Mayor of London, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. To judge by all this, the boring of the tunnel was going on under the most agreeable of auspices.

Behind all the sociability and the stream of publicity that it engendered in the press, however, the situation was not quite so promising. While the boring was going ahead smoothly enough in the Lower Chalk—by the third week of February, 1882, the gallery had been driven nearly two-thirds of a mile in the direction of the end of the great Admiralty Pier at Dover—the promotion of the tunnel as a full-scale project was encountering more and more resistance from the upper crust of The Establishment. The fact seems to be that from the start the British government had not felt quite easy about the idea of a Channel tunnel, and although it had never formally expressed any misgivings, it had always been careful not to associate itself with the enterprise. Even as early as 1875, Queen Victoria, who, with her



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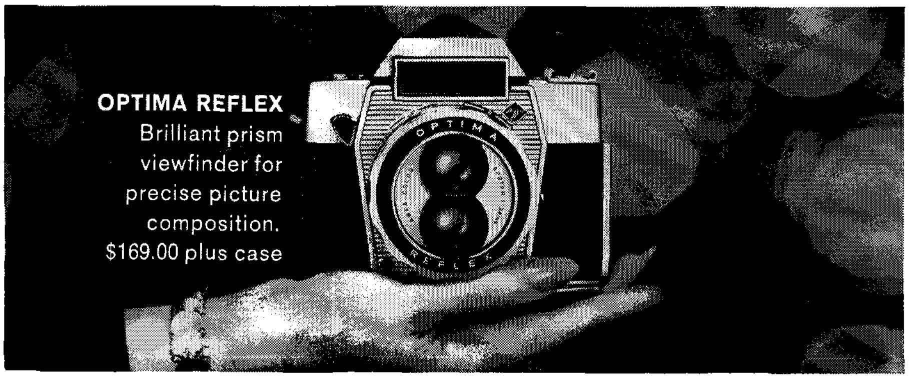

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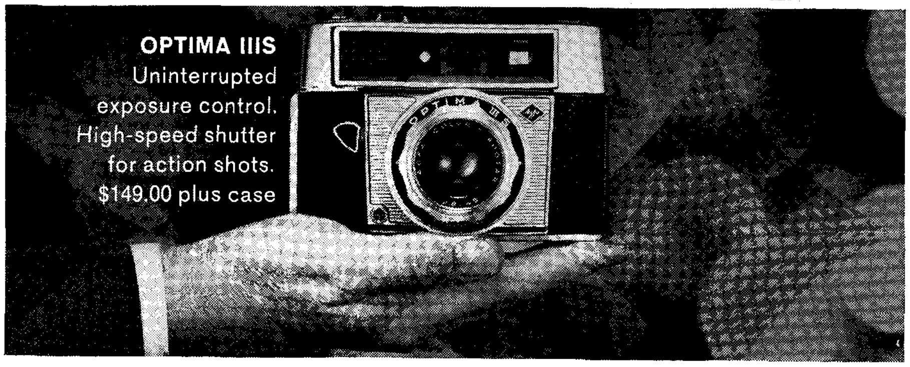

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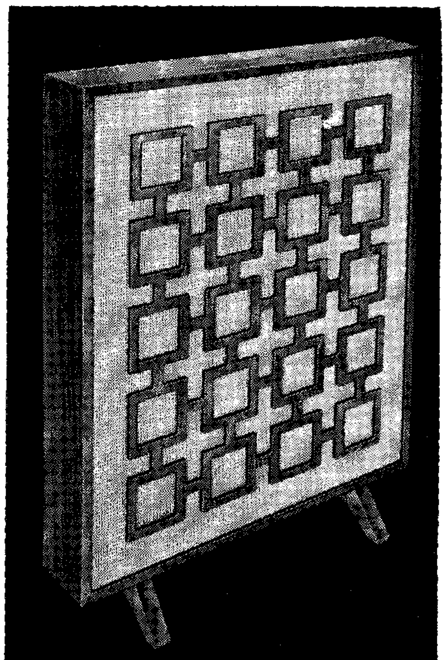
late husband (Prince Albert died in 1861), had once been so enthusiastic about the idea of a Channel tunnel, had had a change of mind about the entire business; in February of that year, the Queen wrote Disraeli, without elaborating, that "she hopes that the Government will do nothing to encourage the proposed tunnel under the Channel which she *thinks* very objectionable." Because Britain was at peace with the world (apart from putting down the usual bloody insurrections among native populations as she went about the business of maintaining and expanding her colonial territories), her home defenses were left on a pretty easygoing basis, reliance being placed, in traditional fashion, on the power of the Royal Navy to control her seas—meaning, for most practical purposes, its ability to control the Channel. In the seventies and eighties, with the Navy and the Channel to protect her shores, Britain got along at home with a professional army of only sixty thousand men, in contrast to France's standing army of perhaps three-quarters of a million. Seasickness or no seasickness, the Channel was considered a convenient money saver. Its advantages to Victorian England were perhaps most eloquently expressed by Mr. Gladstone in an article he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* in 1870. "Happy England!" he exclaimed. "Happy . . . that the wise dispensation of Providence has cut her off, by that streak of silver sea . . . partly from the dangers, absolutely from the temptations, which attend upon the local neighborhood of the Continental nations. . . . Maritime supremacy has become the proud—perhaps the indefectible—inheritance of England." And Mr. Gladstone, after touching on the evils of standing armies and the onerous burden of conscription, went on to suggest that Englishmen didn't realize just how grateful they ought to be for the Channel:

> Where the Almighty grants exceptional and peculiar bounties, He sometimes permits by way of counterpoise an insensibility to their value. Were there but a slight upward heaving of the crust of the earth between France and Great Britain, and were dry land thus to be substituted for a few leagues of sea, then indeed we should begin to know what we had lost.

These remarks of Mr. Gladstone's made a powerful impression on opinion in upper-class England. For many years after their publication, his partly Shakespearean phrase "streak of silver sea"—or "silver streak"—remained in the vocabulary of Victorian patriotism.

The principal misgivings about the project in and around Whitehall arose



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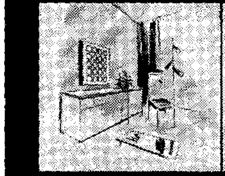

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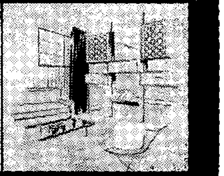

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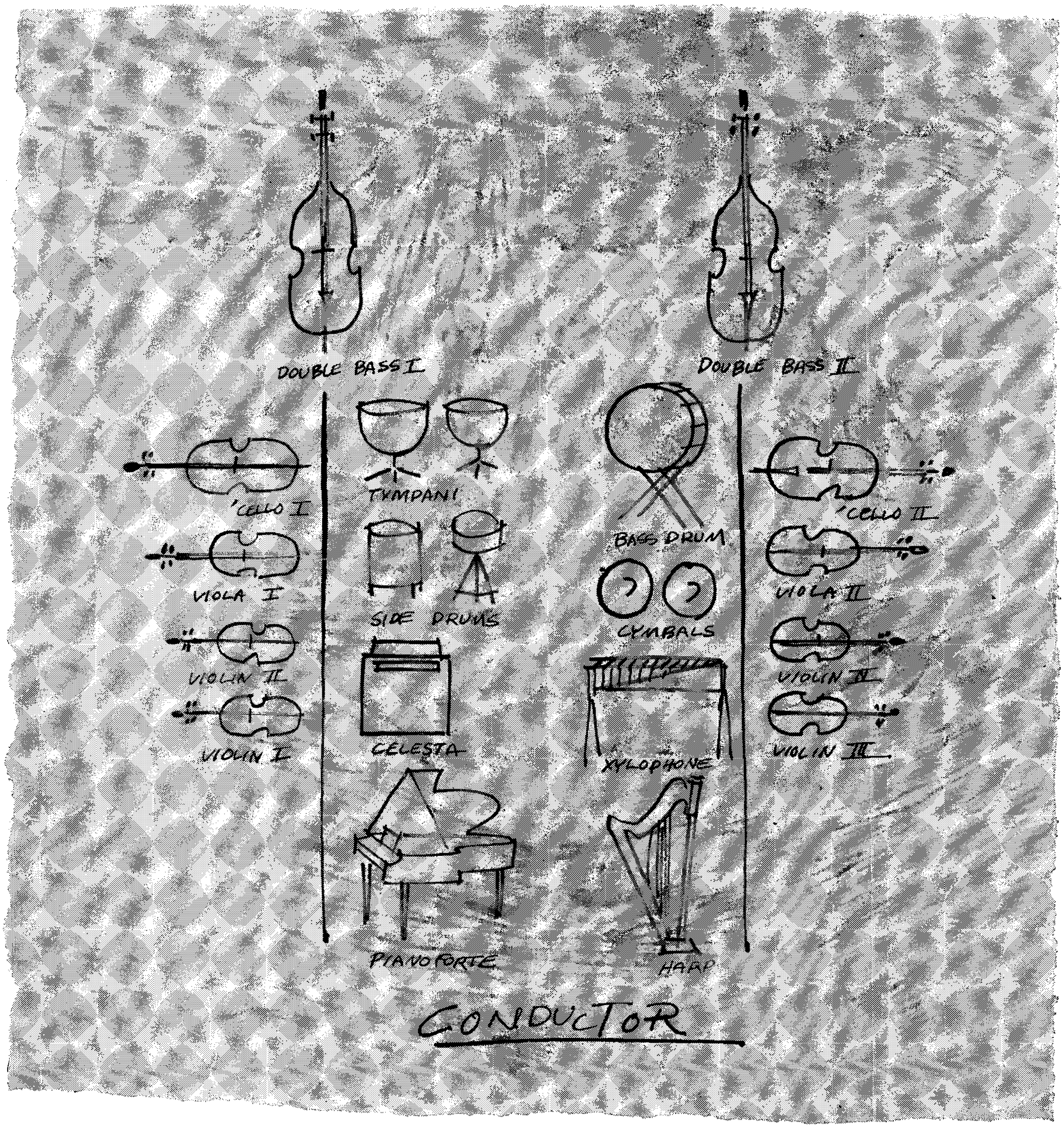

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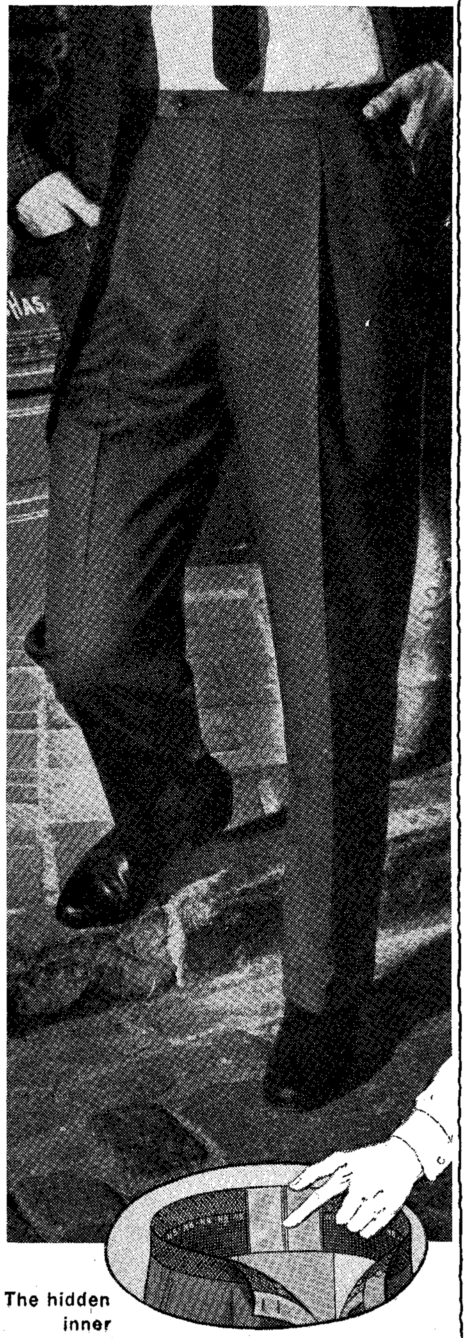

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from fears that a tunnel might form a breach in England's traditional defense system, and in June of 1881 they first came to public notice in the form of an editorial in the *Times*. Discussing the Channel-tunnel project, the *Times*, while conceding that "as an improvement in locomotion, and as a relief to the tender stomachs of passengers who dread sea sickness, the design is excellent," observed that "from a national point of view it must not the less be received with caution." And the paper asked, "Shall we be as well off and as safe with it as we now are without it? Will it be possible for us so to guard the English end of the passage that it can never fall into any other hands than our own?" The *Times* frankly doubted it, and questioned whether, if the tunnel were built, "a force of some thousands of men secretly concentrated in a [French] Channel port and suddenly landed on the coast of Kent" might not be able, by a surprise attack, to seize the English end of the tunnel and use it as a bridgehead for a general invasion of England. At the very least, the *Times* warned, the construction of the tunnel meant that "a design for the invasion of England and a general plan of the campaign will be subjects on which every cadet in a German military school will be invited to display his powers," and the paper suggested that under the circumstances the Channel had best be left untunnelled. "Nature is on our side at present," the editorial concluded gravely, "and she will continue so if we will only suffer her. The silver streak is our safety." The author of a letter to the *Times* that the paper printed in the same issue declared that the tunnel, if constructed, could be captured by the French from within as easily as from without, and that "in three hours a cavalry force might be sent through to seize the approaches at the English end."

To all this, Sir Edward Watkin replied in easy fashion that the tunnel, when it was finished, could at any time be rendered unusable from the British end by "a pound of dynamite or a keg of gunpowder." However, the negative attitude of a journal as influential as the *Times* was a setback for the project, since it caused the government to increase its caution about the tunnel. After Sir Edward had drawn up a Parliamentary bill toward the end of 1881 that would grant the South-Eastern authority to buy additional coastal land in the Shakespeare Cliff area and to complete the construction of a Channel tunnel, the Board of Trade—the governmental department under whose surveillance

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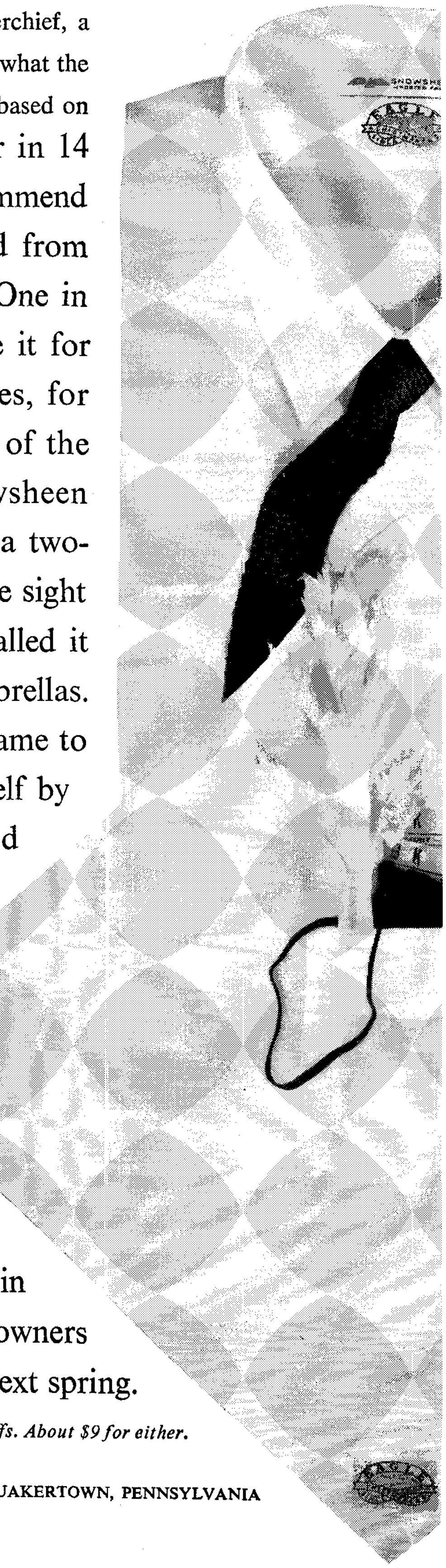
ON March 11 last we offered–to show our superb workmanship–an Eagle Shirtkerchief, a napkin/handkerchief, nicely hemmed, with a button-hole and a pocket. Unsure of what the pocket could be used for, we offered a dozen shirts for the best suggestion. Here, based on a sample of over 11,000 replies, are the findings: ★ One shirtkerchief owner in 14 keeps toothpicks culled from canapés in the pocket. Hundreds recommend it for storing eye-patches; we had no notion so many people suffered from pinkeye. Others wear it in bed to hold celery and other num-nums. One in 23 carries silverware in it at smorgasbords. Many, in restaurants, use it for tips, Tums, upper plates, olive pits and cigarettes; at gaming tables, for chips; at theatres, for ticket stubs. Space does not permit detailing of the hundreds of other splendid uses for the pocket of an Eagle Snowsheen Shirtkerchief. ★ Snowsheen; that was what it was made out of. It is a two-ply broadcloth first used for shirts 40 years ago when we ordered some sight unseen from England, not knowing that up to then it–the English called it "double poplin"–had never been used for anything but top quality umbrellas. Delighted anyway (we had to be, we had tons of it) we changed the name to Snowsheen; and what fine shirts it does make. ★ Find out for yourself by taking your shirtkerchief down to a nearby men's store (perhaps you'd best empty out the olive pits first) and saying, "I'd like a shirt that feels like this."* It won't always have the Eagle label in it–some fine stores like our shirts so much, they sew in their own label. Drop us a line and we'll tell you where to find a Snowsheen shirt near your home. ★ Oh, about the contest, the grand winner was the poignant entry of Ray Von Rosenberg of Thibodaux, Louisiana. However, so many of the entries were so good that the Macmillan Co. is shortly bringing out a book called *Dear Miss Afflerbach.* The writers of some 200 letters to be included in the tome will receive a free copy. And you other 11,000 shirtkerchief owners might want a copy, too: your names are all in the book. Look for it next spring.



*The model shown is the Keith French Cuff. *Snowsheen is also available in our flared button-down with regular cuffs. About $9 for either.*

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THIS IS VERA

By a Self-Appointed Critic

Art aficionados and amateur critics like myself who would relish a reprieve from the twisted tin cans of avant-garde galleries will find the Veras displayed in leading department stores refreshing sights. Vera, well-known painter of charming designs on scarves, blouses, table linens and fabrics, has enabled beauty-lovers to surround themselves with witty works of art.

I cautiously confine myself to two comments while viewing paintings. One is ugh, the other is ahh. Vera's latest designs on table linens unanimously evoked the latter. I noticed particularly a set of eight linen table mats with vegetables painted so succulently and calorieless on the box. The mats, framed with glorious gastronomical delights, featured recipes for an entire meal. Each two mats carried a delicious course. Being a bit of a buffoon, I thought, if I served these I could simply let my guests read their dinner. Chiding myself, I hungrily continued leafing through Vera's culinary portfolio. When I learned the set sells for about $7.98 several of my Christmas gift quandaries were solved.

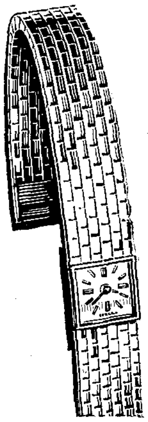
Like a vulture for culture, I advanced to a more advantageous view of Vera's latest blouse composition. This sibling set of silk blouses is a truly exciting assemblage. It consists of a sleek sleeveless blouse over which goes a matching tailored shirt. This appealing two-part series can be worn together or solo. The set sells for about $25. Vera blouses also may be purchased separately from $7.95.

Exhilarated with the original designs of Vera, I headed homeward, congratulating myself on an edifying day with the arts.

Vera Arts are in the nicest stores. *Blouses, scarves, linens, fabrics by Vera The®Vera Gallery, 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16.*

such commercial schemes came—held departmental hearings on the project in 1882, at which further attention was focussed on the question of military security. At these proceedings, Sir Edward was put somewhat on the defensive; he found himself in the disconcerting position of being obliged to show not so much the practicability of building a Channel tunnel as the practicability of disabling or destroying it. However, making the most of the situation, he declared that knocking the tunnel out of commission in case of hostilities could be accomplished in any number of ways—by flooding it, by filling it with steam, by bringing it under the gunfire of the Dover fortifications, by exploding electrically operated mines laid inside it, or by choking it with shingle. And then, getting into the spirit of the thing in spite of himself, Sir Edward told the examining committee confidently, "I will give you the choice of blowing up, drowning, scalding, closing up, suffocating, and other means of destroying our enemies. . . . You may touch a button at the Horse Guards and blow the whole thing to pieces."

Notwithstanding Sir Edward's categorical assurances, the wisdom of constructing the tunnel came under vigorous attack at the hearings from a formidably high military source—Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Adjutant-General of the British Army and later its commander-in-chief. A veteran of the Crimean War and the Sepoy Mutiny, and considered an expert on the art of surprise attack—his routing of King Koffee in the first Ashanti War of 1873-74, as well as the promptitude with which he "restored the situation" in the Zulu War, had made him a well-known figure to the British public—Sir Garnet had a reputation both as an imperialist general and as a soldier with relatively progressive ideas about the supply system of the British Army. In fact, his enthusiasm for efficiency was such that the phrase "all Sir Garnet" was commonly used in the Army as a way of saying "all correct." Sir Garnet's opinions on the tunnel project were very strong. In a long memorandum he submitted to the committee, he described the Channel as "a great wet ditch" for the protection of England, the like of which, he said, no Continental power would "cast recklessly away, by allowing it to be tunnelled under." And he denounced the construction of a tunnel on the ground that it would be what he termed "a constant inducement to the unscrupulous foreigner to make war upon



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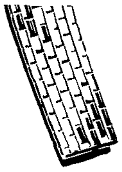

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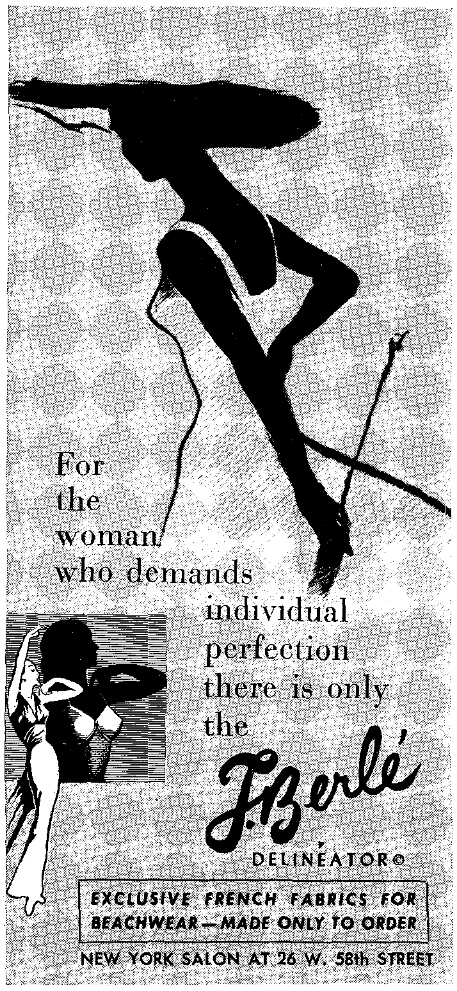
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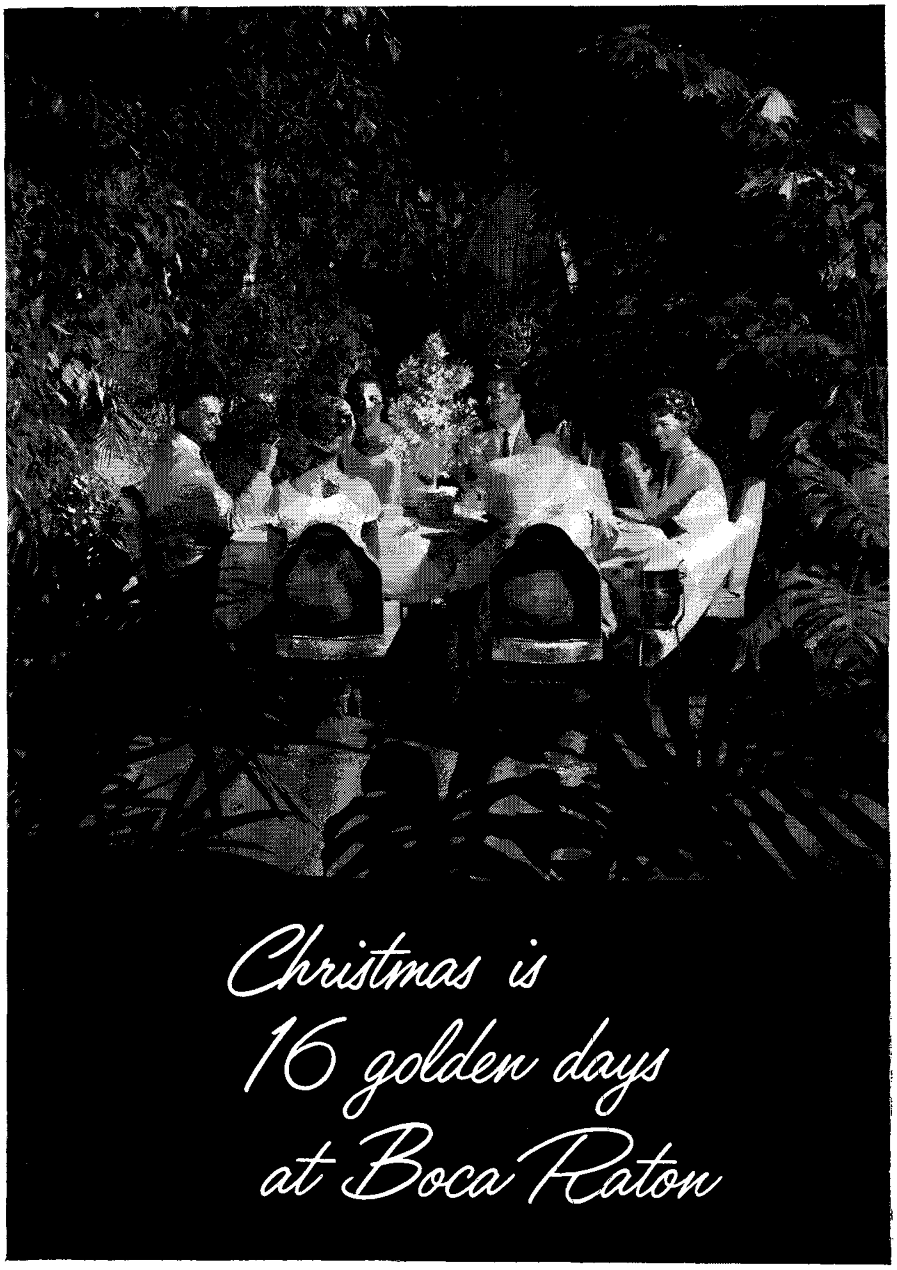
us." He also declared that "the works at our end of the tunnel may be surprised by men sent through the tunnel itself, without landing a man upon our shores," and went on to show just how this could be done:

> A couple of thousand armed men might easily come through the tunnel in a train at night, avoiding all suspicion by being dressed as ordinary passengers, and the first thing we should know of it would be by finding the fort at our end of the tunnel, together with its telegraph office, and all the electrical arrangements, wires, batteries, etc., intended for the destruction of the tunnel, in the hands of an enemy. We know that . . . trains could be safely sent through the tunnel every five minutes, and do the entire distance from the station at Calais to that at Dover in less than half an hour. Twenty thousand infantry could thus be easily despatched in 20 trains, and allowing . . . 12 minutes interval between each train, that force could be poured into Dover in four hours. . . . The invasion of England could not be attempted by 5,000 men, but half that number, ably led by a daring, dashing young commander, might, I feel, some dark night, easily make themselves masters of the works at our end of the tunnel, and then England would be at the mercy of the invader.

Sir Garnet admitted that an attack from within the tunnel would be difficult if even a hundred riflemen at the English end were alerted to the threat, but he doubted whether the defenders could always maintain their vigilance at the necessary pitch. And he asked, "Since the day when David secured an entrance by surprise or treachery into Jerusalem through a tunnel under its walls, how often have places similarly fallen? And, I may add, will again similarly fall?" Sir Garnet also declared that any one of "a hundred accidents" could easily render the devices for blocking the tunnel useless. Thus, he found fault with the proposal to lay electrically operated mines inside the tunnel ("A galvanic battery is easily put out of order . . . The gunpowder may be damp"), with the proposal to admit the sea into the tunnel by explosion ("an uncertain means of defense"), and with the proposal to flood it by sluice gates at the English end ("The water conduits [might] become choked or unserviceable when required" and the "drains rendered useless by treachery"). Winding up, he concluded:

> Surely, John Bull will not endanger his birth-right, his property, in fact all that man can hold most dear . . . simply in order that men and women may cross to and fro between England and France without running the risk of seasickness.

Sir Garnet's fears for Britain were not shared in a memorandum submitted to the committee by another high-rank-



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ing Army officer, Lieutenant-General Sir John Adye, the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. Sir John gave his opinion that "a general in France, having the intention of invading England, would not, in my opinion, count on the tunnel as adding to his resources." He dismissed the argument that the English end of the tunnel might be taken from within, because invading troops could be destroyed as they arrived "by means of a small force, with a gun or two, at the mouth of the tunnel." As for the possibility that a hostile force might seize the mouth of the tunnel from outside, he questioned whether "an enemy, having successfully invaded England, [would] turn aside to capture a very doubtful line of communication, when the main object of his efforts was straight before him." General Adye thought that the invaders "would probably feel a much stronger disposition to march straight on London and finish the campaign."

However, the frontal attack on the project by Sir Garnet was by no means a factor to be discounted. Rallying to the challenge in typical fashion, Sir Edward attempted to stifle the spread of patriotic fears about the tunnel by giving more large lunches at the Lord Warden Hotel and by inviting more and more prominent people down into the tunnel at Shakespeare Cliff to marvel at the workings and to sip champagne under the electric lights. By mid-February, his guests had included no fewer than sixty Members of Parliament, whose support he hoped to obtain for his pending Tunnel Bill, and on one occasion he even succeeded in prevailing on Mr. Gladstone himself to come down into the tunnel and be shown around. He seemed quite interested, but remained noncommittal. Around the same time, Sir Edward, addressing an extraordinary general meeting of the Submarine Continental Railway Company, quoted an alleged reaction of Count von Moltke: " 'The invasion of England through the proposed tunnel I consider impossible. You might as well talk of invading her through that door'—pointing to the entrance to his library." Sir Edward brushed aside the objections of the military as a collection of "hobgoblin arguments" by "men who would prefer to see England remain an island forever, forgetting that steam had abolished islands, just as telegraphy had abolished isolated thought." He and his fellow-promoters put it about that in his day the Duke of Wellington had strongly opposed the construction of a railway between

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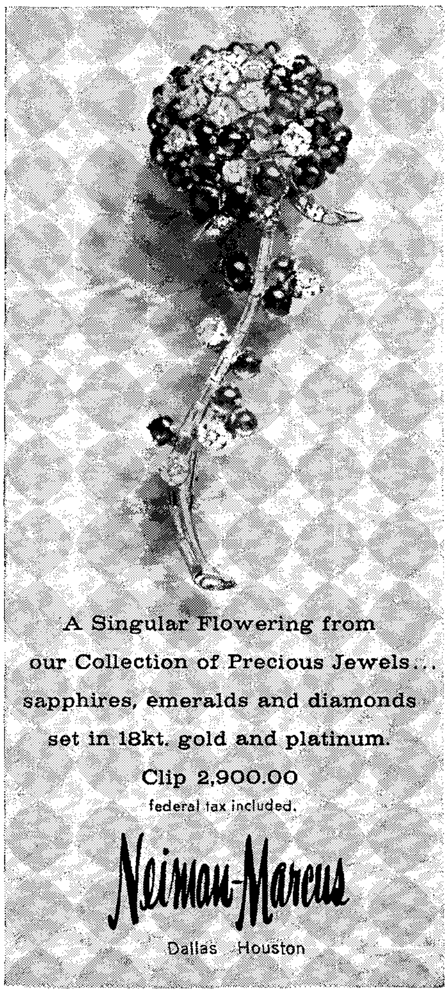
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Portsmouth and London, on the ground that it would dangerously facilitate the movement of a French army upon London. And they recalled in derisive fashion Lord Palmerston's denunciation of the Suez Canal project as "a madcap scheme which would be the ruin of our Indian Empire, were it possible of construction, and which would spell disaster to those who had the temerity to assert it." Colonel Beaumont wrote an article deriding the possibility of an infantry or cavalry attack through the tunnel. "They cannot come by train, as, irrespective of any suspicions on the part of the booking clerks, special train arrangements would have to be made," he declared. "They cannot march, as they would be run over by the trains, running, as they would do, at intervals of ten minutes, or oftener, without cessation, day or night." Colonel Beaumont also outlined a number of measures that could be taken to secure the safety of the English end of the tunnel. They included a system of pumping sea water into a ventilating shaft, making it possible for the officer of the guard, in case of an invasion, to flood the tunnel by turning a stopcock, and Sir Edward actually had such a ventilating shaft installed, about a mile from the main shaft at Shakespeare Cliff. A friendly article in the *Illustrated London News* noted reassuringly that this ventilating shaft, along with the main entrance of the tunnel (whether it be at Abbot's Cliff or at Sir Edward's proposed underground station), could also be brought under fire of ships at sea or from the eighty-ton turret guns on the Admiralty Pier. An accompanying double-page illustration depicted, in handsomely apocalyptic style, the hypothetical destruction of the entire tunnel workings and, presumably, the invaders inside them, amid great ballooning clouds of smoke from gun batteries everywhere—from the end of the Admiralty Pier, from emplacements within the Dover land fortifications, and from British men-of-war standing offshore. The *Penny Illustrated Paper* published, around the same time, an engraving a foot and a half long and a foot high illustrating "Sir Edward Watkin's remedy for the invasion scare." This showed a cutaway section of the tunnel near the English end; in a rock chamber at the upper left, two figures in top hats and frock coats are standing and gazing down on the tunnel, which is filled with French infantry led by mounted officers in plumed helmets. One of the figures in the cliff chamber, evidently meant to represent Sir

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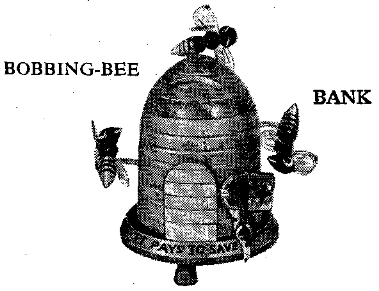

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Edward Watkin, has apparently just turned the stopcock, for through the sluices a dreadful flood is cascading down upon the doomed invaders, who are turning to flee in panic. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, commenting on the prevailing French attitude toward British fears about the tunnel, observed mildly that "the political uneasiness which the scheme has raised on the other side does not exist here," adding, "No Frenchman, of course, regards it as jeopardizing national security. Frenchmen see in it a greater facility for visiting the United Kingdom, and for relieving the monotony of Swiss tours by a trip to the Scotch highlands." And a paragraph in *Punch* undertook to summarize the reaction in another European country:

> Bogie! The Italian Government are so struck by the alarm exhibited by Sir Garnet Wolseley at the prospect of a Channel Tunnel, that they have closed the Mount Cenis and St. Gotthard Tunnels, and left travellers to the mountain diligences. Their reason for doing this is the fact that Napoleon really crossed the Alps, while he only threatened to invade England.

But fears about the tunnel were not stilled, and the Board of Trade did its best to hold Sir Edward Watkin and his project at arm's length. On March 6th, 1882, the secretary of the Board, which had been keeping an eye on newspaper accounts of the progress of the tunnel on both sides of the Channel (the French by now had pushed forward for more than a mile), wrote Sir Edward to remind him that all the foreshore of the United Kingdom below high-water mark was prima facie the property of the Crown and under the management of the Board of Trade, and that while the department did not wish to impede progress, it distinctly wished to give notice that the government "hold themselves free to use any powers at their disposal in such manner as Parliament may decide, or as the general interest of the country may seem to them to require." In other words, the Board told the Submarine Continental Railway Company that it could not drive its tunnel toward France without trespassing on Crown property. This was an ominous development for Sir Edward and his scheme, but even more ominous ones were to follow. During March, anti-tunnel forces in Britain circulated among prominent Englishmen a great petition against the scheme, for presentation to Parliament. The petition, recording the conviction of the signatories that a Channel tunnel "would involve this country in military dangers and liabilities from which, as an island, it has hith-

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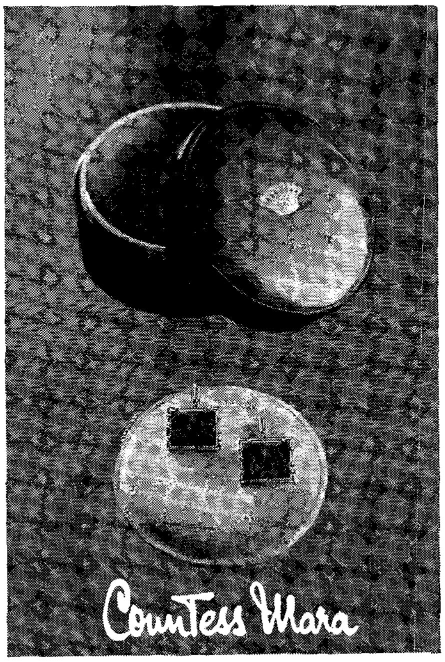

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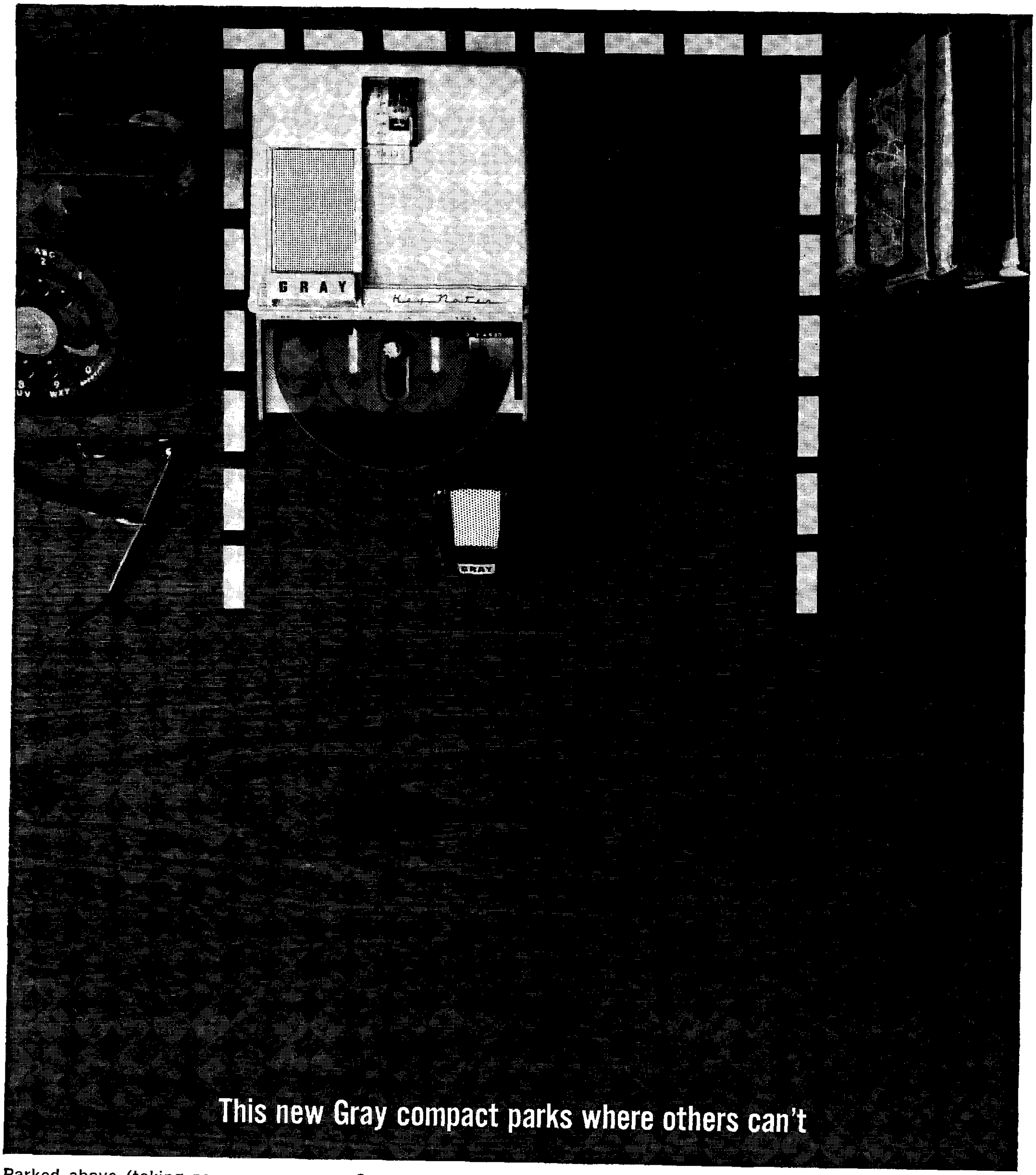

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Fair enough? The coupon at right sends a new Gray Key-Noter on its way. Use it.

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erto been happily free," was published in the April issue of the *Nineteenth Century*. In addition to military people, the signers included many of the most eminent literary, scientific, and ecclesiastical men of the day, not only Browning, Tennyson, and Huxley but Herbert Spencer, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, and the Archbishop of York. In an eloquent article accompanying the petition, the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, James Knowles, implicitly added the name of William Shakespeare to the list by invoking the John of Gaunt speech from "King Richard II":

> This royal throne of kings, this sceptered
> isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
> This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
> This fortress built by Nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of war,
> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happier lands . . .

The editor went on to declare, somewhat more prosaically, that "to hang the safety of England at some most critical instant upon the correct working of a tap, or of any mechanical contrivance, is quite beyond the faith of this generation of Englishmen."

Almost at the instant the heavy blow of the petition fell on the tunnel promoters, the Board of Trade sent down a real thunderbolt upon their heads. On April 1st, the Board of Trade wrote Sir Edward Watkin that, according to the department's calculations, based on a tracing of the tunnel route previously obtained from the Submarine Continental Railway Company, the boring of the tunnel was now close to intruding on Crown property. Therefore, the company was ordered, pending the outcome of the government's deliberations on the military security of the tunnel, to suspend its boring operations forthwith and to give the government assurances to that effect.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS is honoured to announce the magnum opus by Her Highness of Hollywood . . . being not so much an autobiography (some things *are* sacred) as a perceptive, fascinating and not always inflammatory study of the personages who neither sow nor reap until they
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—*Adv. in Publishers' Weekly.*

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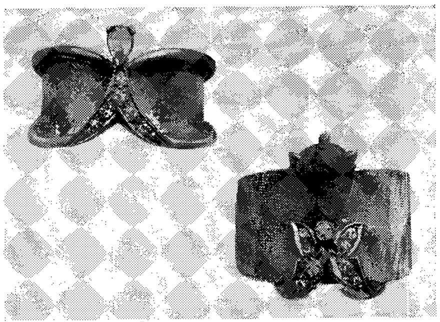

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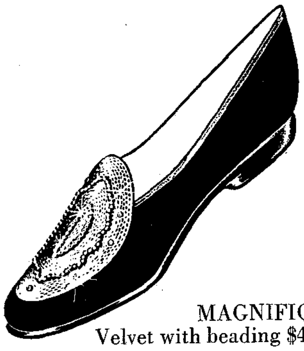

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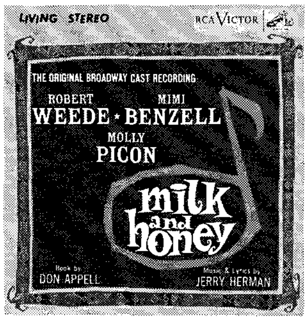
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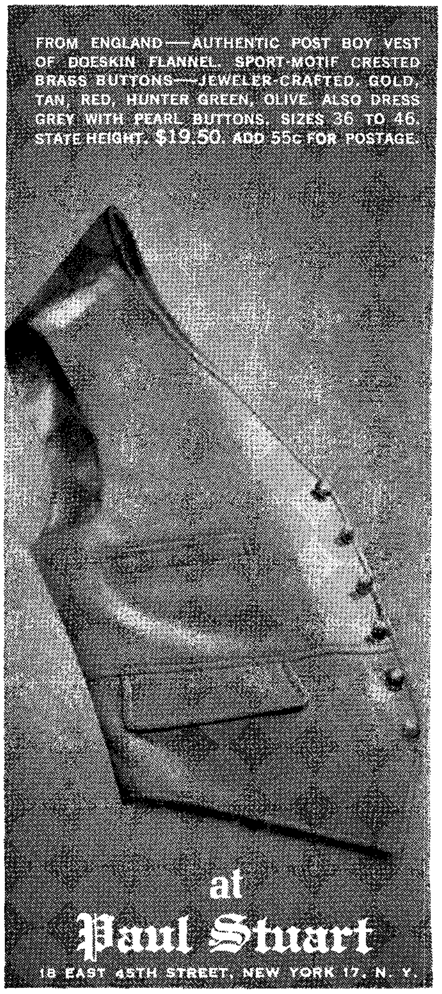
THE RACE TRACK

The International Set

IT was a little upsetting, after so many of us had classed Kelso among the immortals of the turf, to have T. V. Lark come along and beat him in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel last Saturday. All the same, it was as thrilling a race as any of the nine previous runnings of the International. Actually, it was a two-horse affair. From beginning to end of the mile and a half on the grass, Kelso and T. V. Lark went stride for stride far in front of the six other runners. At the finish, Prenupcial, from Venezuela, was third, a dozen lengths ahead of Zabeg, one of the two U.S.S.R. runners, and the others—Misti, from France, Wonderboy II, from Denmark, Sail Cheoil, from Ireland, and Irtysch, from Russia—were strung out down the course.

The warm sunshine of a fine Maryland afternoon showed the horses at their best, and a good portion of the big crowd walked out on the previous race (which wasn't much anyhow) to be sure of getting a peek at the International runners in the paddock. Kelso had never looked better, and neither had T. V. Lark. Zabeg was the most likely-looking of the foreigners (he has grown and filled out in the right places since he ran at Laurel a year ago), but Irtysch's appearance was not impressive. However, both of them were groomed to the nines, like all the Russian racers I've ever seen. Prenupcial looked fit, too, and should have, since he had been out eighteen times this season, and only a fortnight before had won the Simón Bolívar Clasico at Caracas after being boxed in on the rail for most of the mile and a quarter. (His jockey broke his left stirrup in the last quarter of the International, but he'd never threatened the leaders anyway.) Wonderboy II was too heavy and coarse to be attractive, and he had the tallest jockey I've seen in years. The boy was five feet ten inches. Misti, who finished third in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe to Italy's wonder horse Molvedo and France's



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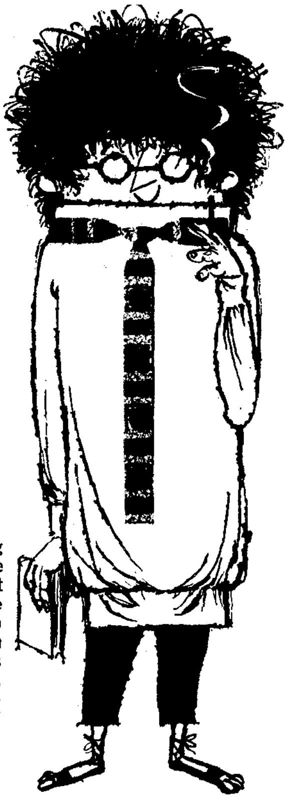

You can wear them any where

Man! Like I dig these cravats the most!—so far out they are in! Like they are not to beat!—I mean like cool colors and fab fabrics. Man, control yourself; you may flip! I did!

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star Right Royal, is a nice colt, but Sail Cheoil, who's a filly and rather on the small side, had few admirers.

The start, from an English-type barrier, was a good one, and, to the surprise of many, Kelso took the lead right off the bat, with T. V. Lark hot on his heels. Until the last hundred yards or so, the two were never more than half a length apart. Arcaro, who rode Kelso, said in explanation of his tactic that he thought he could put T. V. Lark away any time he wanted to (I didn't think T. V. Lark would go a mile and a half, either), but when he called on Kelso two furlongs from home, the horse couldn't draw away. As Arcaro put it, "We just ran into a tiger and we got beat." Remembering the plucky finish of T. V. Lark in the Knickerbocker at Aqueduct last month, I'll go along with that, for Kelso ran as well on the grass as he has run on dirt tracks. I venture to say that not even Preston Madden, who owns T. V. Lark, was as delighted over the victory as was Longden, his rider. He smiled, bowed, and waved his cap a dozen times as he rode into the winner's circle. I fancy he remembered riding Indian Hemp, T. V. Lark's sire, in the first International. That day he finished last.

It was the fastest International ever run, the time of 2:26⅕ clipping a second and four-fifths from Bald Eagle's track record, set two years ago. It was too fast for the Russians. For days, they had been so boastfully confident about the chances of Zabeg, who finished third last year, that horsemen wondered if he was going to have a sputnik under his saddle. After it was over, Nasibov, who rode him, said (through an interpreter), "The speed killed us." The Russians will be back next year. In fact, Yevgeni Dolmatov, the hetman of the Russian horse factories, who came over with the team, has picked their candidate. It will be Expert, their top three-year-old this season. As you may remember, Mr. Dolmatov took barrels of aluminum horseshoes home with him to Moscow in 1958. Well, Zabeg wore a set of them last Saturday. Incidentally, Zabeg earned $5,000 for finishing fourth, which is a lot of rubles, and in the workers' paradise, where the state owns all the horses, the winning trainer and jockey each get thirty per cent of the prize money.

BEFORE this weekend comes around, all the visiting horsemen and their charges will have departed, with fond memories of the high holidays at Laurel. T. V. Lark may travel,

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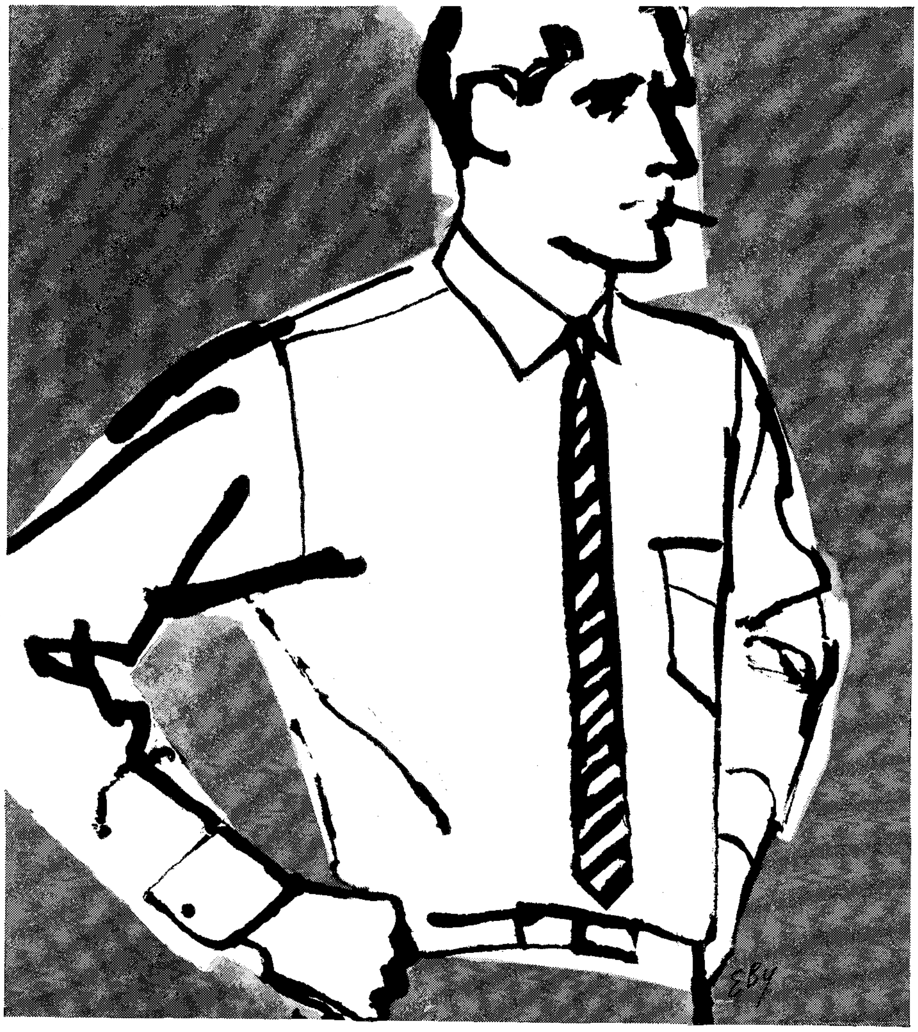

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too. He has been invited to a big special event at Buenos Aires later this month, but whether he'll go there or to California has not been decided. And there's a chance that we will see Kelso once more before the season ends. He's in the Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct on Saturday, but as this is written his stable hasn't said yes or no.

In explanation of the tearstains on this page, I must report that Bowl of Flowers, another of this department's favorites, was beaten last weekend. She finished third, two noses behind Sherluck and Hitting Away, in the Roamer Stakes at Aqueduct. According to my stay-at-home observer, Hitting Away, who has speed but doesn't carry it quite far enough, led into the stretch, where Sherluck wore him down. Bowl of Flowers, who was ridden by Rotz, substituting for Arcaro, her regular jockey, began quicker than usual and, although she finished fast, just missed getting up. Another good show was the Sport Page Handicap, a six-furlong dash at Aqueduct on Election Day. Gyro, Windy Sands, Humane Leader, and Intentionally ran head and head almost from the start—down the backstretch, around the turns, and into the stretch. Then, in the last furlong, Intentionally, who carried 129 pounds, who gave big weight to everything, and who was on the outside all the way, drew out to win by a head from Windy Sands. Gyro was third.

A couple of two-year-olds worth remembering ran at Aqueduct last week. One was Dead Ahead (a half brother to Bald Eagle), who won in fine style for the second time in as many tries. He's a big fellow, and because of his size he has been slow coming to hand. He may start in the Remsen on the twenty-ninth, the next-to-last day of the meeting. The other eye-catcher was Melanion, who is by Swaps out of Atalanta. The way he goes reminds me of both those runners.

OF course, Crimson Satan will be the favorite for the Pimlico Futurity at Baltimore this weekend, but if anyone cares, my fancy is Endymion.

—AUDAX MINOR

• •

SITTING IN THE WOODS: A CONTEMPLATION

I

Here am I, a shape under a cedar,
And all the world takes bearings on the shape.
An oak-sitting squirrel, wary for quick escape,

Yet pins me with his eye. A jittery wren,
Though he clings to his skinny twig upside down,
Pins me. Under my back and legs, the brown

Cedar needles record exactly a weight;
Over my face and belly and hands, the warm,
Cedary air records exactly a form.

Every leaf on certain hundreds of twigs,
Each stone nearby, and berry and haw and hip,
Notes that there is an exact relationship

Of degree, minute, and second, on a certain plane,
Between itself and the shape I thought was free,
Sprawled in the woods under a cedar tree.

II

That giant Gulliver was not so bound
By all those cables the little men drew tight
As I by this amazing cobweb of right

Records and measurements. Now, can one center
A web like this, with the number of strands so great,
And then, by his single will and his single weight,

Break loose? Will it not be a complaisant ghost
That smiles tonight in the room where I should appear,
While I stay under the cedar, fixed here?

—W. R. MOSES

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ARDENA
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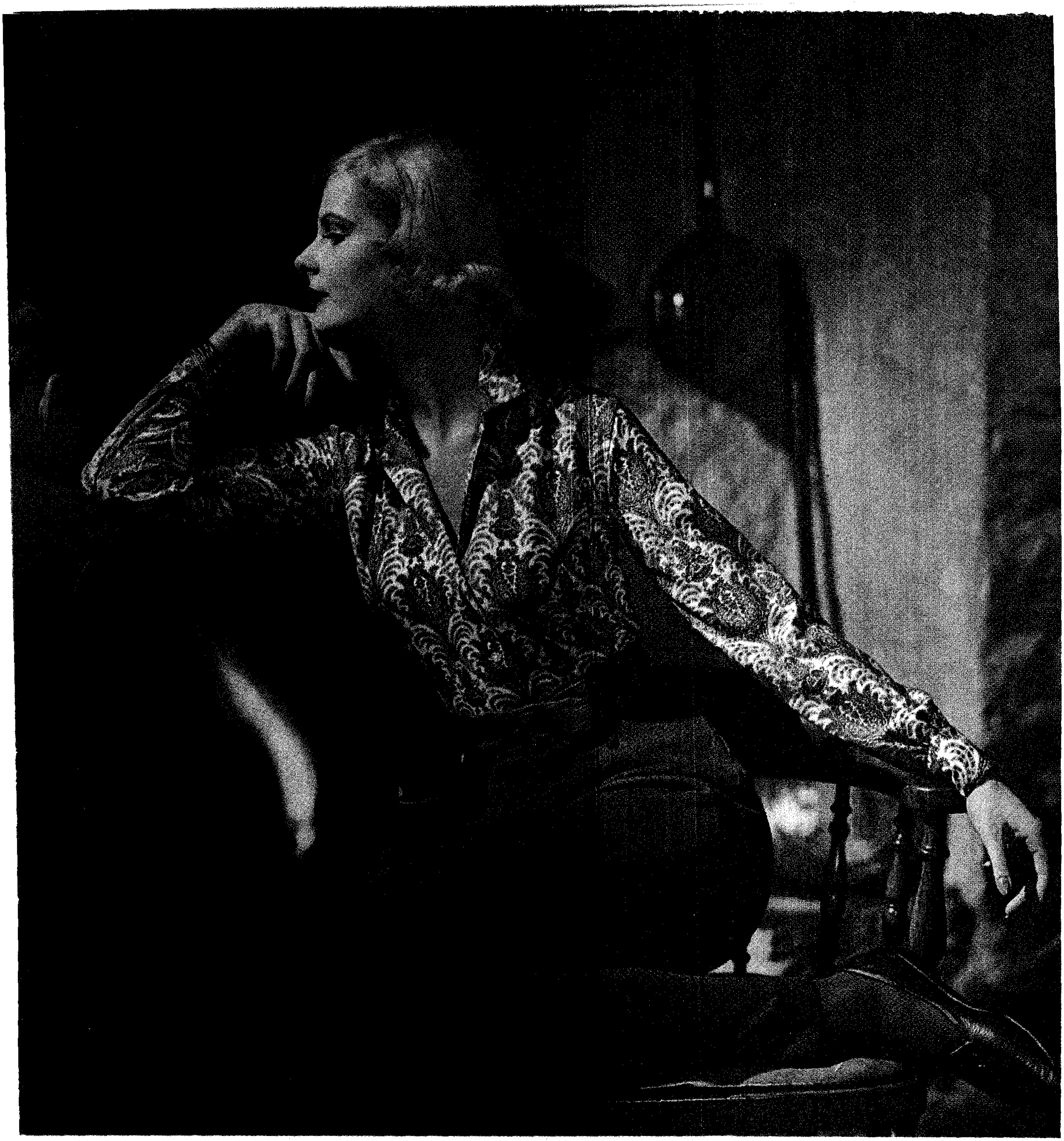

For names of stores, write to Lady Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or call OXford 5-8558 in New York.

New from Lady Hathaway: Persian prints in soft and sumptuous Viyella®

LOOK AT the pattern on our heroine's new shirt. It's a fanciful descendant of those marvelous designs that Persian padishahs loved to conjure up—for tapestries and tunics and things.

Until Viyella's experts in Nottingham turned the trick, nobody on earth could reproduce these intricate patterns on anything as soft as English Viyella.

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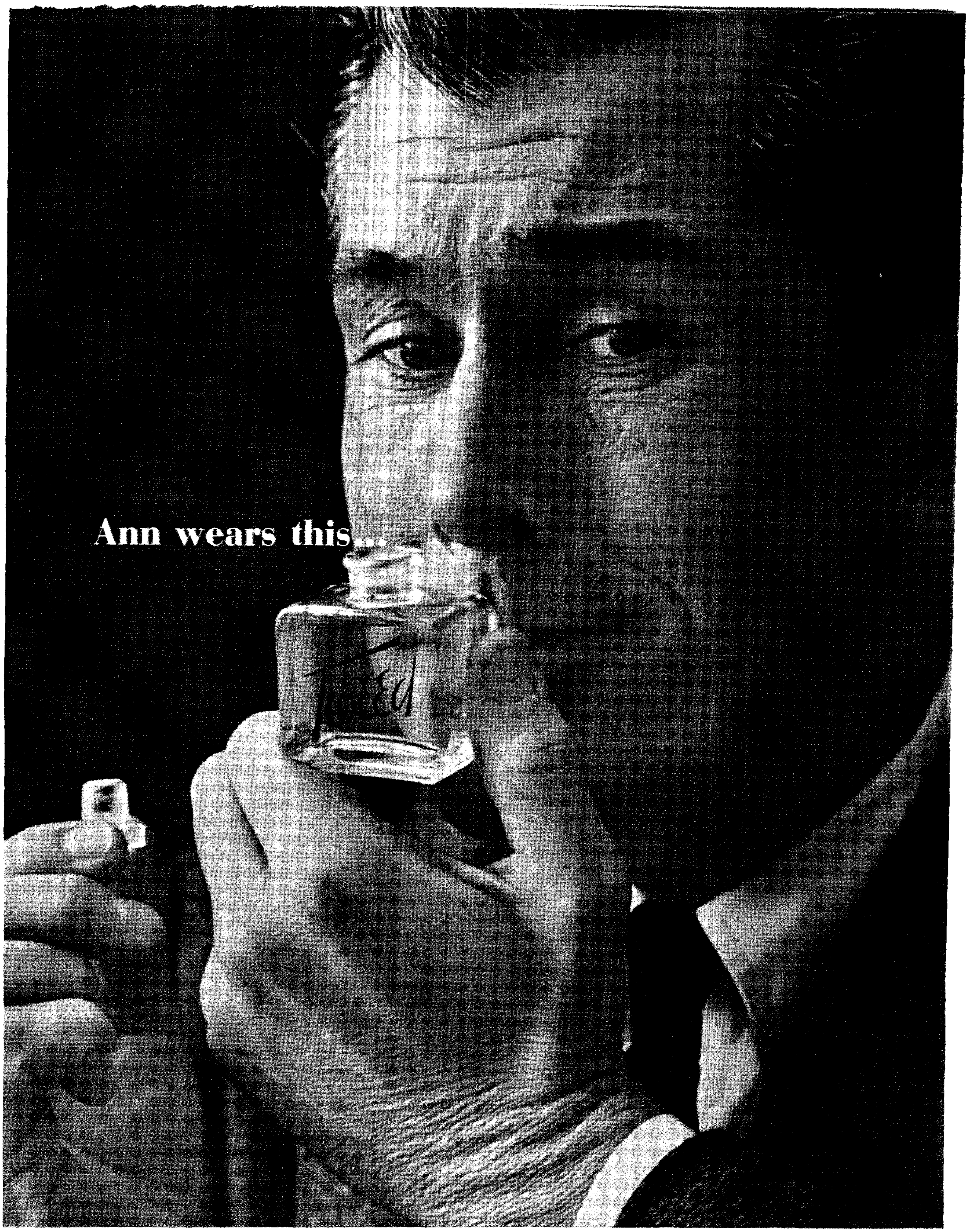
Take your pick of the four fall shades above and below. $19 or thereabouts.


Ann wears this...
Tweed

and Barbara, Carol, Dorothy, Eve and Susan want TWEED for Christmas.

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PERFUME, $2.75 TO $14; TOILET WATER MIST, $2.25 TO $5; COLOGNE, $2, $3.50

THE GIFT

WHAT you get for nothing is exactly nothing, in Australia as much as anywhere else, and Bill Fry knew it as well as anyone in Sydney. That was why, on the autumn Sunday when Frannie, his wife, asked him if they were going to tell his parents that afternoon that she was happily p-r-e-g-n-a-n-t again—spelling it out because Clarissa, their daughter, five years old and all ears, was in the room with them—he quite cheerfully answered, "I don't see that we have to; I don't see what's in it for us, except publicity." It rolled off his tongue like gospel.

He was sitting on the window seat in the living room, with the sun on his back. Clarissa faced him from the center of the gray carpet, where she was having her ponytail tied. She looked solemn—and vacant, as if her whole mind pointed backward, to the ponytail. Behind her, Frannie said, "Oh, Bill."

" 'Oh, Bill' nothing," Bill said. "Tell Mum and you tell the world. It's our own private business. . . . Our child and nobody else's." Clarissa, touching her hair with her fingertips, walked away to the door.

Frannie said, "I really don't see the harm in it."

"What Mum doesn't know, she won't miss." But just as he said it, he imagined how his mother would smile and smile if she did know. "*At least* two children—everyone should have *at least* two!" she would say, and his father would make up some joke about the expense. His mother would say she didn't care what it was as long as it was healthy.

Bill saw clearly how important a vessel he was, to contain so great a gift, and, feeling generous already—admired, beloved, made much of—as he went toward the door after Clarissa, he said, "I'll tell you what; if it comes up in a natural way, I don't mind."

Frannie smiled. "We can't leave it till they can see for themselves, you know."

"Anyone interested enough to look could see it now."

He tickled Clarissa all the way out to the car, and while they were waiting for Frannie to find her bag he chased her around the lawn. She shrieked, he cackled, and when Frannie came out at last she said they sounded like a zoo. "Whose zoo?" Bill tried to say, and got so tangled up in the two words that Clarissa nearly fell over with laughing.

Then off they set in the little blue Vauxhall, and for some minutes no one said anything. Bill drove carefully, and Frannie and Clarissa watched the Sunday-afternoon houses go past. On weekdays these houses were nothing; they were all red brick, with green and brown lawns in front of them, hedges in front of the lawns, and a few gray and brown trees, and people hid inside them for days at a time. But on Sunday afternoons, hey presto! Children flew over the lawns and around the trees, and even adults, like weights the children had dragged out after them, lay slumped here and there in corners, folded over flower beds and hedges, laboring minutely. There was plenty for people in cars to see.

A bulbous stone fence guarded the hedge that hid Mr. Fry's house, but the little Vauxhall found its way through the gate, past the rhododendrons lining the drive, and pulled up in the thin shade of a bottle-brush tree. Against the fence in the small back yard, between the lilac and the frangipani, in the sun but not the wind, Mr. and Mrs. Fry sat reading the Sunday paper. They waved, and from the car Bill and Clarissa waved back. Bill saw his mother laugh and say something that had no chance of reaching them over the loud death rattle of the engine, and all at once he felt so overwhelmed with love for her simpleness, which his secret would soon beatify, that he feared his face might already have given both him and his secret away. "You look like a couple of old porpoises sunning yourselves," he called.

"Porpoise yourself," his mother replied, coming over to open the door for Clarissa.

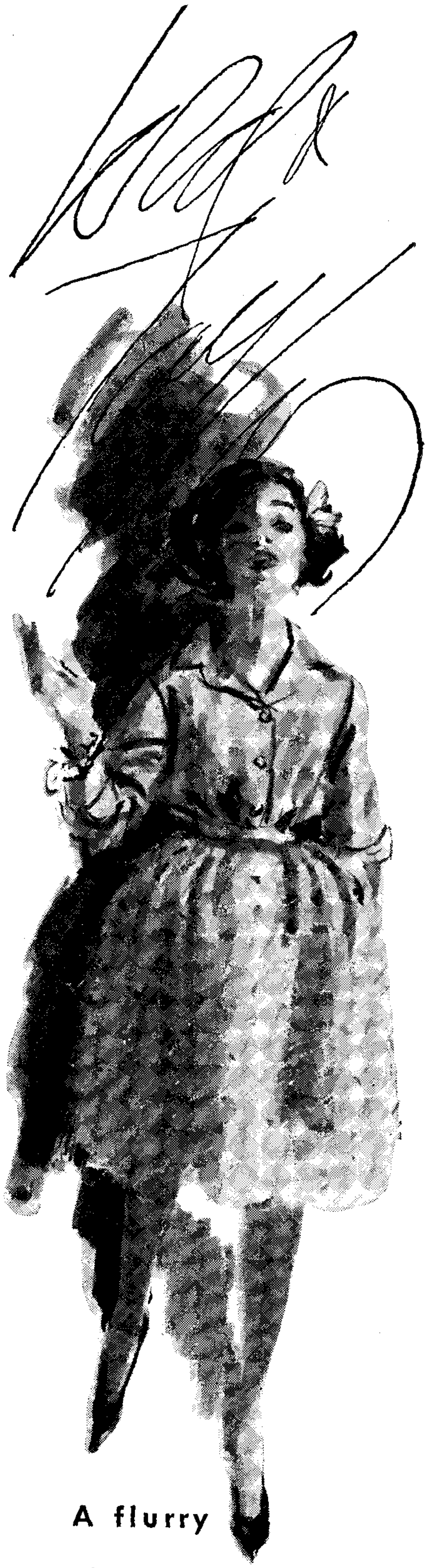
"Whozoo!" Clarissa hooted, laughing again. "That's what Daddy said!"

"Darling," Mrs. Fry said, lifting her out.

"Porpoises are in fact the gayest and most graceful creatures in the kingdom of the sea," Bill said.

His mother waved her hand in his face. "You," she said. She looked for Frannie and, finding her, smiled.

"It's lovely to have a spot like this out of the wind," Frannie said as she came round the front of the car. She gave Mrs. Fry a quick kiss and then



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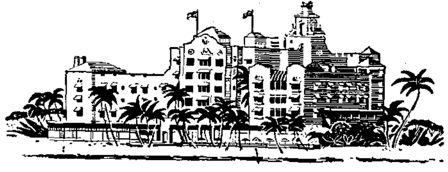

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stood back a pace. "I do like your hair."

Bill knew immediately from her voice that she had not told the whole truth, and silently condemned her for it. But his mother's ear was not so experienced, or perhaps was dulled a little by wishfulness, or age. "They have another man. Do you really?" Embarrassed at looking so new, and at showing her pleasure, she held her hands up and minced around like a mannequin so that they should see her head back, front, and sides.

"Exactly like a porpoise," Bill said, climbing out of the car. His father snorted, and Bill turned to him. "And there's the other one surfacing! Avast!"

Mrs. Fry turned to Frannie again. "What on earth has got into *him*?"

Frannie laughed, and Bill took off his father's green-brimmed canvas hat and put it on his own head. "Keep it under your little bonnet, *I* always say."

"Has he been in the sun, Frannie?"

"Come inside, all of you," said Mr. Fry in his deep voice.

Clarissa led, stretching her legs up the green steps to the back veranda and standing at the top to see if the others could manage them so comfortably. They all did, Frannie smoothing her skirt, Mrs. Fry watching Clarissa, Mr. Fry rubbing his gray stubble of hair, Bill watching his father's strong square back.

In the kitchen dimness it was cooler. Frannie sank into one of the chairs round the big table with a sigh. "Ooh, I get tired in the afternoons these days."

A dead giveaway, it seemed to Bill. He started to smile, but from shyness covered his smile with his hand and made it go.

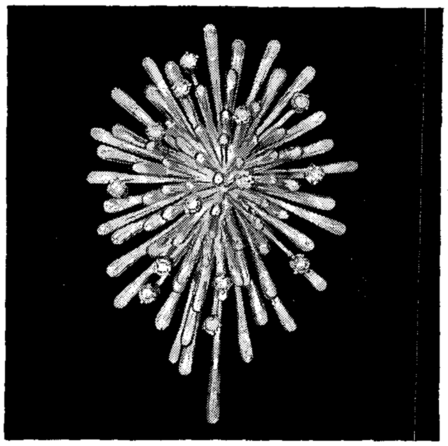
Mrs. Fry tickled the soft back of Clarissa's neck and said, "One day you'll have to let us take this little bundle off your hands for a week."

One day sooner than you imagine, Bill thought. But he stood there with his hand on his mouth like a monkey and said nothing; after all, no one had said anything to him.

Clarissa pulled out the chair next to her mother's and climbed up on it. Mr. Fry bent over her. "Would you like to stay with Grandma and Grandpa in their house, Clarissa?" Mrs. Fry smiled and folded her arms on her waist. She was not a large woman, and her face was lined and her hair thinning, but to Bill she gave an impression of strength still.

Clarissa rested her chin on the edge of the table and put her hands over her ears. "Mmm," she said softly, a little doubtfully. Bill smiled at her.

"And sleep in the big spare bed at



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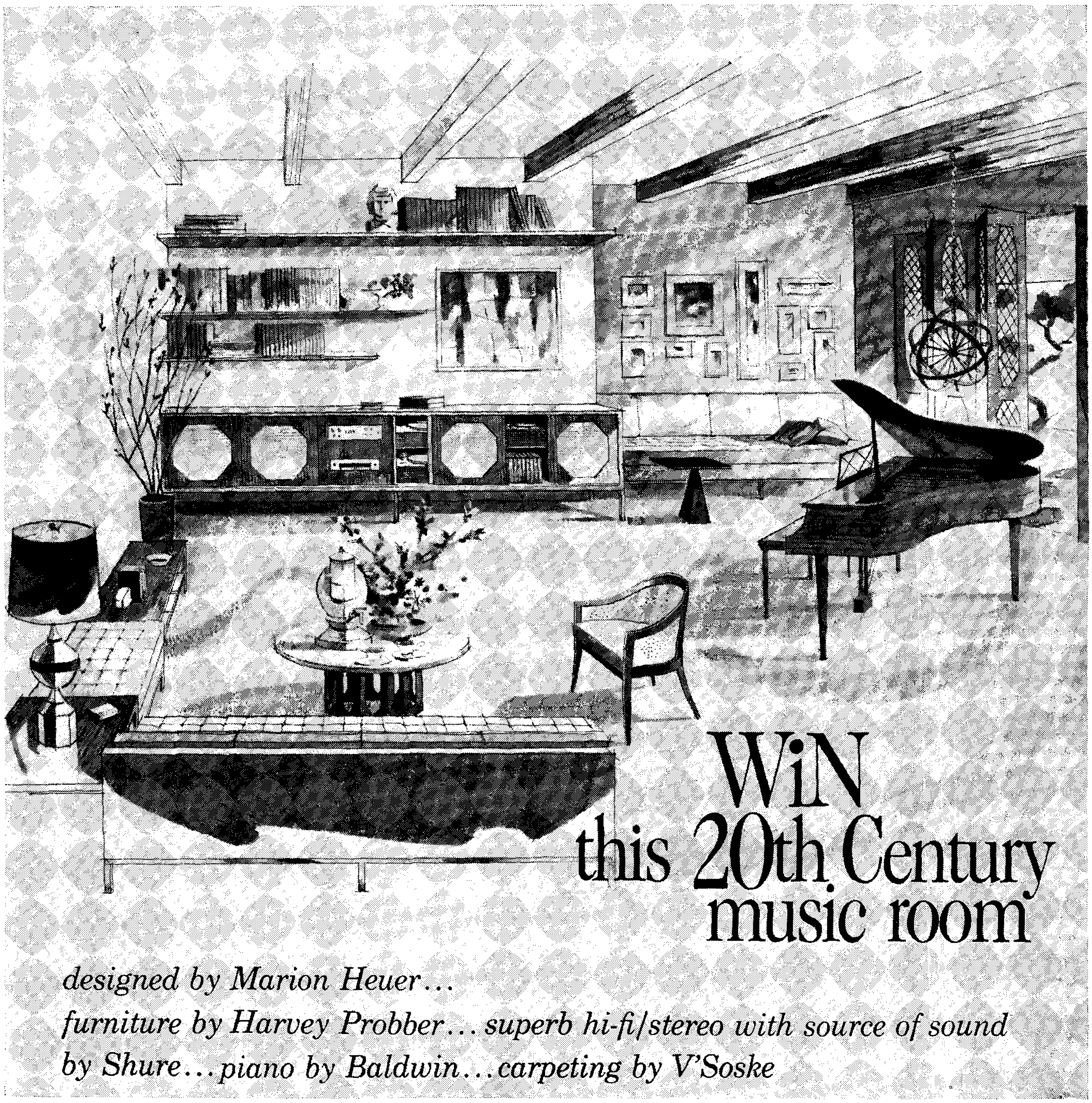

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night, *all* by yourself?" Mr. Fry went on. "And let Mummy and Daddy have a nice holiday somewhere on the coast or in the mountains for a week, *all* by *them*selves?"

Clarissa put her hands over her eyes and said nothing.

"I think she likes her own little bed at home best," Mr. Fry said, patting her head. And sententiously added, "And so do I."

Clarissa slapped her hands on the table, and her ponytail flew out. "You'd be too big for my bed!"

Everyone laughed but Bill. Clarissa, swinging on her grandfather's arm, smiled at him. Mrs. Fry went over to the stove.

Bill sat down, and Mr. Fry sat opposite him with his hands on the table. To Bill, his broad, deep, flat fingernails—perfectly self-sufficient, eternal—looked like bright, clean stones.

"How's life treating you?" his father asked.

Bill made a face at the tabletop, grunted, looked up, and saw that no one had been watching for his reply. Frannie was listening to his mother, and his father had eyes only for Clarissa, who now stood with one foot on the bottom rung of her mother's chair and one on the bottom rung of her grandfather's. "Don't do that, Clarissa," Bill said quickly. "They're *not* made to stand on." He remembered how angry his father had always been when things got broken, and for just long enough to be recognized there stood in his mind the possibility that Clarissa might not be a welcome visitor in his father's house.

"On these old chairs it doesn't matter," said his mother from the stove. "You're only young once."

Heartened by this open declaration, Bill looked up at his father again. "I hear Surtex are putting out a par issue one for four," he said.

"Take them," Mr. Fry said quietly.

Without thinking to the end of what he was saying, Bill said, "That'll bring you up to the five-hundred mark, won't it?"

Mr. Fry smiled. "You'll find out about all that when I'm dead."

Frannie said, "It's lovely getting a letter about a par issue. Bill's explained it all to me, and when this one came I opened it and looked up what Surtex were selling for; and, really, we could get rid of the new shares tomorrow for half as much *again* as we're giving!"

"I wouldn't call it giving," Mr. Fry said.

Mrs. Fry came to the table with the teapot. "If I opened his mail, this

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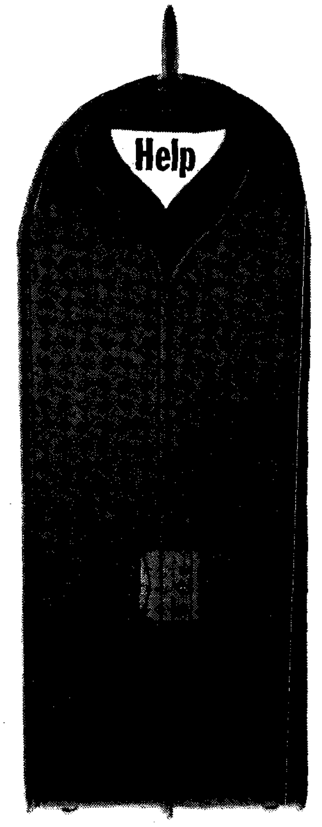

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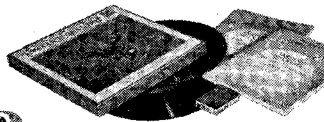

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monster here would bite my head off."

"Oh, it's only if I know it's just business stuff," Frannie said.

"That's all we seem to get."

"How awful!" Frannie exclaimed. Her voice carried such a charge of life that Bill had for an instant a clear vision of his father's dry days, so unlike his own, and instead of being angry he almost felt sorry for him.

Frannie said, "My day's ruined if there's no mail."

Bill laughed. "That says a great deal for marriage, doesn't it?"

Mr. Fry now had Clarissa on his lap. "This says a lot," he replied, nuzzling her head with his chin. Clarissa wriggled under him and reached for a slice of buttered date loaf.

"Eat the date as well as the butter," Bill said, and could not help smiling at the eye-rolling, insincere nods with which she answered him. Like a conspirator, Clarissa smiled back.

For a minute or two, no one spoke. Bill watched Frannie and thought that one look at her beautifully pure skin and eyes should be all anyone needed, to know she was pregnant. Why his mother failed to remark on it with joy he could not imagine.

His father, giving Clarissa a sip of tea, said, "And how's life treating you, Bill?"

After a second, Bill said, "Not often." His mother attended to him this time, and nodded; but then he saw her glance slide off toward Clarissa and her face absolutely fill with light as she asked, "Not too hot for your little tongue?"

Clarissa shook her head. "Give me some more, Grandpa—more, more, more, more!" She acted, because now they were all watching her, and with play desperation she pressed her hands over Mr. Fry's mouth so that he could not drink anything.

"Poor Grandpa!" Frannie said. "Aren't you going to let him have any of his tea at all?"

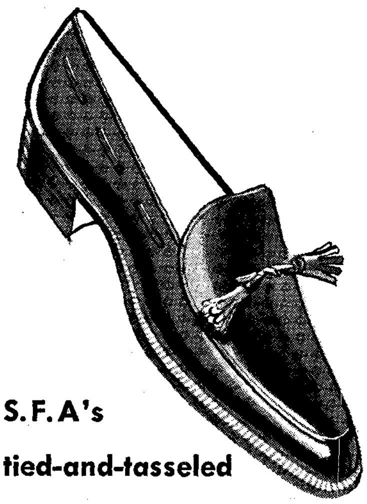
Mrs. Fry put her hand over Frannie's wrist and said in a kindly voice, "How are you feeling now, dear?"

Bill began to wonder, but all Frannie said was, "Like a new woman."

Still warmly holding Frannie's hand, his mother went on, "Bill always liked his tea, too. I could always get round Bill, when he was a boy, with a cup of tea. He was like an old lady with his cup of tea."

"Get round him?" Frannie laughed. "When did you have to get round him, for goodness' sake?"

Mrs. Fry threw her hands in the air. "When did I not!"



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"What's all this?" Bill asked.

His mother only smiled. "We survived it all," she said, and began telling Frannie about a Mrs. Jukes, who had not.

"Ha! Old Jukey!" Mr. Fry exclaimed in an unkind way, and returned to Clarissa.

Bill tried to listen to his mother, but Mrs. Jukes was nothing to him. Survived all what? Who? He began to feel left out of things, and inside him the secret seemed to have grown smaller; he imagined it now as being the size of the baby itself—too small, probably, to be seen. Suddenly he remembered what it was that they had all survived. It was his being the only child—and more a repository for hope than a child, he had often felt; more a well, from which pride and comfort were regularly to be drawn. He remembered the arguments this very kitchen had been noisy with when he had begun not to provide them.

Clarissa, the last to finish, gulped down the dregs of her grandfather's tea, jumped off his lap, and ran out to find something to do in the back yard. While Mrs. Fry and Frannie started washing up, Bill and his father went through to the living room. "The record club sent a Mozart piano concerto this month," Mr. Fry said.

Bill said, "Let's hear it, then."

Halfway through the first movement, Mrs. Fry tiptoed in. Bill sat up with a start when he saw her—she came in so softly—and then immediately and with delight guessed she had come to say that she knew. He felt his ears begin to redden and heat. He pressed his hands over them, gave his shoes a wry grin, and waited. But his mother merely stole over to the magazine rack, took up the top *House & Garden*, turned, and began her silent journey back to the door. Bill looked up in complete astonishment. His mother smiled at him and put her finger to her lips. It was the reverse of what he wanted, and angrily he said the reverse of what he would have liked to say. "If you think you're interrupting, you're perfectly right!" he snapped. His mother did not answer; on her face came a strained, set look in which he read that she had not even heard what he said, but only the irritation in which he had said it.

The door closed behind her, and for a moment Bill felt utterly locked in. He looked up, and saw the orange curtains that had silently strangled and suffocated light for as long as he could remember. From the curtain his eye fled to the familiar brown-stained picture rail, and followed it over two imitation-

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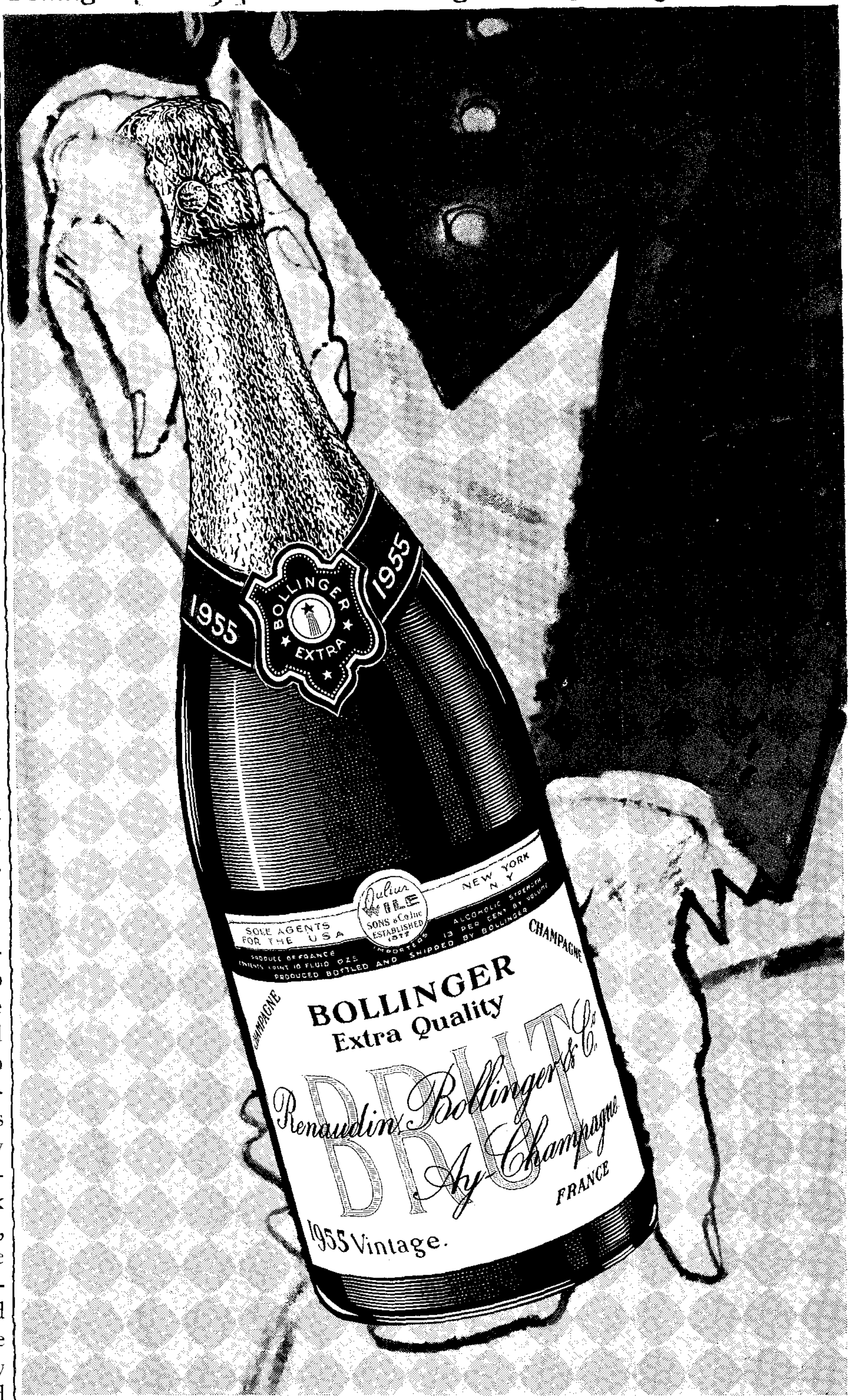

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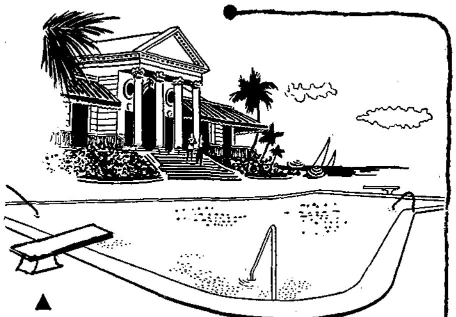

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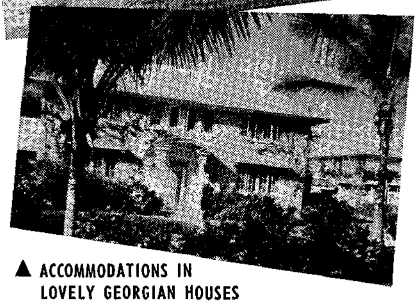

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bronze plaques, to the van Gogh above the mantelpiece, to the Toulouse-Lautrec he himself had given them two years before, to the Paul Nash prints neat in a row. He felt sure, today, that the plaques and pictures were there to hide something. Perhaps his father had a safe behind each one, each safe hiding its contents from the other safes. Everything hidden, everything buttressed. A bullet, even if it penetrated the dark front of the house, could never burrow through the stuffing in the back of the settee.

The first side of the record ended, and his father turned it over in silence. Without looking up again, Bill heard the music through.

FRANNIE and Mrs. Fry were in the back yard when Bill and his father went to join them. Behind the bulk of the house, the lilac and the frangipani were already sinking into an early dusk, and the ladies with them, in the chairs Mr. and Mrs. Fry had filled when the Vauxhall arrived. "We'll have to be getting along pretty soon," Bill announced.

"Oh, no, Daddy!" Clarissa cried. "I want to stay!"

Her exaggerated despair jangled a little in Bill's ears. More to Frannie and his mother than to Clarissa, he said, "It gets cool as soon as the sun starts going down. And if she plays inside, it always ends up with something broken." The words blew from his mouth, and in every one of them he heard his father's voice.

"I'll be good," Clarissa said.

"It isn't so easy," Bill said.

For another few minutes, Bill followed his father round the miniature vegetable garden behind the garage, listening; and then, by the time they came back to the lawn, it really was evening, with smoke in the air and a thin dark veil between earth and the blue zenith. Clarissa, pink-cheeked, stopped jumping when she saw them.

"Is it time, dear?" Frannie asked, pleasantly.

Bill nodded. Mrs. Fry hurried inside to get another *House & Garden* she wanted to lend Frannie, and in three minutes the Vauxhall was backing down the dim driveway. Bill, turning the car in a narrow street, left the waving goodbye to Frannie and Clarissa. "Come back soon!" Clarissa called.

For the first few minutes, no one spoke. Bill was glad, in his black mood, that autumn was a season of the year and early evening a time of day to which silence is sympathetic. On the

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WHITE
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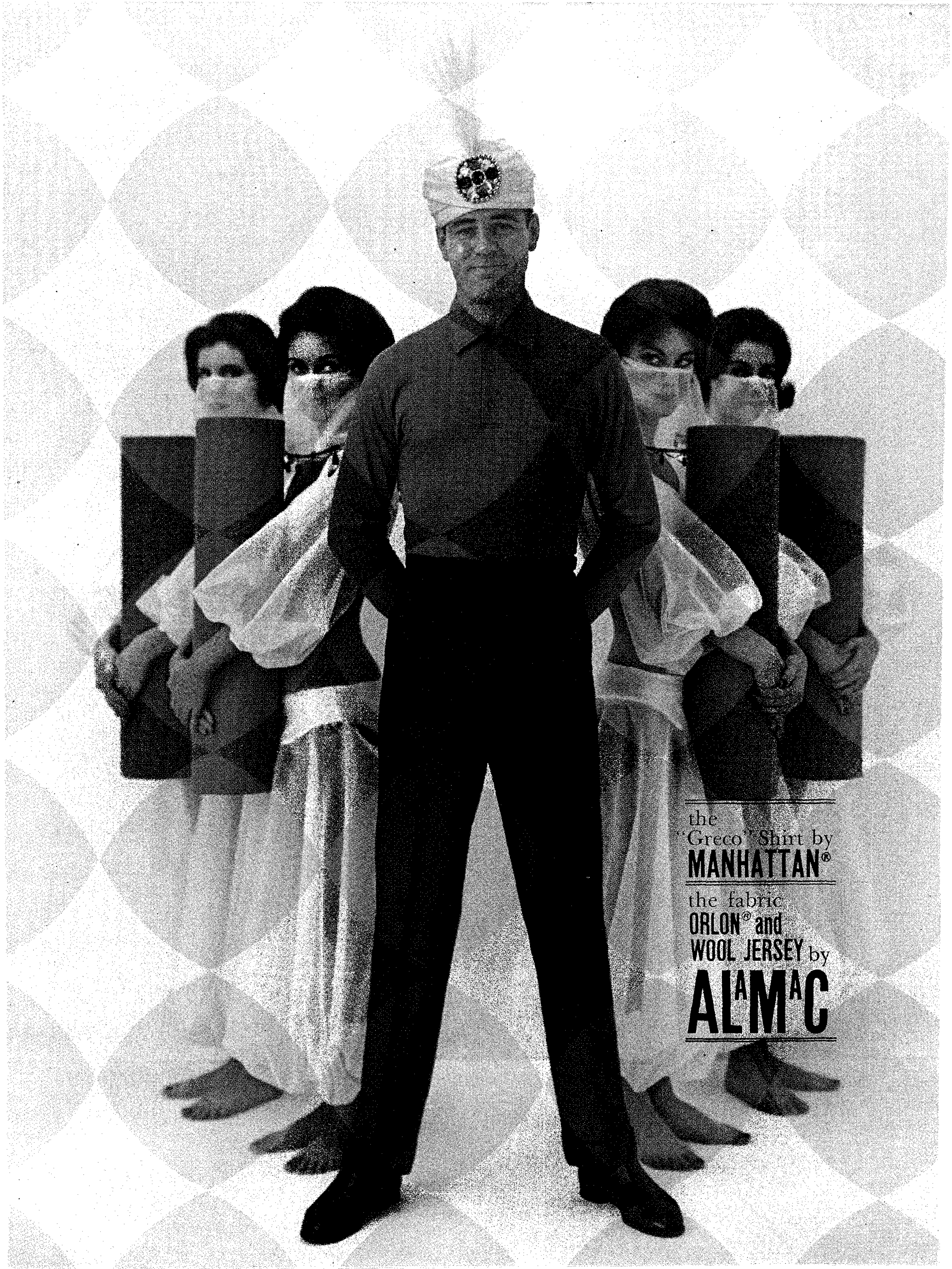
PUERTO RICAN RUM. 80 PROOF. WHITE OR GOLD LABEL. GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y. 22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footpaths, men in cardigans and pipes raked up the leaves of liquidambars and poplars slowly, as if they feared heart attacks. There were lights behind curtains. Soon everyone would be indoors, out of the dark and the cold.

They waited to turn onto the highway. Frannie said, "Your mother didn't actually say anything, but I wouldn't be surprised if she guessed."

Bill felt as if he were in a film and a great inevitable truck had just roared at him out of the dusk. "Why?" he asked quietly.

Frannie tried to see his face, but it was turned to the window. "Oh, just things she said, things she asked me. I think we should ring them up soon."

Bill jerked the car away in first. "Why wouldn't she say anything, if she thinks it?"

"Well, heavens, I don't know, Bill. I didn't think I was supposed to ask her."

"What the hell does she think she's doing, guessing things and not saying so! Is she the keeper of the keys, or some damn thing? Why wouldn't she come out and say it?"

"Don't shout at me, Bill," Frannie said, her own voice rising a little. "She probably didn't say anything because you didn't. You're being quite unreasonable."

Bill was so angry that he took his eyes from the road. "I suppose the truth is that you as good as told her! I suppose that's it, is it?"

Frannie turned away abruptly and looked out her window. No one said a word more. Under the Vauxhall's little shell of a roof, by the time they reached home, they could hardly even see one another.

Clarissa hurried over the dark lawn after Frannie, and without having to be asked sat herself at the kitchen table for supper. She wanted bacon, but Frannie said quietly that there was no time for bacon. So she settled for a glass of milk, a piece of toast with peanut butter on it, and a tiny cold lamb chop left over from lunch. Bill sat in the living room in front of the gas fire, reading the Sunday paper. Clarissa finished her toast in silence, and then said to her mother, who was moving around the kitchen, "There's a boy at school called Billy, and if he's not good I'll come up to him and say, 'Billy Davis, if you're not a good boy you'll have to go home this minute, do you hear? This minute!' "

"Just eat up, dear, and not too much talking," Frannie said.

" 'This minute!' " Clarissa went on,

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staring at a bad boy who lived in her head, raising her eyebrows at him, waving one finger. " 'Just exactly at this very very minute! No sooter, no laner!' " She burst into laughter. "Mummy, do you know what I just said? I was going to say—"

From the living room, Bill shouted, "Clarissa!"

Frannie said, quite calmly, "Just eat up, dear. It's school tomorrow, and you must have a big long sleep." She turned the gas down under the potatoes, said, "You be finished by the time I get back," and went into the living room to the fire. Bill did not look up as she sat in the other chair, with the comics, and Frannie did not speak to him.

When she had finished them, she called out, "Are you ready now, Clarissa?" There was no answer. "Clarissa, are you ready for your bath now?" No answer. Frannie waited, and then said, in a voice clear but not loud, "I'm in no mood for games now—are you ready? Tell me." There was still no answer. Bill lowered his paper, and Frannie, seeing him do it, got up quickly and went back to the kitchen. He heard her make a discontented sound and go through the kitchen into the hall that led to the bedrooms, switching on lights there and in the bathroom, softly calling Clarissa's name.

But in another minute or two she came back into the kitchen; she turned on the outside light and stood at the back door, calling. She went down the steps onto the back lawn, and then right around the house. When she reappeared at the back door, she was still alone.

"Haven't you found her yet, for God's sake!" Bill demanded, made more angry still by the sight of her white, frightened face. Without waiting for a reply, he stood up. "I'll find her," he said. Frannie said nothing, leaning on the corner of the sink, her face turned away.

As he crossed the room, however, his mind surrendered itself, like a thin wall falling, to all that could have happened. She might have gone for a walk, and be lost, or kidnapped, or run over; she might be in a place she could not get out of. She might already be dying. With every light in the house on, he swiftly searched each bright, empty room.

Then there was nothing else for it. He switched on the outside light again and went down the back steps, as Frannie had done before. His knee gave a sort of twitch, and he felt breathless.

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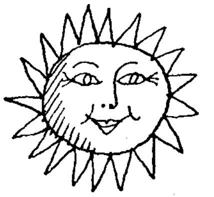

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Frannie stood at the door, watching him. "I'll go and turn the front light on," she said.

Bill looked up at her and, doing so, saw—cuddled in the corner between the steps and the back terrace, smiling brightly through the branches of a small oleander—Clarissa.

His heart shuddered as the world righted itself again. When he had breath, he said, curtly, "Come out here at once."

"I found a good place, Daddy," Clarissa said; and, holding her chop bone in one hand, she bent down to creep out under the branches.

As soon as she reached the edge of the lawn, Bill hit her on the shoulder. "What do you think you're doing?" he shouted. "Hiding! Playing games! When you were told to hurry up because it was nearly time for bed! What do you think you're doing?" He had knocked the bone out of her hand, and as she bent down to pick it up she burst into tears. He hit her again. She slipped over on the grass. "You're a naughty girl!" he shouted, and with one hand in her armpit he pulled her to her feet. "A very naughty girl!"

In the light, then, he saw her pale shocked face for the first time. He pushed her away from him, up the steps toward Frannie. "Go in with your mother and stay with her," he said.

He followed them inside and stood in the kitchen while Clarissa was led into the bathroom. "I just wanted him to come and find me!" she wailed. He went back to the fire and picked up his paper again.

His pounding heart worked to repair the damage rage and shame had done. He couldn't read; he could hardly even focus clearly. He sat back, closing his eyes against the light. But after a moment the lonely echoing darkness was more than he could bear, and he opened them again. There was peace in neither light nor dark. He heard Frannie come into the room and sit in the other chair, but he did not look at her. She didn't speak.

In a minute he stood and went back through the kitchen into the hall. He thought Clarissa could probably hear him, but to make sure she knew who it was, he coughed at her door as he pushed it open. There was no sound from the bed. He stepped over next to it and sat down on the edge. "Are you still awake, Clarissa?" he whispered.

She didn't answer.

He stroked her hair. With the tip of his finger he slowly and lightly outlined her ear, and slid from the lobe to the

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corner of her jaw, down to her chin, and to the hollow under her bottom lip. There he let his finger rest a minute. He knew from her breathing that she was still awake. He leaned forward and put his forehead on the pillow next to her. "I'm sorry I was angry, Clarissa," he whispered. There was no sound. "Mummy and I were frightened, little bird. We didn't know *where* you were." Saying it, he was so flooded with love that he began to lose the sense of his own location, of the conjunction of parts of his body. "I know it was just a sort of trick—but you're our only lovely little bird, and if anything happened to you I don't know what we would do." With a quick grateful movement he put his arm around her and squeezed her. "I don't know what we would do," he whispered again.

For a minute he lay there next to her in the darkness, imagining her small roundness, all her miniature perfections. Then he kissed her soft cheek and whispered good night.

He waited at the door of her silent room to gather himself for the journey back. He tried to lift his head as he entered the living room and sat down again, but it made only a passable show, and he didn't feel ready yet to look at Frannie. He shut his eyes.

Clarissa called out, "Can I get up?"

Frannie looked at Bill.

Clarissa called out again, "Can I get up, just for a minute?"

Bill nodded. Frannie went over and switched on the hall light. "Yes, come on—just for a minute. Daddy says you can get up for just a minute."

Clarissa came into the room with her hands behind her back, squinting against the light. "Come over near the fire," Bill said. "You mustn't get cold."

Frannie sat down again and Clarissa stood facing them both. "Hold out your hands," she said. "And shut your eyes."

They did as they were told. Bill smiled as something was pressed into his hand and small fingers closed his fingers down over it.

"Open your eyes," she said.

They opened their eyes. Bill wanted just to look at her, but obediently he looked at what was in his hand. It was a tiny red-and-white plastic charm that had broken from a bracelet a girl at school had given her on her fifth birthday. Frannie had a pencil sharpener.

"What are these for?" Bill asked.

"They're prizes."

Bill looked with wonder at her serene face. "Thank you very much. What are they prizes for?"

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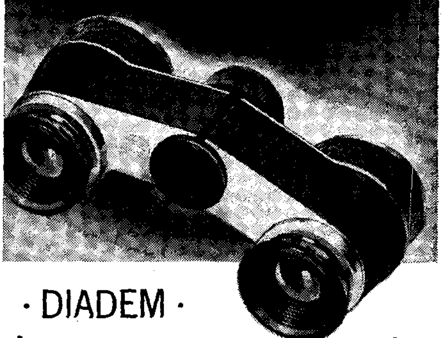

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"For you and Mummy," Clarissa said. "I'm going to give you prizes often now."

Light came from behind her, fuzzing the edges of her nightgown and her hair, and from above, falling evenly on her even face. And from her face, it seemed to Bill, light fell—as if the charm were a magic one, after all—into his very soul. There was nothing hidden in her.

BILL fixed the little charm onto his key chain straightaway, to Clarissa's great delight; and after she was safely tucked back into bed again, all the way driving down to his parents he thought he could see it hanging there in the dim light of the dash, and even hear the new, soft sound it made when it touched the metal. And it ran through his mind that every child is a chance, a new hope, a new possibility for goodness. For everything else, too, of course. But what else matters? Goodness is our treasure.

He knocked on the kitchen door, went in without waiting for their reply, and said to his mother, who was sitting there sewing, with a very surprised look on her face, "I didn't tell you this afternoon that we're going to have another baby. We haven't even told Clarissa yet."

His mother said "Bless you!" and came round and hugged him. His father said that if they were triplets Bill might be able to sell them to a cereal firm for advertising purposes. But he wasn't serious.

—PETER SHRUBB

•

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like the thorax
of an old grasshopper—
braced between three
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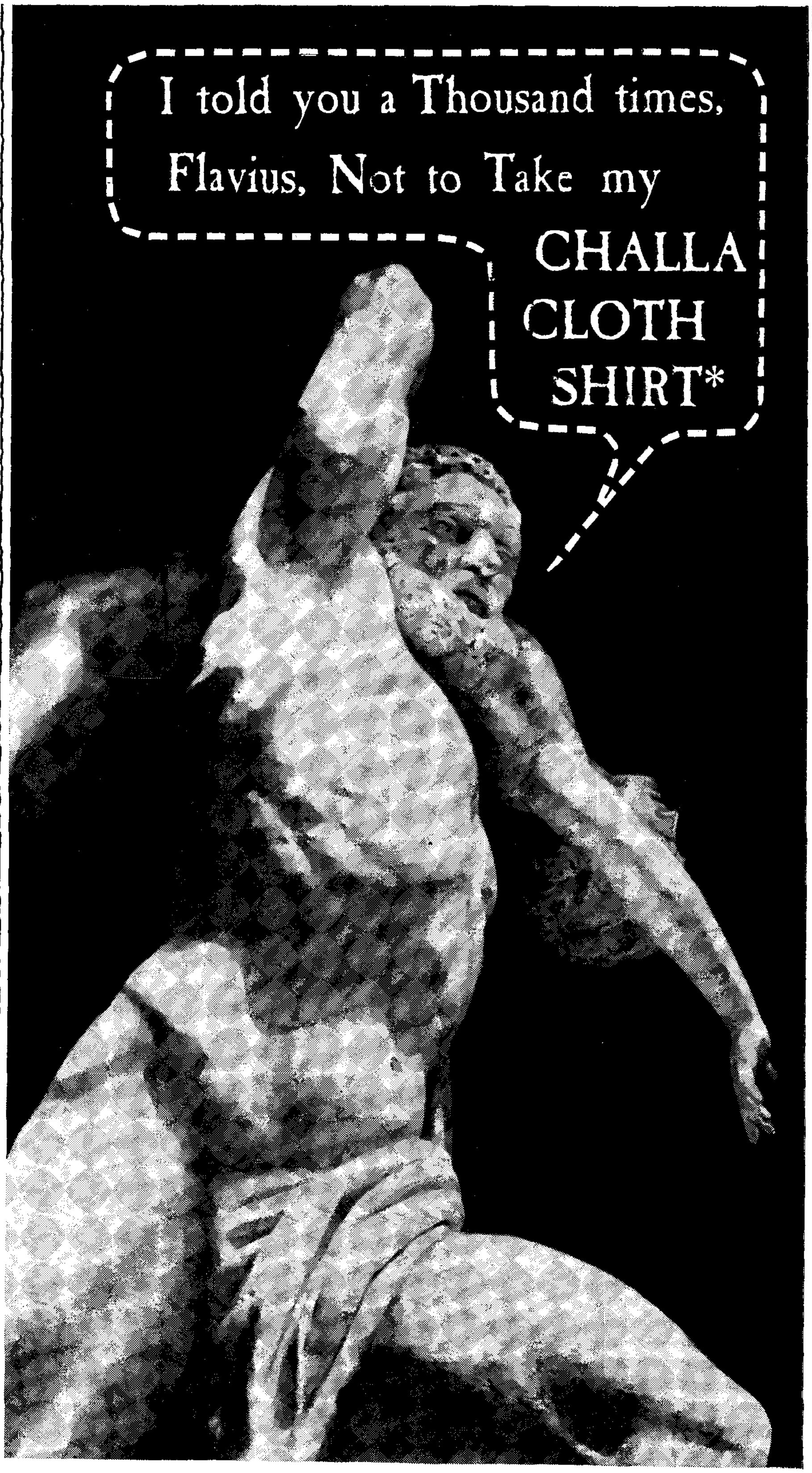
iron (like elegancies
of logical thought)
and culminating—the rod,
the slender wand of spiral
copper weathered pistachio-pale—
in a crown, a star
of five radiating thorns
honed fine on the fine-grained
grinding blue wheel of sky:
flared fingers, a torch,
a gesture, crying,
"I dare you!"

—JOHN UPDIKE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AN UNCLE IN JOS

I FIRST met Modupe, not long ago, at a party in Lagos, Nigeria. The room was crowded, but I noticed her at once; Modupe would always be noticed. Not only was she anything but retiring; she was also remarkably pretty, with a firm black skin, and she dressed well, in a style that was identifiably neither European nor African. It turned out that she was a fashion designer, and that she had studied her art in Europe. She was usually in the company of John, a young white American businessman of Lagos, whom I knew, and it was he who told me about Modupe and the boxing matches. Shortly before, the festivities for the Independence—as the occasion signified by the lowering of the British flag and the raising of the flag of the Federation of Nigeria was known—had brought throngs of visitors to the capital, many of them from other West African countries, and especially from Ghana. Since Ghana had been proudly independent for some time, its citizens came over in large numbers to observe how the Nigerians would put on *their* independence party. Ghanaians, like Nigerians, are crazy about sports, and most of those who showed up in Lagos found the international athletic contests that were part of the Independence at least as interesting as anything else on the program. One of these events was an evening of boxing matches between Ghanaians and Nigerians, for which John had bought tickets. His party at the sports stadium was a sizable one. Not only was he squiring Modupe, as usual, but also with him were his young sister Mary and a friend of hers named Sally. The girls had just finished college in the States, and were seeing the world by easy stages, with a long stopover in Lagos. They were completely enchanted with Nigeria, and sometimes wore local dress, though their hair—Mary's being bright red and Sally's blond—looked a bit incongruous above the gay printed Lagos cottons. A couple of men from John's office were Sally's and Mary's escorts that evening at the fights. Sitting in the same row as John and his companions was a group of Ghanaians, who had come to cheer their national contestants. It just happened that Modupe sat nearest the Ghanaians, and, as it turned out, this was unfortunate. Very soon after the bouts got under way, it became painfully apparent to the Nigerian spectators that the Ghanaians were outboxing the local boys. As one decision for Ghana followed another, the jubilation of the claque of visitors in John's row became more and more unrestrained. Nobody in John's party except Modupe knew just what the Ghanaians were saying, though the sentiments were unmistakable. Modupe claimed later that they were insulting Nigeria in general and her in particular. She reported that she had tried to remonstrate with the youth at her side, but this had only made him more offensive than ever. John and the others in the party were too intent on the ring to notice exactly what was going on. By the time John became aware that something was up, his high-spirited girl had pulled off her shoe—a fashionable flat—and smacked the neighboring Ghanaian with it, right across the face. Things then became confused. The other Ghanaians in the row rallied to the support of their friend, John's party reacted in self-defense, and in the middle of everything somebody—probably the manager of the stadium—called the police. John managed to get his group out of the place before blood could be shed, and—perhaps more important—before the police could arrest anybody. He had to hold Modupe's arms firmly at her sides, and at that she struggled and shouted every step of the way out. "She was a leopard," he told me later, half rueful, half admiring.

So it was with lively interest that I became a passenger on a long auto trip through the interior of Nigeria with Modupe and the two young ladies from the States, our principal destination to be a city named Jos in the north-central part of the country. The journey was John's idea, but he himself was not going. There was his business, of course, and then perhaps he felt he needed a rest after all of his rushing around with the three girls. The original plan had been to send them off in John's car with John's driver at the wheel, but then the driver quit, and John asked me to go along instead. Now, I am neither a man nor a mechanic, but John thought I might be of some use as a kind of chaperon and counsellor in time of crisis. Without sharing his faith in my wisdom, I accepted the invitation. I assumed that John knew what he was doing in committing his beloved car, a medium-sized German model, to the roads of the interior. After we came back, I found out that practically all his driving in Nigeria had been done near the coast.

On the appointed day, we all rose very early to prepare for a dawn start. "Modupe's got an uncle in Jos—a prosperous electrical engineer, I gather—and she says you can all stay with him," John said as he produced a road map and showed it to me. "Here's the itinerary we've planned. You'll go north bearing east the first day and spend the night in Bida; I've telephoned the government resthouse there to save you a couple of double rooms. As you can see, you'll still be somewhat south of the middle of Nigeria, but we count only this thickly settled band in the forested region near the coast as the south. The minute you cross the Niger, you're in the north—in Moslem country. Modupe says one notices the difference immediately. For one thing, instead of chiefs, there are emirs."

I asked if Modupe was a northerner herself, and John replied, "In a way, she is. She's not a Moslem, of course, but she's a member of the Efik tribe—the

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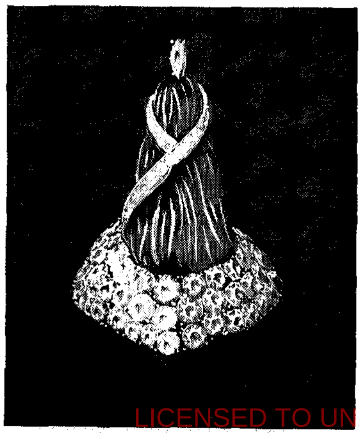

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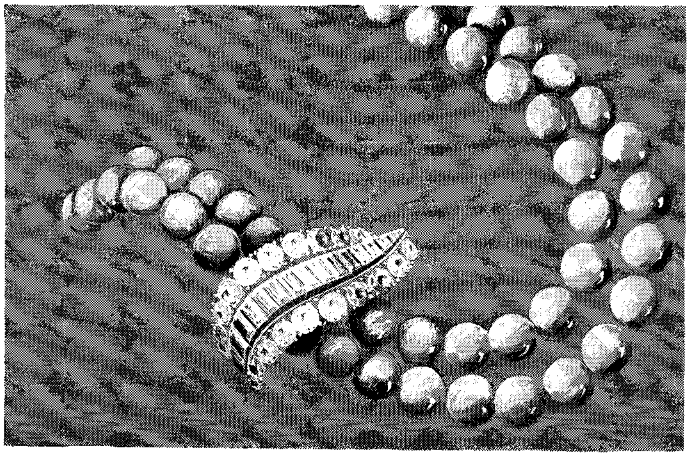
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famous traders of the Eastern Region. Used to be slave traders. Modupe was born here on the coast, near the slave port of Calabar. But a branch of the family went north a long time ago, and her uncle in Jos is a member of that branch. As a youngster, Modupe lived with him and his wife for some years, and while she was there she learned to speak Hausa, the chief language of the north, which will help you in getting around. I figure you can make Jos by the second night, following this road that makes a kind of loop around the north through Kaduna. Once you get there, you'll probably spend several days making side trips from the uncle's house. After that, you come back south along the eastern side, by way of Enugu. You'll like Enugu. I was there myself for a couple of years. It's a fine place, and from there it will be an easy drive back to Lagos. I certainly envy you this trip."

I had been measuring on the map. "It's nearly four hundred miles to Bida, and as much again to Jos," I said. "I suppose the roads . . ."

"Bound to be all right," said John blithely. "In Nigeria, people cover long distances in a day's driving. You'll have a fine time. Mary and Sally are good drivers. They've just gone all over Europe together in a car—well, all over France, anyway—and Modupe has a learner's license." He looked out the window into the blue dawnlight of Lagos. In the street below, the car stood packed and ready. Out in the kitchen, the three girls were drinking a last cup of coffee. John went on, "You ought to have a wonderful time; I only wish I could go. By the way, Modupe may prove to be a little bit officious from time to time, but don't let that bother you. Just be patient and you'll be able to handle her. Anyway, do the best you can, and good luck."

It was in a somewhat thoughtful mood that I set out with my three companions along the paved road to Ibadan, a hundred miles to the north. Mary, who had the first turn at the wheel, was thoughtful, too. She had to be, for John's was a gearshift car, and she now disclosed that neither she nor Sally had ever driven one before their recent visit to France. Moreover, Mary had to remain exceedingly alert to protect us from the Nigerian truck drivers, who, even at that early hour, were abroad in large numbers, and who unnerved us all by their disconcerting habit of driving while well outside their cabs, much in the manner of old-

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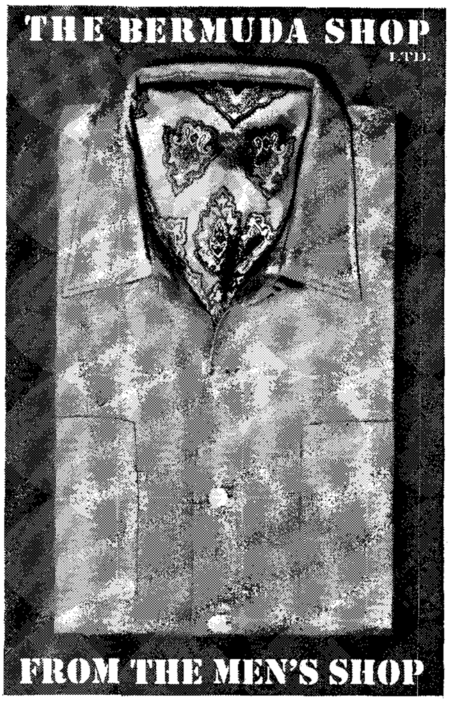

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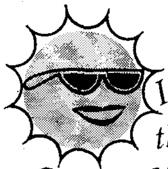

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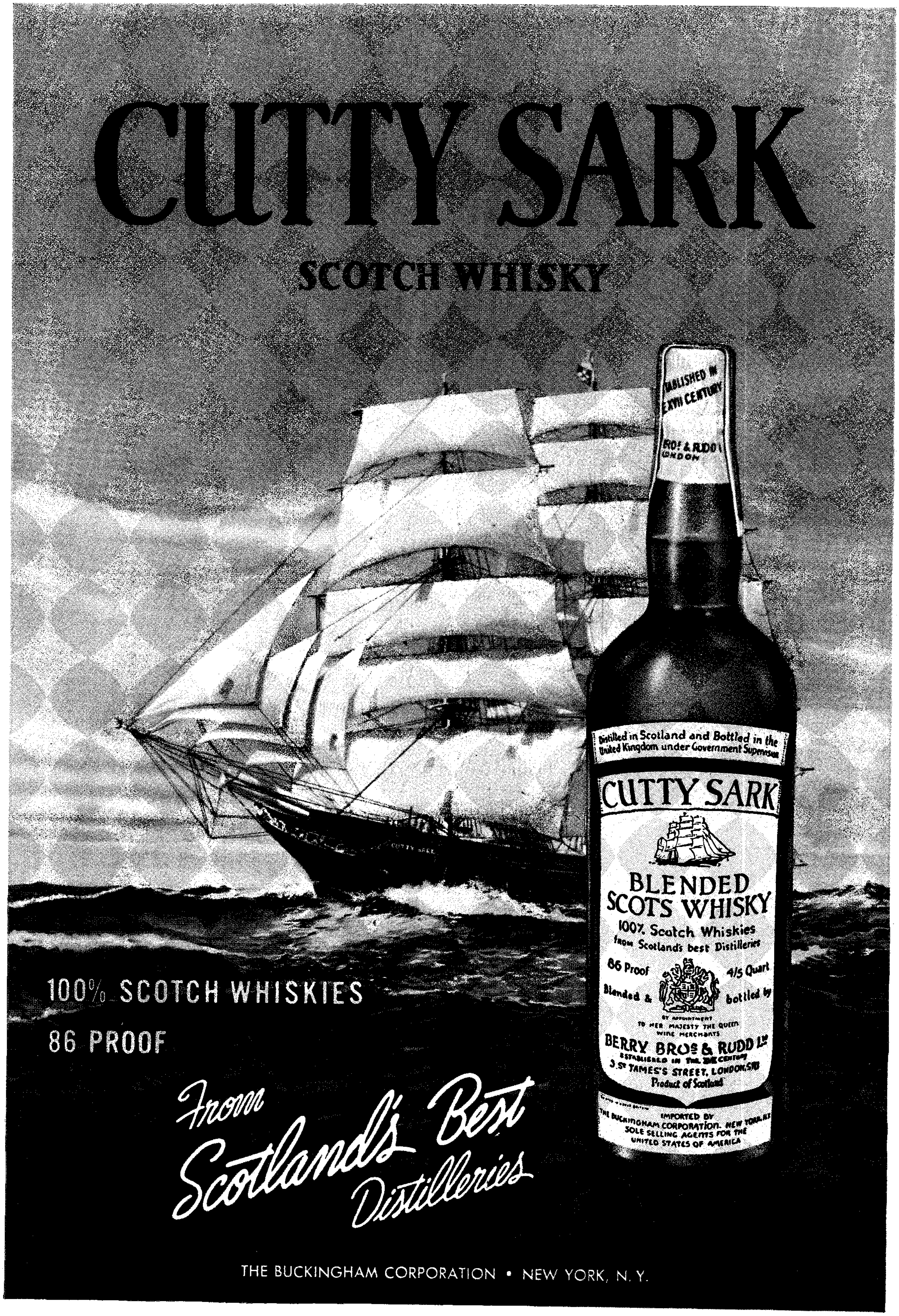
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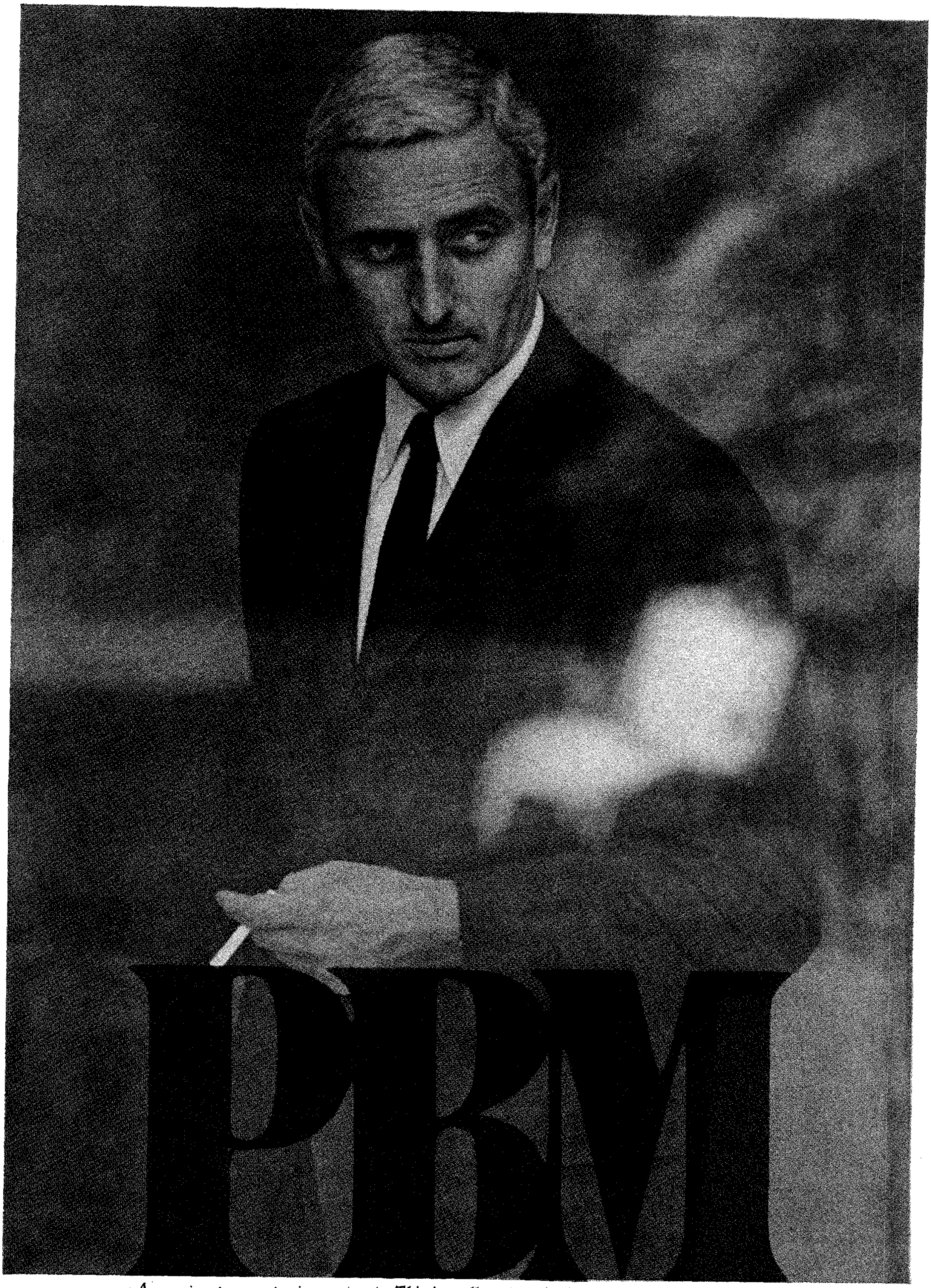

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time locomotive engineers. The driver would get his truck under way, then hop out on the running board and let her rip, keeping one hand on the steering wheel, and hop back inside only when emergency loomed. Though we passed several fresh, still smoking wrecks en route, we were still unnicked when, at ten o'clock, we reached Ibadan.

Beyond Ibadan, traffic was a great deal lighter, but the highway was no longer paved, and now it developed that neither Mary nor Sally had had much experience with unsurfaced roads. We had been climbing gradually from the lush swamplands of the coast through dry forest, and now we were crossing intensively cultivated land, though the fields were mostly hidden behind high hedges. A monkey scampered across the road ahead of us, and Sally provoked Modupe's scorn by exclaiming that we were now really in the jungle. We had brought along a snack lunch, and at noon we stopped to eat it, standing around outside the car and chewing fast. We didn't have time to sit down and make a picnic of it, even if there hadn't been ants. (In the days ahead, we grew less and less demanding about meals when we were on the road, and contented ourselves with eating bits of cheese, and cookies, and bananas in this standup fashion. Whenever we made such a stop, even on a totally deserted-looking stretch of road, a crowd of local residents would quickly collect about us. "Go away!" Modupe would shout at them wrathfully. "You never see people chop before?") Driving on again, we soon hit a road that was worse than any I'd ever encountered—a road that proved to me once and for all that John couldn't possibly have known what he was letting his car in for. On this ravaged thoroughfare—where, over and over again, it was a question of getting from one hummock to another without breaking the springs and without gouging out the car's belly by veering into one of the deep ditches on either side—it was Modupe, learner's license or no, who managed best. Even when a heavy rainstorm began, and turned the road into pure grease, Modupe managed. Our way was rendered all the more trying by Nigeria's road-mending authorities, who had put material ready to hand for repairs in case they could ever afford the labor to make those repairs. The material was almost *too* ready to hand, having been left right on the roadbed—little hills of red clay called laterite, piled one after another for mile after mile, that reduced the highway to half

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its normal width. Some of the heaps had been there so long that they had sprouted whiskers of foliage, and occasionally one was even crowned with a flourishing sapling. On the infrequent occasions when we met a vehicle travelling in the opposite direction, we had to creep in between two hillocks of laterite to get out of the way.

We lost our muffler in no time, and afterward the car sounded like a speedboat. We soon got used to that, but it was more disturbing when the handle of the thing one signals turns with, having been loosened by constant jiggling, fell off with a loud rattle. I don't know just when the rear shock absorbers gave way; we didn't realize they had until days later, when a mechanic in a garage in Jos told us so. The storm passed over at last, and the road became slightly less excruciating. We had a banana all round, and cheered up.

"We're getting to much more open country. Do you notice that?" said Modupe. "It's easier driving in the north, because Hausa people have more road sense. If you hoot your horn at a Hausa on a bicycle, he doesn't just keep going as if he didn't hear you, like those Yorubas in the south. He drives straight off the road and into the bush. There's one now. I'll show you." She sounded the horn, and, sure enough, a white-robed figure pedalling ahead of us instantly swung his bicycle into the grass at the side of the road. He waved as we went by; Nigerians are great ones for waving at cars. A little farther on, we passed a number of men all in white, with white Moslem caps. After the variegated cotton garments and colorful headgear of the south, the costume stood out conspicuously.

"Why do they all wear white?" Mary asked.

"Because that is what Moslems wear," Modupe replied.

"Doesn't it take a lot of washing?"

"Oh, yes, they are always having their clothes washed."

"Doesn't it cost rather a lot, to buy all that white cloth?"

"Yes."

"Can they afford it?"

"Probably not."

"Then why do they do it?"

"Because white is what Moslems wear."

Fortunately, this discussion was interrupted—by the sudden appearance of a sleek blue limousine, bearing down on us from up ahead. Pennants flying, horn hooting, a chauffeur in a pale-blue uniform at the wheel, it sent us precipi-

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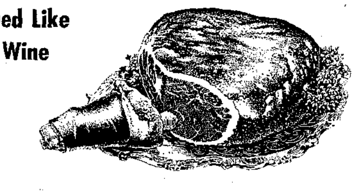

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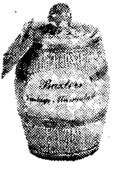

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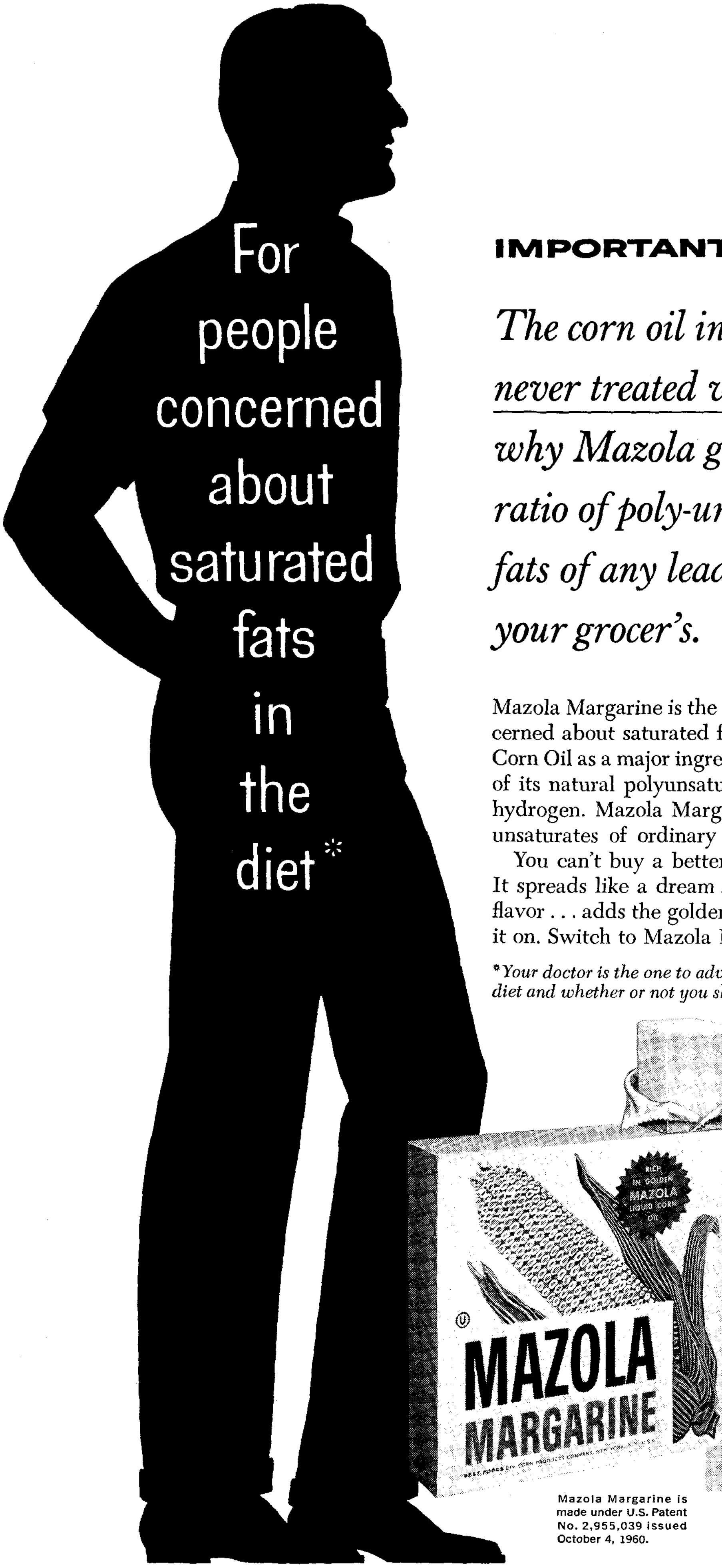
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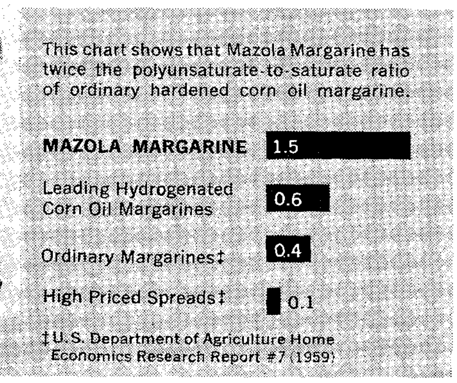

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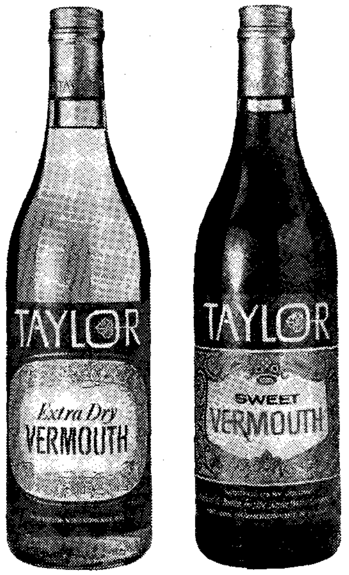

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tately into the bush. Peering into the tonneau of the limousine, we caught a glimpse of a round gauzy turban, a black face, and yards of gold cloth. Modupe stared after the limousine's dust cloud and said, "Some emir in a hurry."

"He'll be in a ditch if he isn't careful," said Sally. "He nearly forced us into one. What if we'd really smashed up, dodging him? Would he have stopped to help?"

"Would he have taken us home with him while our car was being repaired?" Mary asked. There was a wistful note in her voice.

"Of course he'd have stopped to help, and he'd have been absolutely charming," Modupe replied warmly. "Emirs are *always* charming. They've got to be," she added. "They don't get to be emirs if they aren't. An unpopular emir usually meets with an accident out hunting, or something like that. I'm a Christian, as it happens, but I do like these Fulani. I admit it."

She was speaking of the ruling class of northern Nigeria. The Fulani are a separate race of Moslems, and their origin is something of a mystery, though there are plenty of theories; one has it that their forefathers were a tribe of Jews who fled to North Africa in Biblical times and moved southward over many centuries, intermarrying as they went, and ultimately embracing Islam. There are two categories of Fulani: one composed of the Moslem emirs and nobles, whose grandparents conquered the northern Nigerian tribes, and the other made up of their followers, a pastoral, and generally pagan, people who herd a special breed of cattle, many of which are white. These animals, also known as Fulani, have wide-spreading horns, and, on their backs, humps like those of their Asian counterparts, the Brahman cattle of India. We saw a lot of these beasts as we moved north.

Mary asked if Modupe wanted a respite from driving, and Modupe stopped the car and slid over in the front seat to let her take over the wheel. Mary's mind was still on the blue limousine. "Do you think we'll be able to really meet an emir, and see his palace, and all that?" she asked as she suddenly let out the clutch pedal and the car lurched forward.

"Perhaps," Modupe said. "Sometimes an emir will even invite a woman visitor to see his harem and meet his wives." She hesitated, and then went on, "When I was at school in Jos, there were quite a few Moslem girls in my classes at first. But when they reached

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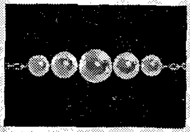

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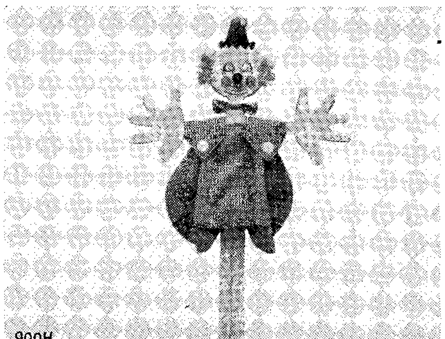

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a certain age they were taken out and sent to a school of their own."

"What do they learn at that school—the Moslem girls?" Mary asked.

"Something to do with housekeeping, I suppose," Modupe replied. "Not too much, but a little. How to make cakes and sweets—that sort of thing. And they're trained to kneel down on the floor when their husbands come into the room, and when to look down and when to look up. You know—good manners. Of course, once a girl marries a noble, unless he's exceptionally liberal, nobody on the outside ever sees her again—only her husband and his other wives."

"Why?" Mary asked.

"Because that's the way they live. Look out for that lorry, Mary! Turn out a little. Better go into second."

"Why can't they see anybody on the outside?" Mary asked.

"Because that's the way Moslems are. Better go into second again, dear."

Obediently, Mary went into second, but I had the impression that she pushed the gearshift a little more violently than was necessary.

"We're coming to a town," said Modupe. The announcement was hardly necessary, but at least the outskirts of the town, Jebba, were interesting enough in appearance to divert the bristling occupants of the front seat. Jebba itself lay just across the Niger River from us, and, seen from that distance, it looked more like a village—a colony of round mud houses, like beehives, surrounded by a chunky yellow adobe wall, on whose surface, here and there, the sun struck a spark from what were apparently fragments of mica. We topped a steep rise, passed a sort of lookout tower, and found ourselves on a bridge over the wide, meandering Niger. The bridge drew a frightened squeak from Mary, who pointed out that its roadway was nothing more than a railroad track with planks laid over the crossties. "We're on the wrong bridge!" she cried. "This is for trains!"

"No, it's for cars, too," Modupe assured her. "Drive ahead, Mary. You mustn't stop now."

"But I can't! What if we meet a train coming the other way?"

"The man in the tower wouldn't have let us start if a train were coming. Go on, Mary. But better shift gears."

Muttering, Mary shifted gears, and we made it.

Beyond Jebba, we encountered another interminable file of laterite hillocks. Bouncing and swaying, we drove on and on toward the north. Mary

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(see page 183)

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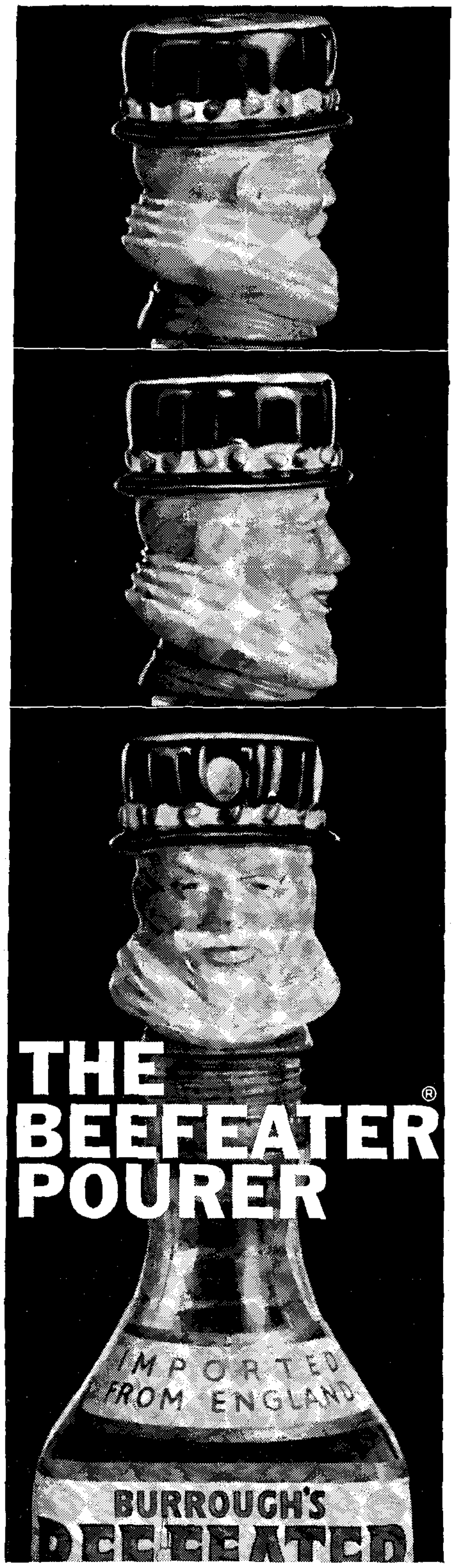

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yielded the driver's seat to Sally and still Modupe, now in the back seat, proffered advice and issued commands. The sun dropped lower, the world grew hotter, and the land was almost stark desert.

We had to cross the Kaduna River on a ferry—a groaning, protesting raft. Sally might have got aboard it successfully without Modupe's advice, but nobody will ever know. After the crossing, the road became more atrocious than ever—a bone-shaking washboard without end, but through clanking teeth we talked cheerfully of dinner and baths at the resthouse, for we had begun to pass signs informing us that we were now nearing Bida.

THE resthouses in Nigeria may well be the world's original motels—agglomerations of dwellings built around a central reception hall and dining room, and differing from American tourist havens mainly in that these accommodations, far from being compact cubicles, are amply proportioned structures known as chalets, designed in the spacious era of imperialism, with lots of waste space in each. These days, Nigerian resthouses are almost invariably full, not because the populace has suddenly been seized with an insatiable appetite for travel but, rather, because of an influx of specialists from abroad—representatives of U.N. agencies, for the most part, sent here to see what they can do about problems of agriculture, agronomy, pisciculture, sleeping sickness, and what you will.

The Bida resthouse was, in fact, full, and no rooms had been reserved for us. At least, that was what the ancient servant in charge told us when—sweaty, dust-covered, and tired out—we walked into the reception hall, and he proved it by showing us a blackboard hanging on the wall. On it was a numbered list of the chalets, each followed by a space for the name of its occupant, and every space was already chalked in with the clerk's version of the guests' identities. "Dr. Bowell and Fish," I read, and "Alhaji J.," and "Mr. Roon and wife."

The reception hall was a standard one, containing a few tables set for dinner, complete with patiently waiting flies; some easy chairs; and two or three side tables covered with very old magazines. Two white men, who looked like U.N. technicians, were sitting there, immersed in mimeographed sheets and pretending not to notice that we were in distress. Modupe argued in Hausa with the old servant, and told him that our rooms had been reserved by telephone

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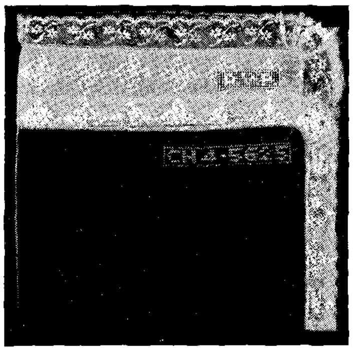

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from Lagos. Although the servant looked ready to cry, he said he couldn't do anything about our problem. Finally, an African woman, who turned out to be the manageress, came in and took over. She was wearing southern-style clothes, and spoke English.

"Telephone message? We didn't get it," she said. "It's a shame. You'll have to sleep in our extra chalet, I'm afraid, and it's terribly bush." (In West Africa, "bush" is a favorite synonym for "primitive.") She got a lantern—it was growing quite dark—and led us, with a couple of servant boys in attendance, across a field and up to a thatched house standing in a grove of trees. Crossing the veranda, I nearly stepped on a good-sized frog.

"Be careful of that frog," I said to Sally, who was next to me. "Yes—and there's another. And there's still another!"

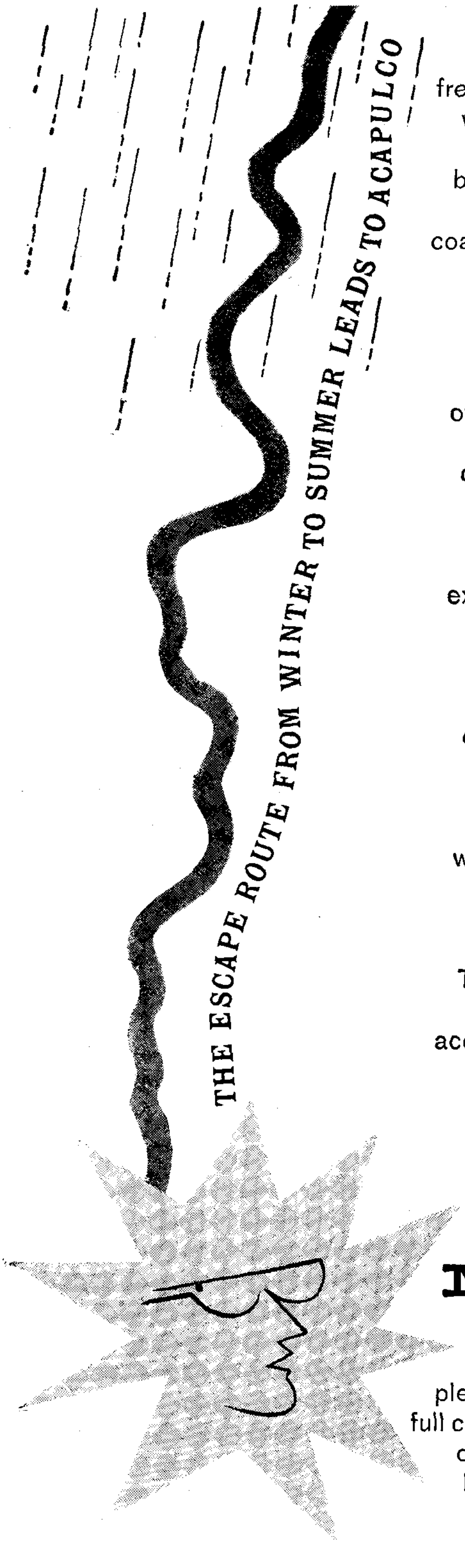
One of the boys was holding the lantern while the manageress struggled with a rusty padlock on the door. At last, the door swung open, and we crowded up behind her for a look at the interior. It looked quite all right at first glance, with decent beds and, over them, regulation mosquito nets. Then our guide screamed. The floor seemed to rise up a little and move toward us in a wave. Thousands of frogs were hopping over to get a look at us. She slammed the door shut. "You can't stay there," she said. "Where ever did they come from?"

The servant boys insisted that they could sweep the frogs out in no time at all, but the woman shook her head.

"I think we could manage," I said, with no great conviction. "Once we get into bed, with the mosquito nets down . . ."

Modupe took charge of the situation. "We will go back to the reception

SANDWICHES
folsom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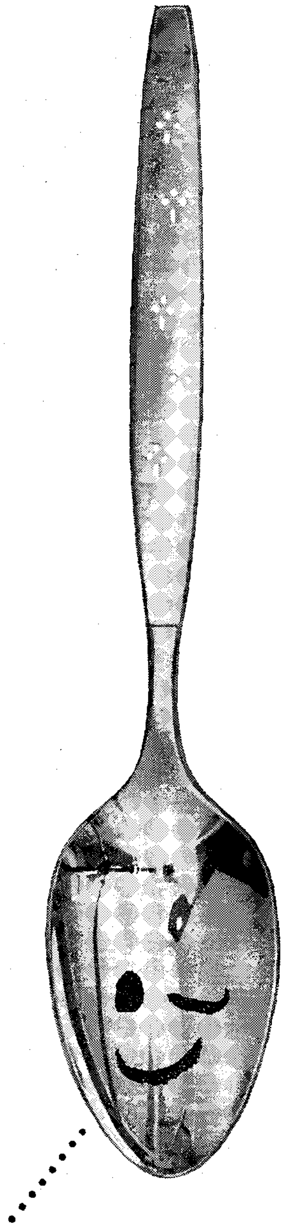
P.S. in Mexico City, the place to stay is the Reforma
(see page 181)



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hall and telephone to the District Officer," she said, unequivocally.

And that is what we did. The District Officer, a good-looking young Moslem, opened up the former British Residency for us, and dug out some army cots and bedding. Modupe inspected all the corners, not for frogs but for snakes, and spent a long time testing the locks on the doors.

"Burglars?" I asked curiously, watching her give our shuttered windows a careful shake. We were sharing a room, lighted by a candle.

"You've got to be careful," Modupe replied. "We're out in the bush, you know. I don't take chances."

We hung our things on an ancient clotheshorse, and got into our beds. After Modupe had blown out the candle, I felt as if I were wrapped in black velvet. The voices of frogs resounded triumphantly from the chalet, not far away in the woods.

NEXT morning, we spent far too much time in a village near Bida. In one of the beehivelike huts there, half a dozen craftsmen were squatting around a pile of glowing charcoal embers in the middle of the floor, cooking bits of old glass bottles and assorted crockery into glass beads, much as if they were toasting marshmallows over a campfire, except that an assistant worked a bellows to sustain the heat. One of the beadmakers would select a shard of brown whiskey bottle or clear gin decanter or dark-blue milk-of-magnesia jar, put it on the end of a long metal rod, and hold it in the flame until it became a molten red globule. Then he would add a dash of white British Railways teacup, say, and heat it again, and after that he would plunge it into a vat of cold water and slip it off the rod—a perfect bead. Some of the beads were round, like marbles; others were long and thin, like wampum. A string of either cost from a little more than a shilling to a little more than two shillings—roughly, from twenty to thirty-five cents. We stayed in the hut almost two hours, and came out gasping for air, jangling discordantly, and all but mobbed by battling bead-sellers hoping to make yet another sale; each of us had invested all of three dollars in necklaces and matching bracelets. It was true that we could have bought the same stuff in Lagos, but, as we told each other, think of the saving! In Lagos, one of our twenty-five-cent necklaces might easily have cost forty cents.

What with all this, it was ten o'clock before we set out for Jos. Modupe's

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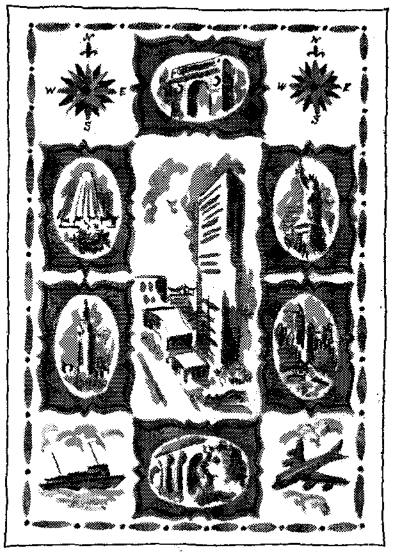

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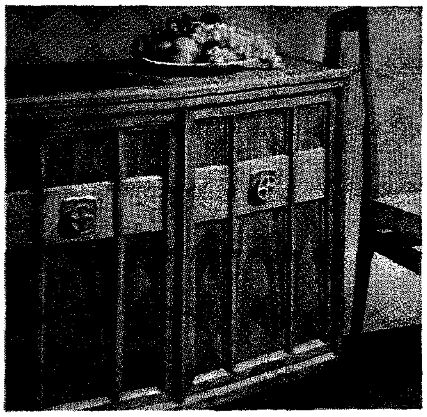

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authoritarian instinct seemed to assert itself now with every revolution of the wheels. "Over to the side, Sally. . . . Hold the thermos straight, Mary. . . . Sally, you'd better slow down for this curve." The girls took it quietly, but their expressions were tense.

"Let's see if we can buy some bananas along the road," Mary said.

"We'll wait to buy bananas until we come to a town with a market place," Modupe decreed.

"But I'd like a banana now," Mary said.

Modupe ignored her. "Take the left turn," she ordered Sally.

"The sign says straight ahead," Sally said, and kept going straight ahead.

Late in the afternoon, we drove through the city of Kaduna, pausing only for gas. Even that brief rest was welcome, for we were shaken and wobbly. Darkness fell, and still we pushed on. "We'd better not tell John that we did most of this drive by night," Sally said, the third time we nearly crashed into a truck running without tail-lights. It was nearly midnight when we at last got to Jos, a community with a population of around forty thousand.

"I expect your uncle's gone to bed, Modupe," Mary said as we trundled into town, but Modupe was sure he had not. As a matter of fact, he wasn't even home from work yet. His wife met us at the door with the news that Uncle was working late on some electrical-engineering project in a neighboring town. We filed into the house and sat around in the large living room, with its polished floor and plenty of matching furniture, drinking tea with Auntie, a plump, soft-spoken matron wearing a head scarf and a European dress. Her daughter Margery—a young schoolteacher—came in, wearing a dressing gown, and blinked at us sleepily. A small boy peeked in at the door, giggled, and withdrew—a grandchild, Auntie said, up for a visit from the south.

"Your uncle should have been home early this evening," Auntie told Modupe. "He may turn up any time. I never know what to expect when he's out on a job, especially if there's no telephone handy. When he's on something, he won't stop until it's finished."

"The hardest-working man in the world," Modupe assured us fondly. "He takes care of just everybody. As if all his own children weren't enough responsibility, he practically brought me up, too, and my brothers, after my daddy died."

Auntie yawned, and I remarked that

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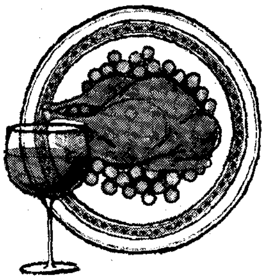
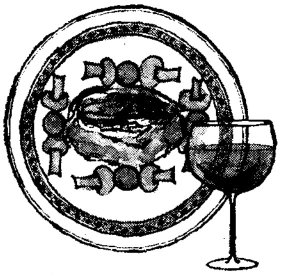


And you want steak (mignon filet)



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the electric clock on the mantel showed a depressingly late hour, if it was right.

"Oh, Uncle wouldn't have it there if it didn't keep perfect time," Modupe said quickly. She spoke in a respectful tone that I had not heard her use before. I began to feel a certain awe of Uncle, and I was glad that I would have a night's rest before meeting this redoubtable man.

I was given a room to myself at the back of the house, with a window looking out on a courtyard, dim in the starlight. I went to bed. Far off, a dog barked, and an electric fan, which Auntie had insisted that I leave on, sent a timid breeze through the mosquito net enveloping me. During the night, I dreamed that a big car drove noisily through the room and out again. It had a deep, commanding voice. Even after the car had disappeared, I heard the voice, and then heavy footsteps down the passage. When I woke up in the morning, I realized that Uncle must have come home.

I TOOK my time about getting up, in the hope that Mary and Sally might wake and join me before I had to face the head of the house. It was a foolish hope; the girls rarely woke until they were called. Still, I lingered in my room, peering out at the courtyard, a spacious one, with two or three covered trucks standing in it, a row of houses bordering the side opposite me, and a shed that may have been a workshop near a gateway leading to the next street. Across the street was a stretch of empty bush, and beyond that was an adobe village. Off against the skyline rose a flattish rocky ridge. The ridge was probably at least a mile away, but the air was so clear that I could easily make out a phalanx of strange, jagged boulders massed against its flanks. Along the street came a man with a small beard, dressed all in snowy white. Then, from the opposite direction, another white-clad figure approached, and the two of them made a series of queer little bows, and touched hands in greeting. It was a pale day, and the weather was much cooler than it had been the day before.

"Good morning!"

The commanding voice I had heard in my dreams rang through the hall outside my door. Inexplicably quaking, I emerged to greet Uncle. I had expected a giant. Instead, I saw a rather diminutive figure, clad in a blue dressing gown. He smiled infectiously, showing excellent teeth, and said, "You must excuse my costume. I slept late this

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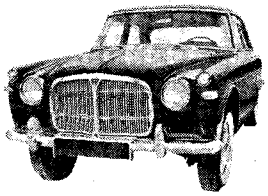

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morning, because I didn't get in until two o'clock. And you must also excuse my not being here to welcome my guests. Modupe will be out in a minute. I had to wake that lazy girl up. And where are your friends?"

At that moment they appeared, all agog to meet Uncle. We accepted his invitation to have a cup of tea in the living room.

"But we can't take too long about it," he warned us. "We'll be starting for church at ten-forty-five."

"Church?" I echoed blankly.

Uncle laughed merrily. "You've lost track of the days, driving," he said. "It's Sunday."

He left no doubt that there was nothing more to be said. Docilely, we women got ready for church, and then had breakfast with Uncle, while other members of the household kept walking back and forth through the dining room—Auntie, Margery, the little boy, a servant named Titus, and a tall, gaunt, handsome, bass-voiced woman known as Mama Sunday. In all the time I stayed in Jos, I never figured out who Mama Sunday was, exactly. I seldom heard her say anything but "Welcome"—a conventional expression of greeting in Nigeria, like our "Hello."

After breakfast, it was still too early for church, so we all assembled in the living room, where Uncle turned on the short-wave radio for the B.B.C. news. The radio—a big, splendid, black-and-chromium machine from Germany—vied with Uncle for the domination of the room. Titus, meanwhile, was polishing the floor, and when the news ended, Uncle leaned over to inspect the job. "You've missed this place, and this," he said severely. Modupe, dressed for church, sat on the sofa and watched him, her eyes shining with admiration. She herself had had very little to say since the appearance of Uncle. We had found her soft spot.

At last, we set out for church in two cars, both of them belonging to Uncle, who had sternly decreed that ours—or John's—must not be used again until it had had an overhauling at the local garage. The church, on the other side of town, was a Methodist one, and it was filled to capacity. The choir stalls were occupied by young people, from shrill-voiced toddlers to deep-throated adolescents; a shaky old man presided over a shaky old melodeon. Uncle seemed to know everybody in the congregation; as we pushed our way up the aisle, he paused repeatedly to shake hands and introduce his niece and her friends. We were too many to sit together, so Uncle

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distributed us here and there; I landed in a front pew, near the choir, jammed in between Mama Sunday and a woman more than plump enough to make up for Mama Sunday's lack of padding. Craning my neck, I could see Mary and Sally, halfway back, squeezed in with the only other white woman in the church, a sandy-haired girl who was later introduced to me as the wife of the Englishman who preached the sermon that day. He wasn't a full-time minister but a veterinarian from a nearby experimental farm who had had the call. He was one of three parsons conducting the service, which was repeated by the other two in Ibo and Yoruba. It was a long stretch of church for me, out of training as I was, but the force of Uncle's personality was such that it never occurred to me to make a break for freedom. The rest of the congregation enjoyed it, anyway—every minute of it.

Sitting there, I became quite gloomy, imagining what the rest of the day would probably be like, but it turned out that I had misjudged Uncle, for no sooner was church over than he revealed a tremendous willingness to relax. After finishing his after-service chats—moving happily from group to group on the church lawn, where ladies were opening their parasols and gentlemen were taking off their hats to bow to friends—he had one car take Auntie, Mama Sunday, Margery, and his grandson home, and the other car carry the rest of us to Uncle's club. This was a big room with a little bar at the far end, and a couple of Uncle's cronies were seated at a table midway between it and the door. We had a drink or two with them, while they carried on about what a power Uncle was in the town—president of the lodge, special delegate to Lagos during the Independence, and so on. Then Uncle and his friends moved off to talk among themselves, and Modupe, over a Cuba Libre, added to his lustre. "You ought to see Uncle when he's on a job," she said. "He's perfectly wonderful. There isn't anything he doesn't know about electricity. One day while I was living here, he was called in to fix something that had gone wrong in a factory, and Auntie and I went along to watch. He walked into the room—machinery everywhere, and nothing moving—and he took one look and knew just what to do. He gave orders to everybody." Modupe sighed, like one enjoying a particularly blissful memory. "He had them all running around. He'd say, 'Turn that,' or 'Put oil on that,' or 'Unscrew that.' Finally,

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he said, 'Now throw the switch,' and they did, and everything began working again. Oh, he's a genius!"

I had assumed that we would go back to the house after leaving the club, but we didn't; we moved on to the smartest hotel in town, where the proprietor met us at the door with a great show of pleasure and respect. Uncle was lingering behind, talking with still more friends, so we four women walked in and ordered drinks. Just after we had been served, the waitress brought up a bottle of beer, plunked it down on the table in front of Mary, and, with a genial wave of her hand, indicated a morose young Nigerian, dressed in black and yellow, who was sitting alone at the table next to ours. He hung his head shyly as we turned to look at him.

Mary started to protest to the waitress, but Modupe cut her short, saying, "You can't send it back. It would offend him."

Just then, Uncle arrived, with the proprietor at his elbow, and issued a new command: We were moving on to another bar not far away. The two men turned and marched out of the room, signalling to us to follow.

Mary looked at her bottle of beer in perplexity, and said, "I'll give it back to him, shall I?"

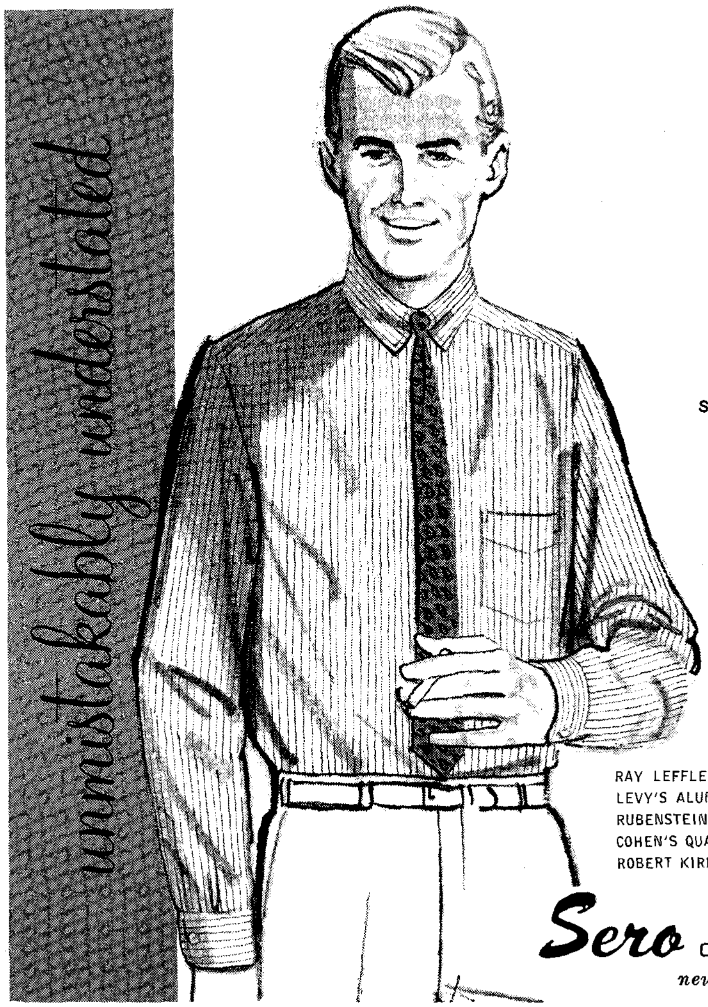
"Do," I said.

Mary carried the bottle over to the man in black and yellow and put it down in front of him, explaining that she was grateful, but she didn't have time to drink it. He made a gesture of resignation, and looked gloomier than ever.

"Oh dear! Now you *have* hurt his feelings!" said Modupe, quite in her old manner. And, to me, "That was *wrong!*"

Guiltily, we scuttled out.

Back home at last, we found Auntie struggling with the Sunday dinner. She was fixing yam foo-foo, which is always a slow business. African yams are not at all like the sweet-potatoish roots called yams in the United States; rather, they are huge, stringy tubers as much as two feet long and almost as wide. To be rendered edible, they must be not only cooked but pounded over and over, until they lose their fibrous quality and become a homogeneous mass of sticky white. Good yam foo-foo looks like mashed potato, but one mouthful of it destroys the illusion, for it is much more cohesive—just short of rubbery. One doesn't serve foo-foo by itself; it is always accompanied by a soup or a stew—the latter of chicken cooked with home-ground peanut butter, of chicken and greens with palm oil, or anything else



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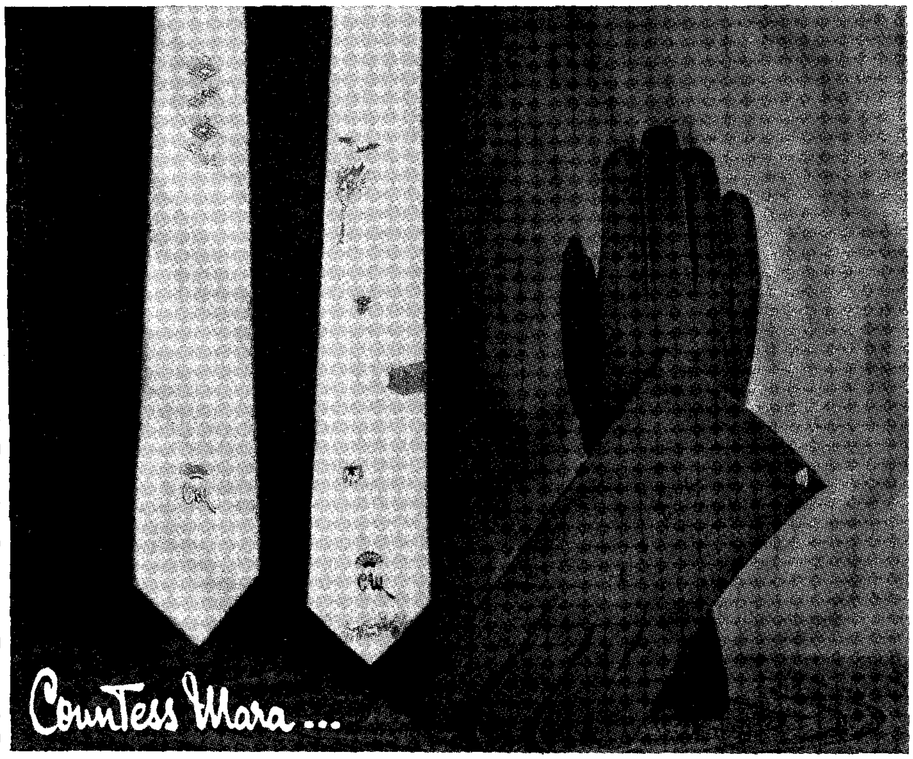

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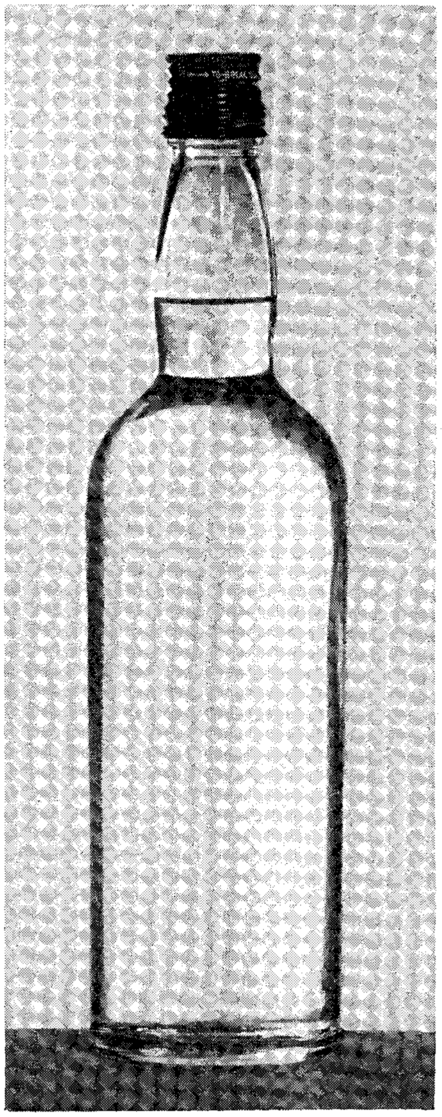

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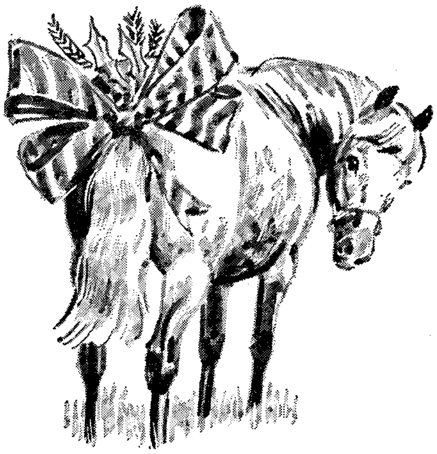
the cook happens to have on hand. The true connoisseur of foo-foo wrenches a glob of the stuff from the main mass with his right hand, swishes it around in the soup or stew, raises the whole dripping mess to his mouth, and—this is pretty tricky—swallows it without chewing. But in Nigeria these are changing times even at the dining table, and a lot of people now use spoons and forks to eat their foo-foo, with a consequent diminution in the size of the mouthful to be swallowed. Uncle and Auntie were of this persuasion.

Uncle was in conversational good form that afternoon, and told us several stories of foreign businessmen who had thought they could get the better of him by being highhanded, and had failed. "I've often slapped a man right across the face," Uncle said, and I believed it. We had music, from a record-player concealed in the radio cabinet. The player was only one of I don't know how many wonders concealed in that cabinet. Once, while Uncle was out of the room, I wanted to modulate the sound a bit, and was jabbing experimentally at various buttons when, suddenly, the top of the cabinet opened—spilling a vase of flowers Auntie had put there—to reveal a tape recorder.

After dinner, a few people dropped in and sat around without saying very much. The least talkative of all was Mama Sunday, and presently she stood up and said, in her deep voice, "I am going now." She went, all right, but an hour or so later she came back and said, "Welcome." Auntie told us the next morning that during her absence Mama Sunday had drunk five bottles of stout.

THE next day, Uncle was not busy. He said he would take us sightseeing, and ordered one of his drivers to bring around one of the cars. Our destination was to be the town of Bauchi, eighty miles to the northeast, where the Prime Minister, Alhaji Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, once went to school. The road from Jos led along a rock-strewn plain, between flat-topped mountains of volcanic origin that looked as if they had been put down squarely on the surface of a table. Actually, they were in most cases just the shells of mountains, held together by the crusty remains of ancient lava; here and there this coating had crumbled away, and the fragments lay about, strangely shaped and heaped up. Our road took us around the side of one piece of rock



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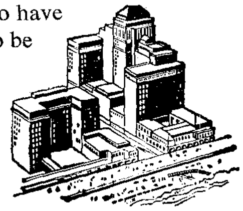

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in the form of a giant sphere teetering on a perilously small base. Every once in a while, we passed herds of Fulani cattle and their white-clad attendants, who were carrying long staves.

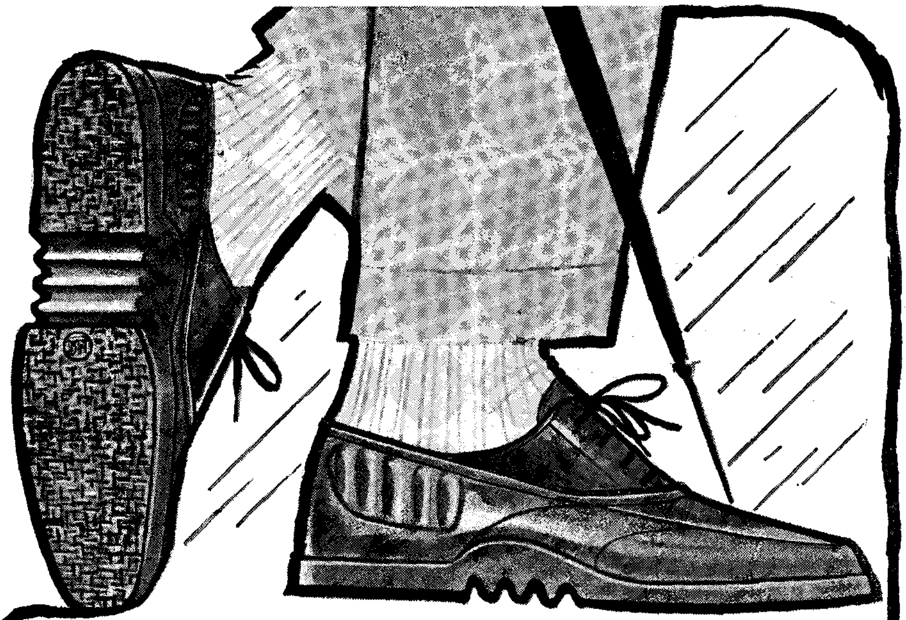
At a filling station on the outskirts of Bauchi, Uncle spied an acquaintance, and the car was stopped so that he could get out and chat. While our driver stayed in the car, the rest of us also got out to stretch our legs. We were standing around, kicking our heels, when a shining dark limousine rolled up and stopped at the pump. Three men alighted, turbaned and wearing splendid garments. Mary exclaimed in admiration, and Modupe whispered, "They're from the local Emir's household."

The gorgeous gentlemen, in turn, evinced a certain interest in us; as always, the color of my American companions' hair seemed to fascinate them. Uncle's friend introduced us, and all five men went into a huddle. Presently, the three fashion plates climbed back into the dark limousine, where Uncle, after ordering us into his car and instructing his driver to follow, joined them, and we set off down the road toward the middle of town. There both cars came to a halt in front of an imposing arched adobe gate guarded by two men in striking medieval uniforms. We all got out and entered a small courtyard, where one of the Emir's men asked Uncle to sign a guest book.

The three elegant gentlemen then led the way into a large chamber, and, speaking in Hausa, described this and that aspect of it to Modupe. "This is part of the Emir's palace—a very, very old building," she told us, interpreting. "The room we're standing in was built two hundred years ago, and that's really old for Nigeria. The Fulani didn't get here until then, and nobody before them could have built such arches. Until they came, the people only had little bush huts."

We moved on, through a passageway and a cloisterlike enclosure, into a complex of buildings, which, though made of adobe, were elaborately constructed, with arches supporting high ceilings. Sally asked Modupe how the emirs were able to maintain their hereditary prestige in what was now a democratic country.

"Well," Modupe replied, "it's a little complicated until you get used to it. You see, the federal power in Nigeria is held by Prime Minister Abubakar and the M.P.s in Lagos. But there are also three regional governments. Here in



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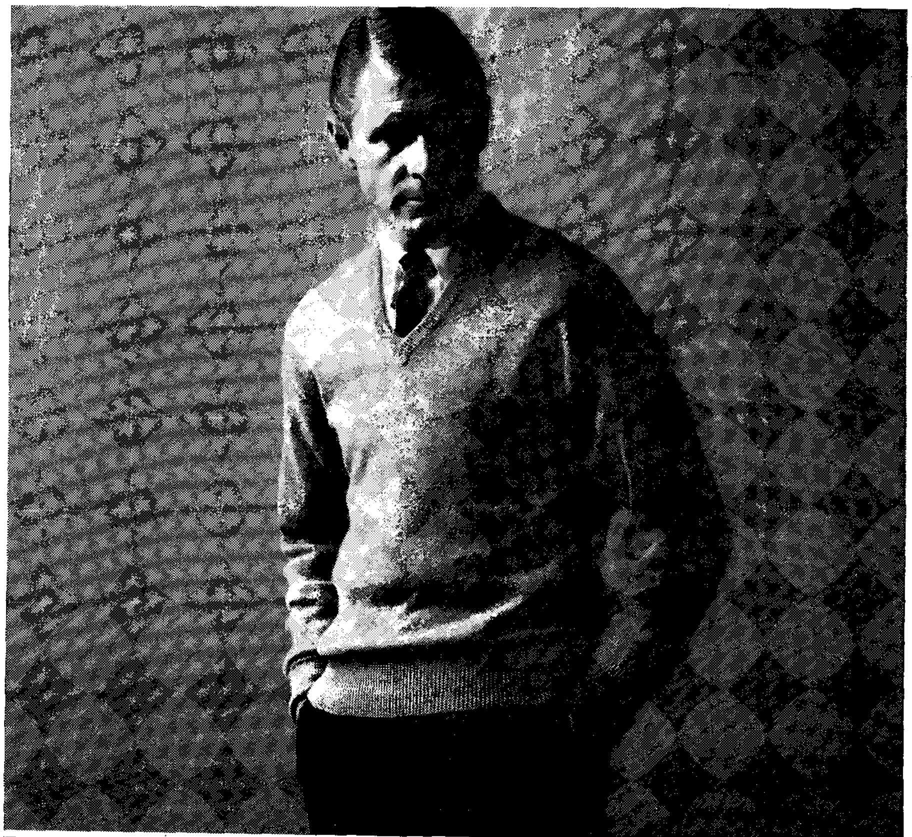

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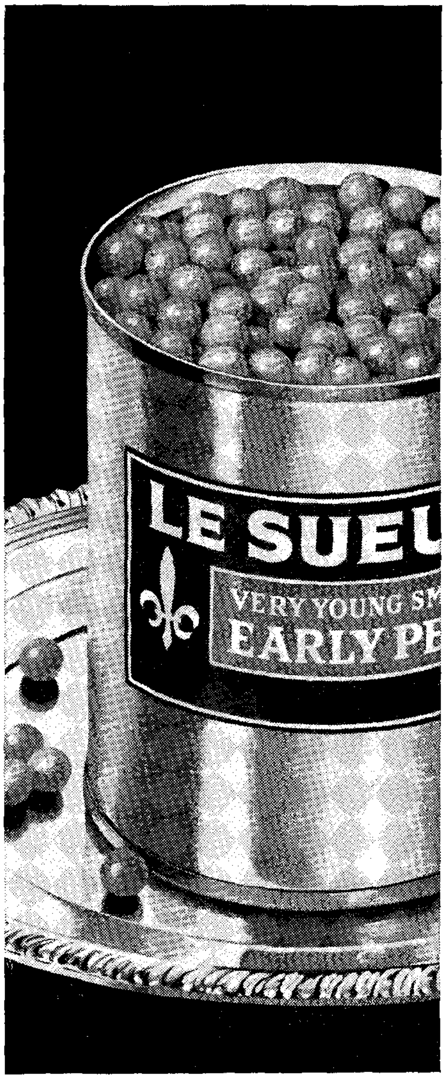

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the Northern Region, the Sultan of Sokoto is the most important hereditary figure, while the Sardauna of Sokoto is not only the second most important religious personage but also the Premier. The emirs answer to the Sardauna, and the people obey the emirs. It's the emirs' job, for instance, to see to it that enough taxes are collected to take care of roads."

"Well, they certainly haven't done that," Mary said.

"I warned you that it was a complicated subject," said Modupe.

We had passed through a doorway screened by hanging strings of beads into a large, handsome room. A band of servants lugged in a lovely big carpet, which they spread on the floor, and then three ornate chairs, which they arranged in a row, and five nondescript chairs, which they set in a facing row. After beckoning us into the undistinguished chairs, our trio of guides sat down cross-legged on the floor near us. A regal-looking figure could be seen approaching an entrance opposite the one with the bead curtain. The three courtiers prostrated themselves in reverence, and, following Uncle's example, we rose. His Highness the Emir walked in, with a swinging stride, skirts swishing, prayer beads in hand, and two attendants behind him. A tall man, whose turban made him seem even taller, he was bearded, and could have been either middle-aged or old. His gown was of heavy silk brocade. When he had seated himself—in the middle one of the three fancy chairs, naturally—the three men on the floor unprostrated themselves, and we all sat down. Tea followed, along with a little polite conversation. The Emir addressed himself solely to Modupe, in Hausa.

After a while, the Emir stood up, and, at his command, we obediently bobbed up, too. He led us through passageways and small empty rooms, and at last stopped in a chamber beyond which, one of our three guides explained, smiling, only the ladies could continue with His Highness.

"The harem!" exclaimed Mary.

"Sh-h-h!" said Modupe.

If we expected to enter some opulent, silken suite—and I believe that most of us did—we were quickly disillusioned. Down a wooden staircase—like the back-porch steps of the house in St. Louis where I lived as a child—we followed our host, into a courtyard filled with little one-room adobe huts and surrounded by a high fence of woven reeds. Outside some of the huts, old women were tending pots that hung over fires, and a few children played nearby. I heard

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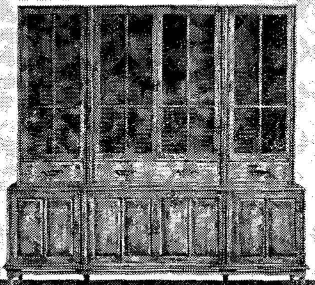

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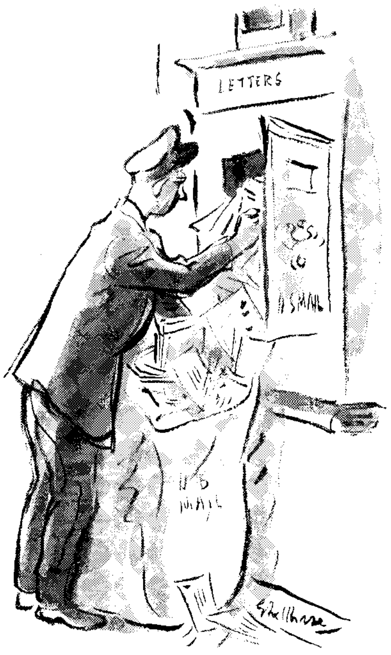
the sound of somebody pounding meal. Opposite the staircase we had come down was a clapboard house, painted white, and His Highness told us that this was where he lived. He then led us through the cluster of huts and around a corner to a wide, very short avenue flanked by four modern stone bungalows, two on each side and all exactly alike.

His Highness spoke, and Modupe interpreted: "One house for each of the wives." His Highness smiled, acknowledging that he was a just man who showed no favoritism. Gathering up his skirts, he went to the door of one of the bungalows and called a command; two young women emerged, touched hands with each of us, and sank to their knees. They were unveiled, and were dressed in the conventional Nigerian costume, but with identical print blouses, skirts, and head kerchiefs. There wasn't much difference between the women themselves, for that matter. Both were extremely pretty, with round faces and light-brown skin; both were shy, tending to fix their eyes on the ground; and both giggled very easily.

His Highness spoke again. "They are his newer wives—the younger ones," Modupe interpreted. "The other two are in his own house, cooking his lunch. I think we'd better go."

We rejoined Uncle and our guides, and the Emir suggested that before we leave, we all see his horses, and we went outdoors again, this time heading for a group of outdoor stalls with thatched roofs, arranged, like the spokes of a wheel, around a central column. The horses were Arab horses and very beautiful. While the Emir was showing



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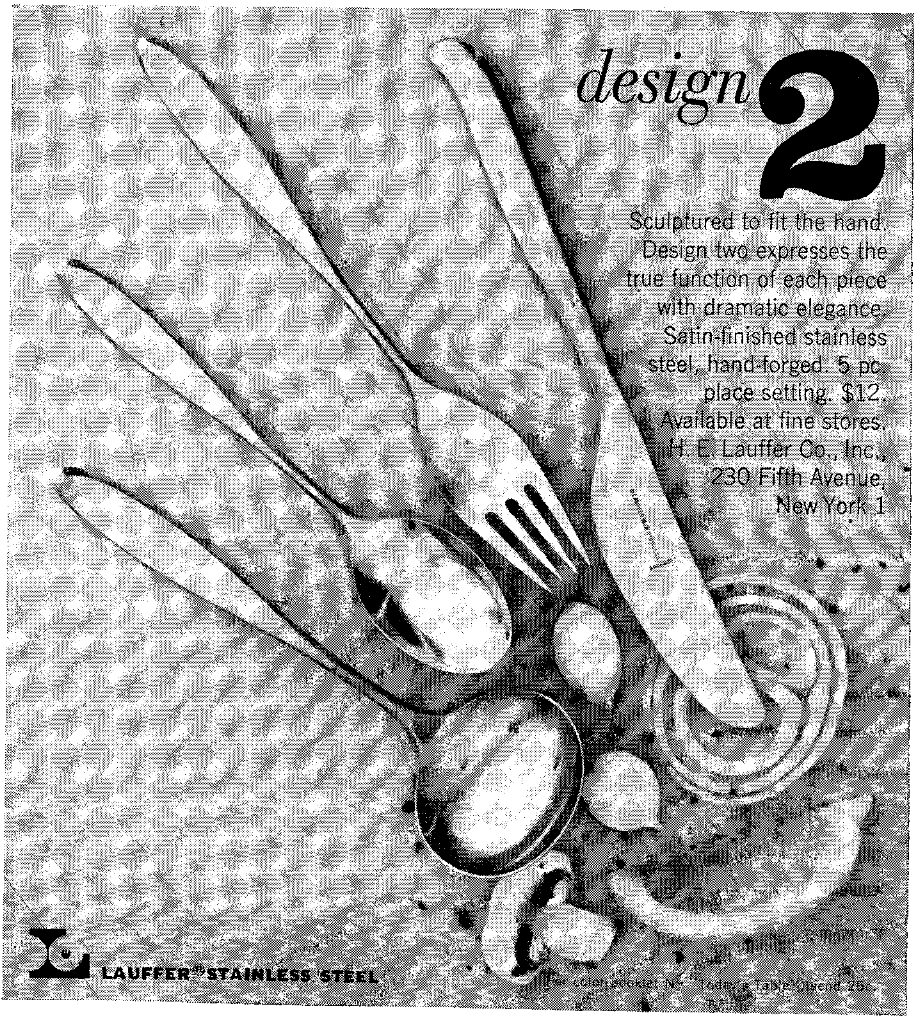
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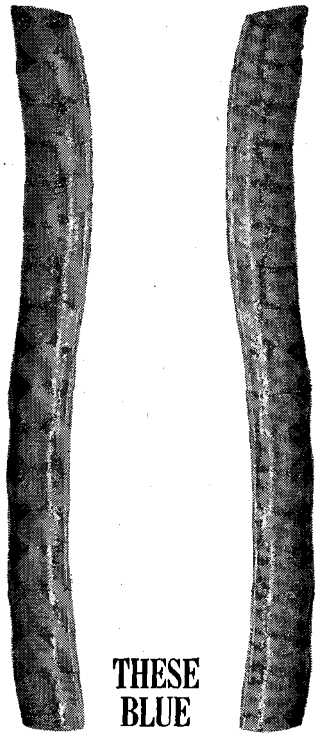

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us his stables, his eyes shone with pride, as they had not when he showed us his harem.

A DAY later, Uncle was in a rage, and the whole house knew it. One of his drivers was responsible. At four-thirty that morning, someone in a town down the road had telephoned in an emergency order for a dozen switch boxes, and Uncle had had them loaded into his car under his personal supervision and had given the driver instructions about their delivery. The driver had then roared out of the courtyard, taking it for granted that no other traffic would be abroad at that hour, and had slammed into a truck, wrecking Uncle's car and damaging several of the switch boxes. Uncle, after letting the driver know what he thought of him, had had to make phone calls all over the countryside to find enough additional switch boxes to fill the order. The driver had been jailed, pending trial; another car had been pressed into service; and by midmorning all was well except for Uncle, who was settled in the living room with two of his clerks, totting up the night's losses in a ledger. His voice hoarse from angry shouting, he read aloud one list of figures after another. "Sixteen pounds, eight shillings, and fourpence. Have you got that?"

The door opened, and in walked Mama Sunday. She said to Uncle, in her deep, baying voice, "Welcome."

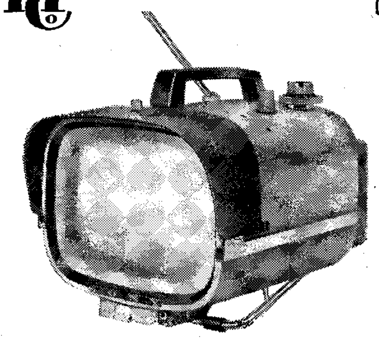
"Two pounds, two shillings . . . What is it, Mama Sunday?"

"Welcome," said Mama Sunday.

"Thank you. Five pounds . . . Where was I?"

Auntie was in the kitchen, getting a meal ready. It was probably going to be lunch—at least, we hadn't eaten since breakfast—but at the rate it was going, it might well turn out to be dinner. Mary was sitting on a bench near the kitchen door, now and then leaping up to give Auntie a hand. Sally was playing with the family cat. Modupe went to take a nap, and since this seemed the most sensible thing to do, I followed her example. Perhaps by the time I woke up, I thought, Uncle would be in a good temper again.

Uncle did seem to have calmed down when we next met in the dining room—for dinner, as it turned out. He talked of the newly independent nation of Nigeria and of the progress it was making, which he felt was not rapid enough. "We've got a long way to go yet," he told us. "Do you realize that we still have people around here who go



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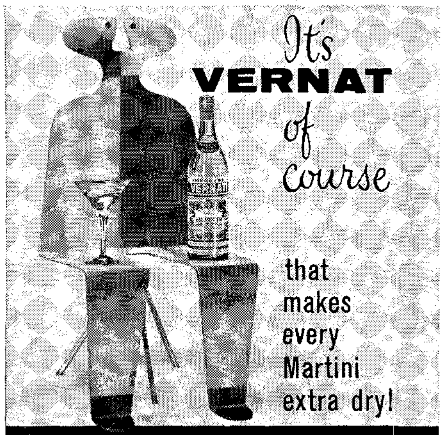

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naked?" His voice shook with the horror of it.

"But that's not a bit important," Sally said. "Not nearly as important as other things, such as hygiene and—"

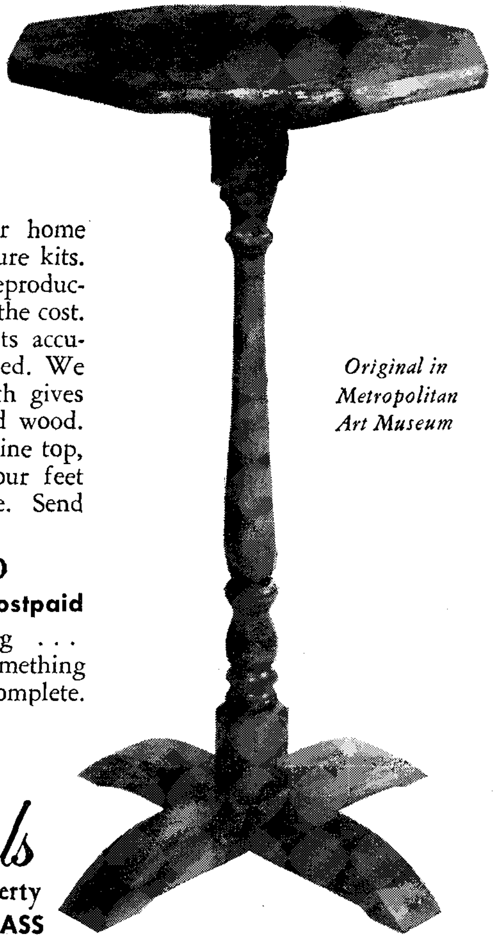
Uncle interrupted, shaking a fork at her. "All you people say that," he growled. "I've known plenty of foreigners, and they all take the same attitude. 'Oh, let them go naked,' you say. 'Why not? They're only savage Africans.' Let me tell you that you're completely wrong. Going around naked is disgraceful, that's what it is—disgraceful. As long as there are Nigerians who don't wear clothes, we can't say we're civilized. It makes me ashamed. They've got to learn, and we won't rest until every Nigerian in the country is clothed."

Uncle was angry all over again, and his eyes were bloodshot. Just at that unfortunate moment, his daughter Margery walked through the room. Ordinarily, Uncle didn't pay much attention to the girl, who came and went as quietly as a moth. Alone with one of us, she didn't seem particularly timid, but in company she would bridle whenever someone spoke to her directly, and take a couple of steps away from the speaker, as if to recover her aplomb. That evening, Uncle said something to Margery as she walked through the dining room, and, for some reason, she passed by without replying. Uncle jumped up and followed. A moment later, we heard his powerful voice raised in anger, and then we heard a slap, followed by wild feminine weeping. Auntie dashed out, Modupe clucked her tongue, and Mary, Sally, and I pretended that nothing untoward was happening. "May I have the butter?" asked Sally.

Uncle was not the man to suppress his feelings. He came back and sat down with a bump at the table, his eyes even redder. "I have had to punish Margery," he said loudly. "She was impertinent. Am I master in my own house or am I not? Wasn't I right? I must have discipline. I do the best I can for my family, and they have got to obey me." He looked at each of us in turn, sternly beseeching our agreement.

"Yes, Uncle, of course," Modupe said.

"Some people tell me to be quiet and not embarrass my guests, but I say never mind if they're my guests or not," Uncle went on. "They have to know what sort of thing goes on in this house. I asked Margery a civil question and she did not answer me. She made a cheeky face and walked out without answering me. No!" He slammed the table so



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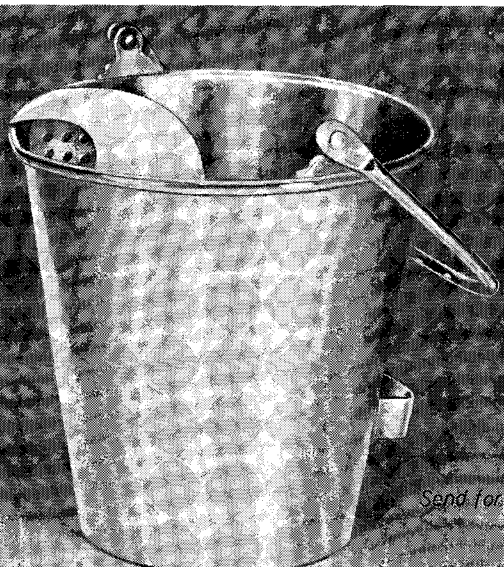

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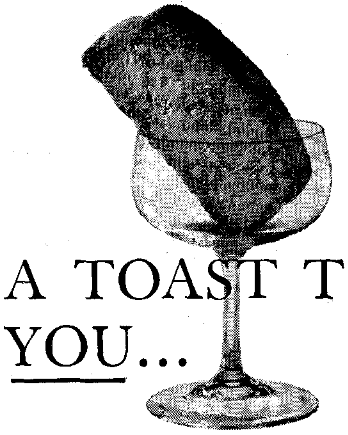

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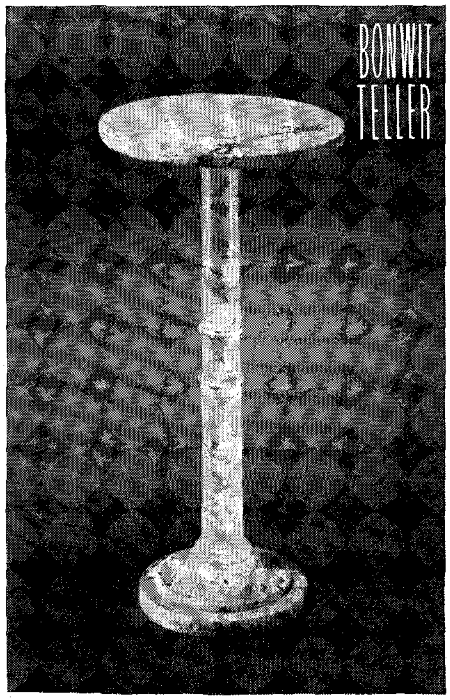

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hard that everything on it rattled. "I must have discipline! Am I not right?"

Silent, and radiating disapproval, Auntie returned and took her place at table. The sobbing outside ceased; Margery made her way to her room.

As abruptly as it had boiled up, Uncle's rage simmered down, and he began to talk of other matters. Margery was still on his mind, though. After a few minutes, he broke off in the middle of a sentence to ask his wife, "Where's Margery? Tell her to come in here."

Auntie rose dutifully, and soon Margery walked in, as silent as a cat. "Come here," said Uncle.

The girl approached, sniffling a little. Uncle put his arm around her waist and said, "Well, now, why were you rude to your father? Why didn't you answer when I spoke? That's not a nice way to behave, is it? I correct you because I love you. I love my children."

Straight and stiff, unforgiving, Margery stared over his head.

Uncle went on, "I have to bring you up right, don't I? There, now, don't cry. Kiss your father."

Margery did not kiss him. She did not budge.

At last, Uncle dropped his arm, and said, "All right. Go to bed." She vanished.

Very early the next morning, we got up. The time had come to leave Jos and head back to Lagos. Sleepy and regretful, we sat at the dining-room table eating bacon and eggs. John's car had been repaired and was ready; Uncle had taken care of all that. "He really is the kindest man," said Mary, pouring coffee. "I mean *really*."

Uncle appeared at the door in his dressing gown. "I have been talking it over with Margery," he said, beaming at us. "We've had it out. I was *completely* in the wrong."

FAITHFULLY following the itinerary that John had mapped out for us, we drove south, through eastern Nigeria, down to Enugu, where we holed up in a resthouse for a few days. After our wanderings in the arid north, it was a relief to be back in the cool, damp atmosphere of the coastal region, with mountains and greenery all around us. One day, we made a side trip to Abakaliki, fifty miles east of Enugu, to visit the resident doctor at a hospital there—a young woman who had taken part of her training in the United States. We came upon her just as she was finishing her morning's work at the institution, though there was some confusion at first because she didn't look a bit like a doctor

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but, rather, like a sweet young probationer. She was a doctor all right, though, and a hard-working one, too.

Before showing us through the hospital—a pretty collection of red brick bungalow-type wards nestling among trees—the doctor asked us to sit with her in her office for a few minutes, while she caught her breath. "I've just done a forceps delivery, and I'm tired out," she said. "I've never understood why people think women would make such good obstetricians. It's a job that takes muscle."

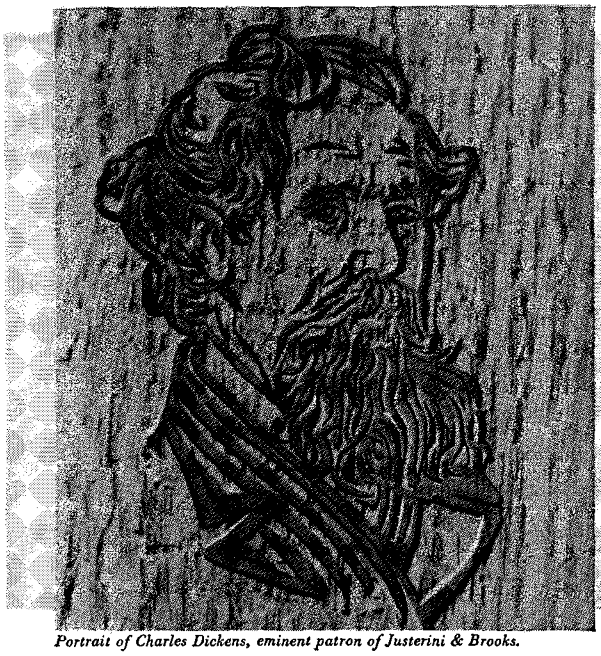
Sally asked the doctor if there had been any other complications in the delivery.

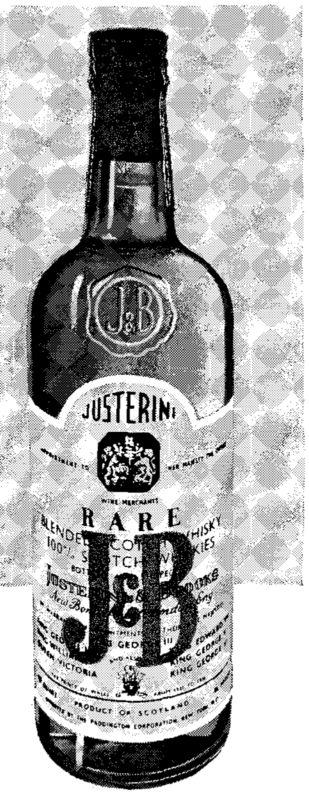
"Well, for a while it was touch and go," she replied. "But now I think they'll both be all right. We lost a child earlier this morning, though, and for the usual reason—the girl simply didn't come in from the bush in time. Moreover, somebody in her village had tried some so-called treatment first. They *will* do it, and this is the third child she's lost. However, she's promised not to put it off so long next time." The doctor spoke with calm severity.

A moment later, she rose and led us over to the maternity ward. "That's the woman who lost her baby—over there in the end bed," she said. We peered at the bed, an iron cot, and at the woman in it, who was asleep, and I remarked that she looked very young to have delivered three times. "Oh, yes, she's probably not twenty yet," the doctor said. There were eight or nine women in the ward, some sitting up in their cots and chatting with their neighbors. In a small chamber at the far end was a baby's crib sheltered by a screen. The doctor paused, and we looked down on two baseball-size heads resting on a single pillow.

"Twins—born yesterday," the doctor said. "You wouldn't have seen them alive a few years ago. Twins used to be regarded as such potent omens of bad luck that they were taken out into the forest immediately after birth and left to die."

In the adjoining ward, which was for surgical patients, the doctor paused between two cots, each occupied by a young man, and we saw that both men were chained to their bedsteads. "Here are two murderers," the doctor said in her matter-of-fact way, "and both, as you can see, have been badly wounded." We gawked at the patients, who were bandaged about the head and arms, and they gazed back at us with bright, interested eyes. "No, it wasn't the same murder," the doctor went on, in answer to a





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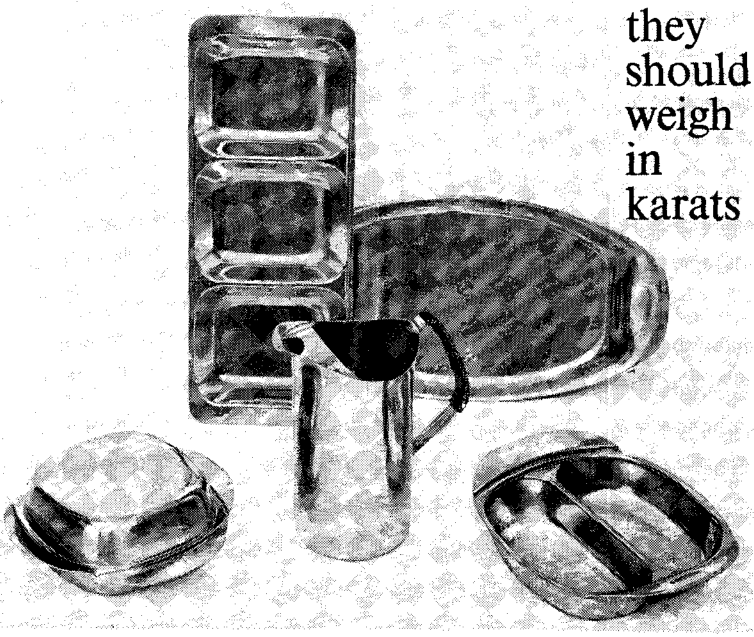

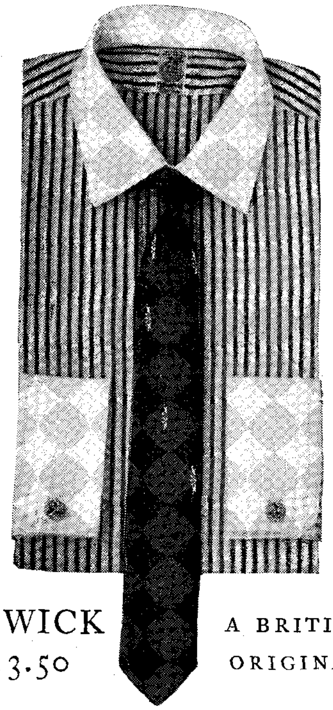

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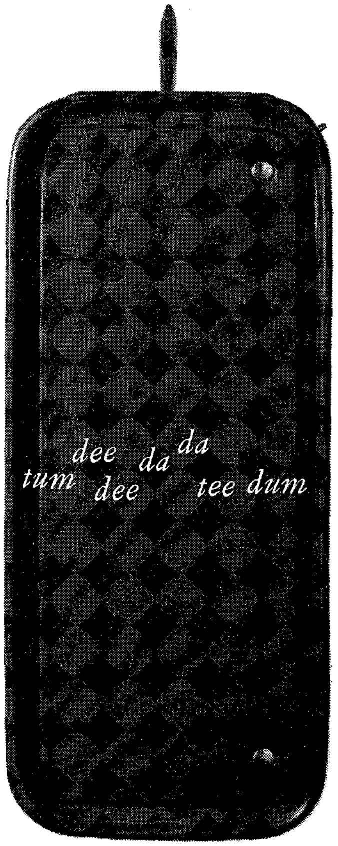

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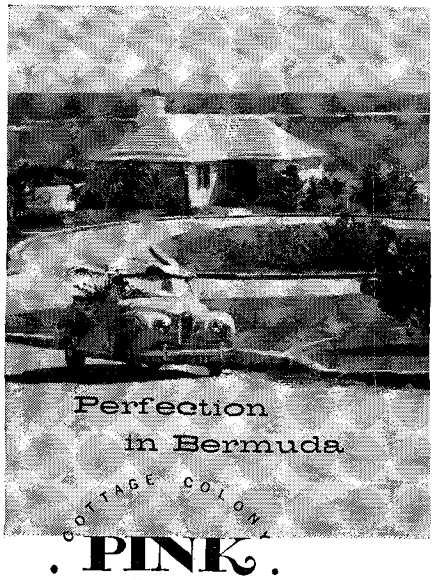
murmured question of Sally's. "We just happen to have the two of them at the same time. The one on the left was drinking palm wine and another man asked him to give him some, and he wouldn't, so they quarrelled and this one killed the other. With a machete—you know, one of the long knives they use for cutting bush. This man on the right says the man he killed was laughing at him, so, of course, he killed him, also with a machete, even though the victim was his best friend."

We walked on into the general ward, and as we made our way down the aisle, the doctor pointed out various cases. "Hernia here. Another hernia. This old man has diabetes. We keep only ordinary cases here. Anything complicated goes to Enugu. It's fairly run-of-the-mill work. The usual fevers, gastric trouble, a bit of leprosy—but that's always sent to a leprosy center as soon as it's diagnosed—routine surgery, malnutrition. Malnutrition is particularly irritating to me, because there needn't be any here. This is primarily an agricultural community, with rich soil, and these people could have a balanced diet if they knew enough about such matters. But their habits are all against it. They could get all the protein they need from peanuts and chicken and eggs, but they depend far too much on foo-foo, and that's almost pure starch. Time and time again, you'll see a woman who is feeding a small child take a bit of foo-foo and dip it into a bowl of soup. So far so good—the soup's full of protein. But then what does she do? She carefully licks all the soup off before popping the foo-foo into the infant's mouth." The doctor shook her head. "Well, they're learning, they're learning," she added, more cheerfully. "And now, if you like, I'll take you for a tour of the town before you start back."

I am always ready to have a look around a town I have never seen before, and I was especially curious about this one, having just read in *Drum*, a monthly picture magazine published in Lagos, an article entitled "Nudes Are on the Run," which described a campaign being waged in Abakaliki to induce the local populace to clothe itself, and which seemed to reflect Uncle's views on the subject.

> Once was the time when nudes—of all shapes and sizes—were the order of the day. But there's a new order now, and women are learning that the gifts of nature are often improved by the use of clothes. . . . The fact is that the people of the Abakaliki Division are no longer prepared to remain the laughingstock of the



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world. As from last August, any person seen going about naked or scantily clothed is liable to prosecution. . . . Said Chief Nwangwo, a traditional chief of Ezzikwo, "Since the present campaign started, all my people have taken to dressing themselves properly before leaving their houses for the open. Take it from me, nudity is gone for ever from the Abakaliki Division. . . ."

Said Mr. Onyia Onu, who makes a living by selling firewood: "With clothes on my back I feel like a king."

Abakaliki's market was going full blast when we arrived. Markets are very important in West Africa, and the people in any given locality know on which day of the week they are held in each town and village for miles around. We drove in past merchants' stalls spread out on the ground, with the proprietors squatting near their goods, and prospective buyers drifting in and out among them or standing about in conversational groups, and taking a lot of time over everything. Somewhere someone was playing a drum, and a respectable-looking potbellied old lady, completely naked, who stood near us, was keeping time to its beat by repeatedly kicking her right leg into the air. Her flat breasts jerked; her face was solemn. A companion of hers, another old lady without clothing, watched her impassively, but none of the passersby paid the slightest attention.

"Oh, oh!" murmured the doctor. "Parading one's nudity in the market is specifically forbidden by the wording of the new law. They will be apprehended." I couldn't tell whose side she was on.

WE left Enugu quite early the next morning, in the hope of reaching Ibadan before dark; from there the last lap to Lagos would be easy. Already we were back in relatively populous country, and after the long empty stretches we had passed through, the road seemed almost congested. At one spot, we had to wait for quite some time while a culvert up ahead was being repaired, and as we sat there I unwrapped a candy lozenge and popped it into my mouth, to the vast and unabashed interest of a man who happened to be standing by the roadside; after staring at my moving jaws for a few seconds, he came over, pointed to my lips, and then held out his hand inquiringly.

"Welcome," he said. "What's that you're eating?"

"Candy," I replied. "Want one?"

I handed him a piece, and, beaming, he put it straight into his mouth. Mary, more observant than I, cried out, "Don't eat the paper!"

The man was embarrassed, but not

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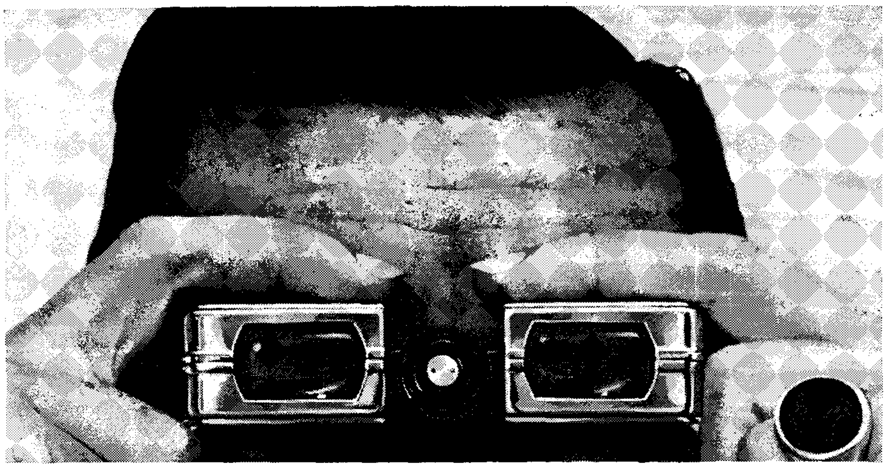

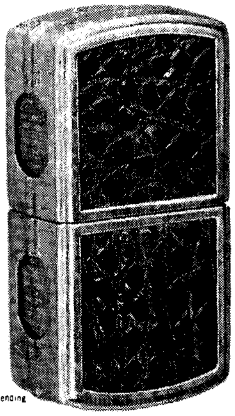

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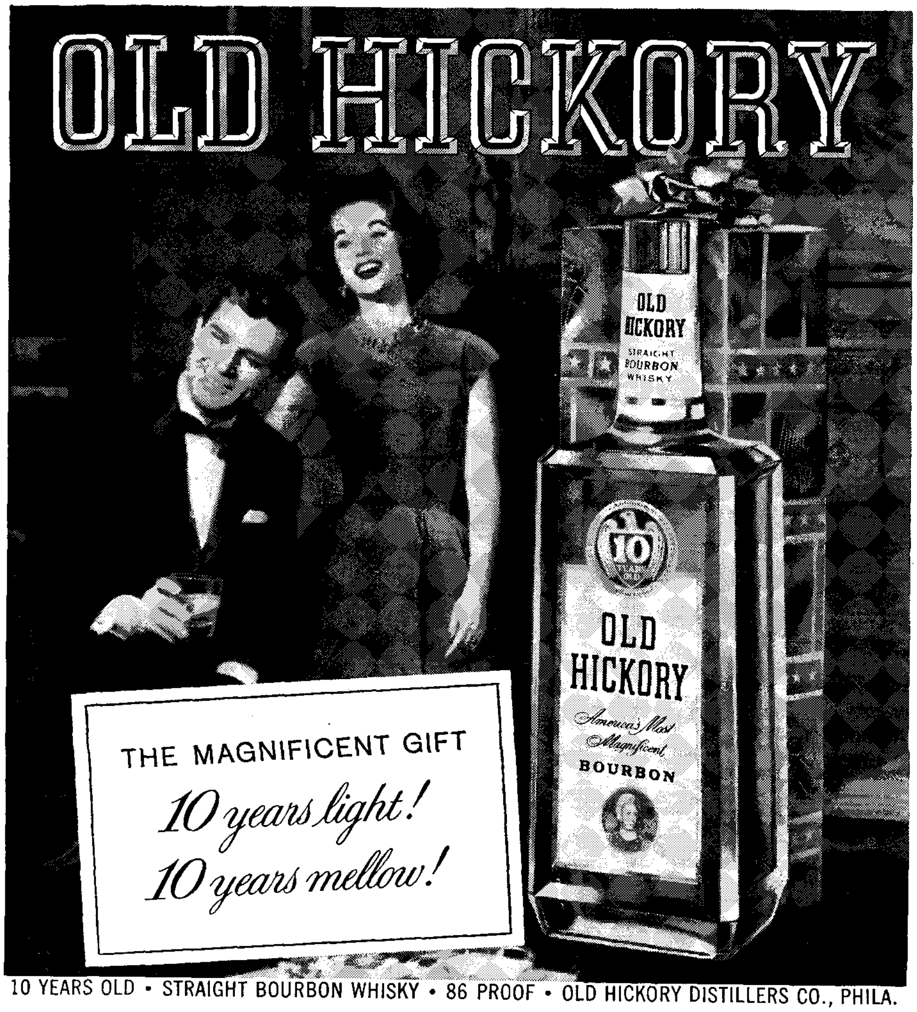

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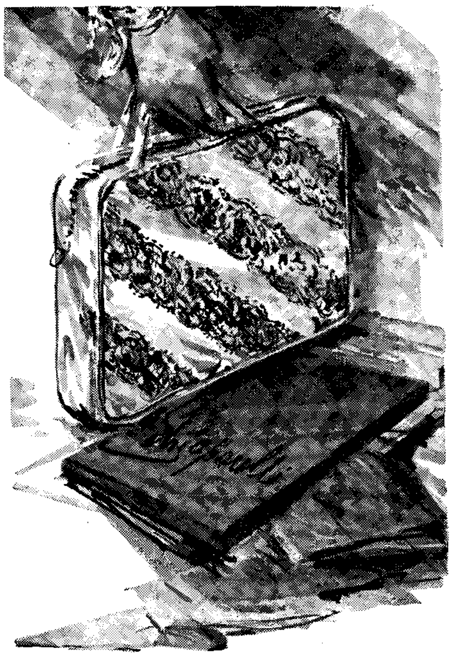

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painfully so; indeed, he roared with laughter as he spat the piece of candy out into his hand, unwrapped it, and put it back in his mouth. A friend of his drew near to see what was going on, and I gave him a piece, too, and then another man stepped up, and another, until I didn't have any candy left. At that point, we got the go-ahead signal, and Sally drove us off. Smiling and chewing, the men called goodbye.

An hour or so later, while we were driving through a town named Ondo, it seemed as if we were attracting an undue amount of attention, especially from small boys, who ran along beside our car calling to us.

"What are they saying?" Sally, who was at the wheel, asked Modupe. "It sounds to me like 'No road, no road.'"

Modupe shook her head. "I have no idea," she said. "It's not a language I'm familiar with. But don't bother about them, Sally. Just be careful. Some of these people are terrible. If you so much as run over a chicken of theirs, they'll kill you."

"They seem very friendly to me," Mary said. "Look at them waving and shouting at us. Nice, friendly children!"

"*I* think they're just plain fresh," said Sally, adding, "Now what's up?" A little cluster of young men standing in the middle of the road had waved to us to stop. One of them harangued us at length, but we couldn't make out what he was saying, so we nodded and smiled and drove on out of Ondo.

All things considered, that wasn't very bright of us. Night was falling, and Mary had just remarked that we ought to be getting near Ife, which was only a short run from Ibadan, when Sally brought the car to a halt. A large truck was standing, without lights, in the road ahead of us. In front of it was another truck, and ahead of that was yet another. A whole train of vehicles filled the road, up to and beyond the next bend. A few men were lolling around the truck in front of us, and one of them walked back to talk to us.

"You can't go on," he said, in English. "The bridge is out."

"No road, no road!" the others chanted in chorus.

We couldn't believe it. Ever since we had left Ondo, trucks and buses had passed us moving in the opposite direction. If the bridge was out, where had they all come from? It turned out there was a good explanation. The bridge, it seemed, had been out for several weeks, and was likely to remain out for some time to come; in the meantime, the

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drivers had worked out their own solution to the problem. Two fleets of vehicles were in operation, each conveying cargo and passengers to a place where the river could be easily forded on foot and loads from opposite directions could be exchanged. As for us, we would have to go back seventy miles and take another road.

Turning around would not be easy, Sally said, but she would manage it somehow. Mary got out and joined a crowd of would-be helpful men, which grew bigger every minute as more truck crews ambled back from farther up the waiting line. She and the men gave directions as Sally inched the car around between two deep ditches. Forward, back, forward, back, and each time our headlights swept across the drivers' faces, now three or four rows deep—black, friendly faces, slashed with tribal marks, and gleaming with white teeth as the men laughed good-humoredly at these silly women who had got themselves into such a pickle.

"Hold it! O.K. now!" Mary would call, and a score of deep, ringing male voices would echo her: "Hold it! O.K. now!"

In the dark of the car, Modupe said to me softly, "Get Mary back in the car. Don't let her stay out there with those men." Her shoulder was against mine, and she was trembling. I looked out at the still blackness of the forest night, and at the dim outlines of the silent trees beyond our little circle of light. I sensed that for Modupe that forest was full of genuine danger.

"It's all right, Modupe," I said gently.

I could see the whites of her eyes. "So many men out there," she said. "What if . . ."

"But don't you see, Modupe, that's the point," I said. "We're safe just because there *are* so many of them."

Like a child reaching for some reassurance, Modupe repeated, "Just because there *are* so many of them. Yes, that's right." Calmed, she subsided into her corner of the seat.

Sally backed for the last time, Mary got in, and there was a friendly hubbub of cheers as we drove off. We could hear them for a long while.

—EMILY HAHN

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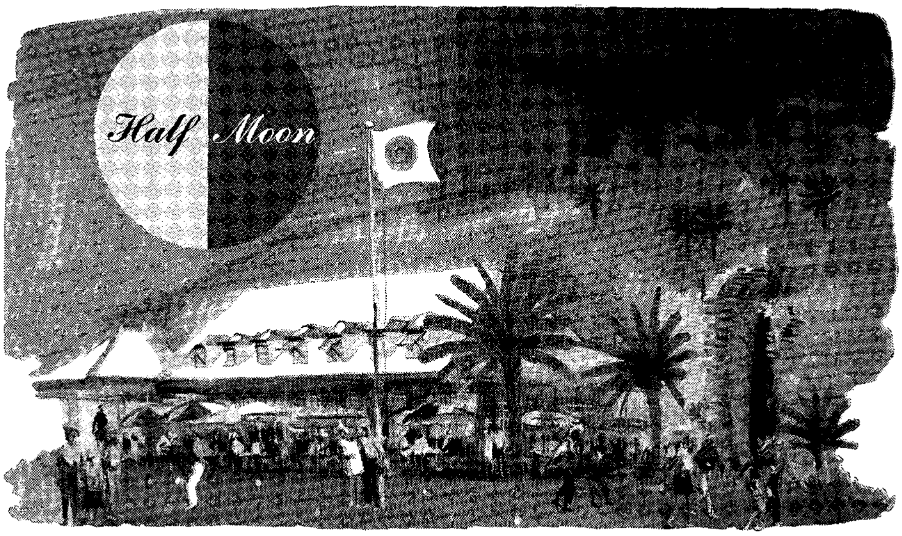

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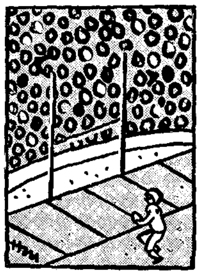
Old Home Week



IMPROVISATION, a brand of mummery that is catching on in every aspect of show business, was the order of the afternoon up at Soldiers Field, in Boston, last Saturday, when Princeton and Harvard resumed a debate that began in 1877. Because of the absence of Halaby, who had been seriously damaged more than a month ago, Harvard was improvising at quarterback with a pair of sophomores who could best be described as obscure, and because of the absence of Riley, damaged the week before in the match with Brown, and of MacMillan, damaged three days before during an afternoon of rehearsal, Princeton was improvising one backfield after another, in which everybody you've ever heard of, and not a few performers you haven't, assumed various roles. The Princeton cast became even more impromptu when Schuman, its best end, had to be sent away for repairs after the fifth play of the game. There were thousands of other absentees, too—the partisans who not so many years ago would have occupied the astonishingly large array of empty seats. Considering the antiquity of the debate, and considering the fact that (inasmuch as the match was played on Veterans' Day) the blue laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts had withdrawn nearly every other form of amusement in Boston except riding the subway, "astonishingly" is the word.

Some of the improvisation was brilliant, some of it was so-so, these being adjectives that can be applied this year to all Ivy League football. Harvard came out ahead, 9–7, which seems fair enough, even though, observing the rule *toujours la politesse* to the letter, it refused two enticing invitations to rack up additional touchdowns. (Princeton, in reciprocation, refused three invitations.) Luck, too—impartially distributed—had something to do with it. A Princeton pass went toward Laird and Henrich, both of whom were being thoroughly picketed by men of Harvard, instead of toward Rockenbach, who was farther downfield and free of any restraining influence; the ball bounced off Laird or Henrich—nobody is able to remember which—and Rock-

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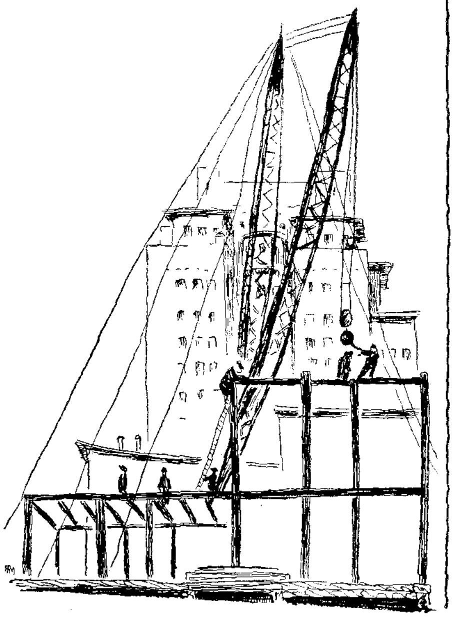
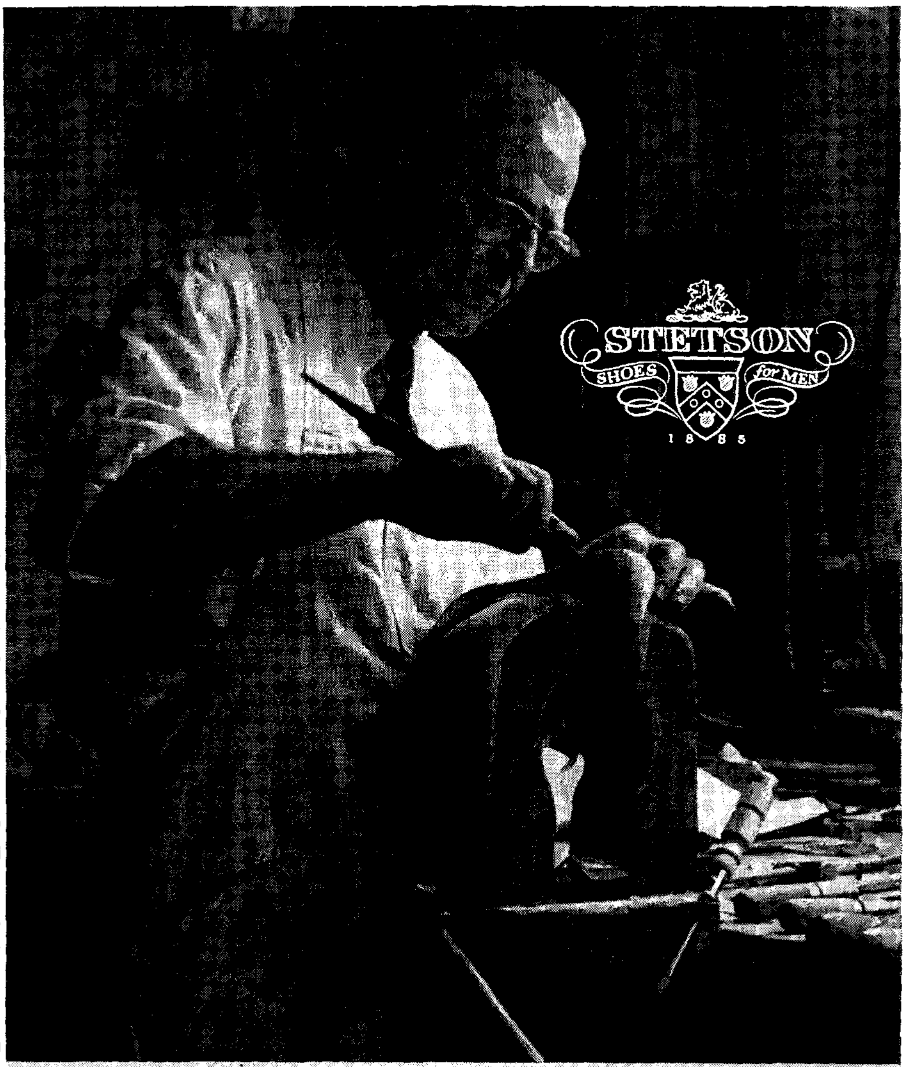
GREAT SKIS MAKE GREAT SKIING
HEAD

enbach, confident that he was no longer needed, wheeled and trotted back toward his own goal. Then, out of the blue of the crisp, sunny afternoon, the ball floated right in front of him. He seized upon it just as a Harvard tackler seized upon him, and the play was clearly finished, but a second later Rockenbach was wriggling through a cluster of enemy players, and a second after that, such is his speed, he was fleeing across what remained of the wide-open spaces between him and the Harvard end of the field. From that point until a few minutes before time ran out, Princeton had the match in hand, 7–3. Then another Princeton pass settled into the hands of Henrich just as he was slammed by another Harvard tackler, and Henrich and the ball reluctantly parted company. Harvard, thereby getting the ball on Princeton's forty-yard line, did not waste its final opportunity. Humenuk, in the match's best exhibition of guile, drove Harvard to the winning touchdown in six bewildering plays.

Princeton, you might say, was gallant, throwing chancy passes from down near its own goal line and, despite the presence of so many inexperienced hands in its backfield, at least going through the motions of several enormously complicated maneuvers of the sort that Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are forever saving up for use only against one another. Harvard, you might say, was intuitive. Boyda, at left end for Harvard, refused to be blocked or decoyed out of position when Porietis was on the business end of one of those celebrated Princeton double reverses. Forsaking all others, Boyda cut him neatly down at a time when even a minor misjudgment might have given





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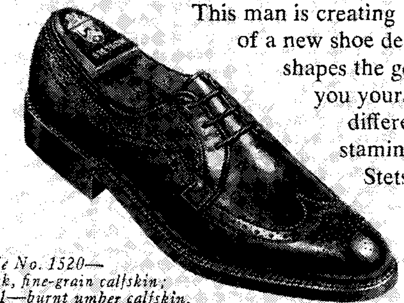

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Princeton a last-minute, and conquering, touchdown.

WHILE Princeton was forfeiting the top seat in the Ivy League, Columbia, on its home grounds, was climbing into that seat by beating Dartmouth, 35–14. Dartmouth, which had been almost without fault the week before, when it put in an appearance against Yale in New Haven, was as cheerfully disorganized against Columbia as Yale had been against Dartmouth, and so upheld the new Ivy League tradition; i.e., that inconsistency is a virtue. Dartmouth, an eyewitness reports, appeared to consider Columbia's passing more of a peril than its running—an error whose size can be estimated only if one is informed that Columbia knocked out two hundred and sixty-eight yards on the ground. Yale, another crown jewel of inconsistency, beat Pennsylvania, 23–0. Penn, knowing that this year Yale can't pass worth a damn, concentrated on Yale's running attack, which nevertheless managed to accomplish three hundred and nineteen yards. The score, in fact, could have been practically anything if Yale had not persisted in its one unalterable habit—the ability to amass penalties.

Colgate, which this department had regarded as one of the teams most likely to succeed this fall, had a bad—and final—afternoon against Syracuse (Syracuse 51, Colgate 8). That was no especial surprise, for Syracuse long ago decided that it wished to be a world power, which—in these uncertain days—it just about is. Time was when Syracuse, Cornell, and Colgate played a comfortable, neighborly, evenly matched annual round robin; last Saturday's game was the end of all that. Now Syracuse, in search of new teams to conquer, will—like Navy—have to go around the world in eighty days every fall. Navy, working its way toward the completion of the vast orbit of its appointed round (Pittsburgh one weekend, South Bend another weekend, Norfolk last weekend), got itself soundly trounced on Saturday by Duke, another aspiring world power. The count, a convincing one, was Duke 30, Navy 9. What's become of the old wives' tale that the best wine of the country never travels?

—J. W. L.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*Headline in the Brevard County edition of the Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel*]

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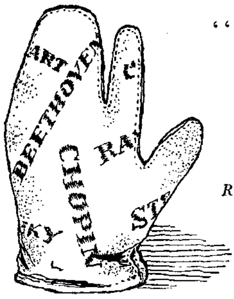

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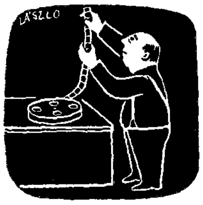
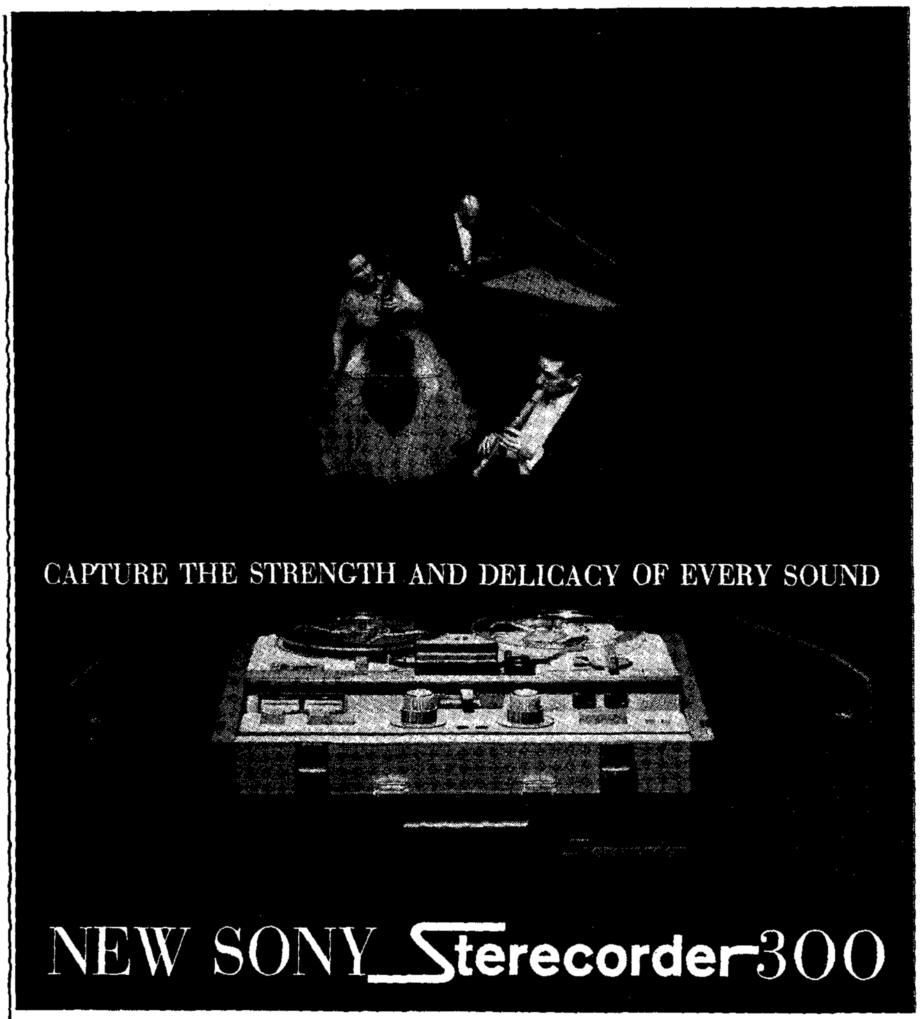
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Paper Problems



HONORABLE readers will please excuse if I break into pidgin English while attempting to describe the pseudo-Oriental intricacies of "Flower Drum Song," an outsize movie version of the Broadway musical. The original work was preposterous and occasionally tuneful and pretty, and nothing has been lost in translating it to the screen; it's still preposterous and still occasionally tuneful and pretty, though the camera, being more pitiless than the human eye, keeps insisting that the whole thing is an elaborate fraud, and we in the audience keep having to assure ourselves that it doesn't matter. The architect of the Summit Hotel, on Lexington Avenue, has defined the spirit in which he created its coffee shop as "tongue-in-cheek Aztec," and in like manner the producer of "Flower Drum Song" might define *its* spirit as "foot-in-mouth Mandarin," for the phony Chinese apothegms flow like tiger-bone wine, and the settings are every bit as authentic as Fu Manchu. But who cares if this chow-chow of young lovers at cross-purposes with each other and with their orthodox elders is only a pretext, or the pretext for a pretext? (Back of the dragonish false front of a plot that concerns a Chinese girl who illegally smuggles herself into San Francisco as a "picture bride" under contract to marry a young man she has never seen, we catch the oddest glimpses of "The Jazz Singer" and "Abie's Irish Rose.") Anything goes in a musical if the songs are good enough; in this case, they just barely are. On Broadway, "Flower Drum Song" wasn't out of the top Rodgers and Hammerstein drawer, or even the next-to-top drawer, but "A Hundred Million Miracles," "You Are Beautiful," "Don't Marry Me," and "Chop Suey" remain pleasant reasons for interrupting not merely boy-meets-girl but boy's-father-meets-girl-and-gives-her-big-ancestral-O.K.

Practically all the actors in "Flower Drum Song" are of Eastern ancestry, and in a curious way this heightens our sense of disbelief instead of lessening it. Hardest-working among the large cast are Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta, Miyoshi Umeki, Juanita Hall, Benson Fong, and Jack Soo. If you



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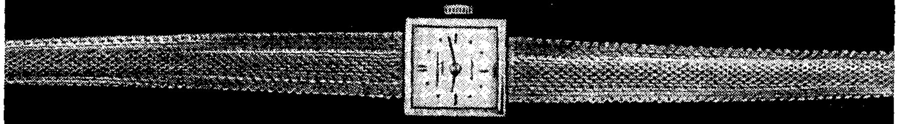

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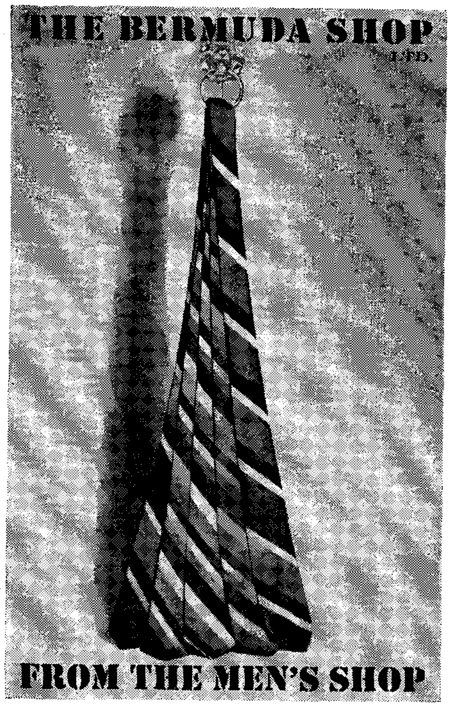

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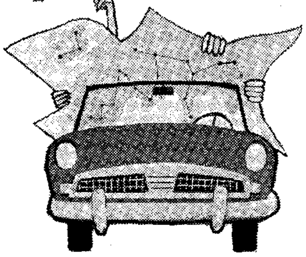

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think Joseph Fields, who wrote the screenplay, has been able to resist inserting such wisecracks as "You got eggs foo yong all over your face," I assure you you're wrong.

ARCH OBOLER, who made a name for himself in radio, is said to have spent several years preparing "One Plus One," a movie prompted by the Kinsey reports. Now, the late Dr. Kinsey did what he could to kill sex stone dead in this country by asking people impertinent questions about their sexual behavior and getting, especially from the men, what other supposed experts on the subject held to be highly optimistic replies. I can imagine a fairly spicy West Forty-second Street movie being made from a judicious selection of Kinseyana, but Mr. Oboler has gone about his task in as humorless a fashion as the great sexologist himself. The result—a series of radically un-Rabelaisian vignettes about the difficulties of married love, divorce, abortion, and the like—is suffocatingly dreary. Poor Leo G. Carroll plays the leading role, of a lecturer on sex; in the last few moments of the film we hear him chattering away to his wife, who turns out to be dead, so I guess the moral of the picture is that the more you talk about sex, the dottier you become. Not a bad moral, at that.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

THE NEW NAVY

[From the San Diego Union]

All of Gaul is divided into three parts and part of Adm. Kidd Officers' Club will be divided into Gaul for the "Roman Romp" Friday night.

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Two hundred guests are expected for the costume event, which is scheduled for 7 p.m. Togas will be provided at the door for those not bringing their own.

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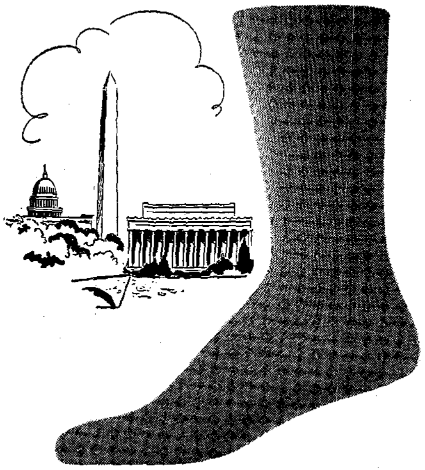

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STRAW BOSS

WE are exposed to a great deal of discussion, these days, about the "role" of leadership. Some people seem to think that leadership should not be a *role* at all—that a President, for instance, should actually *be* a President. However, this strikes me as an oversimplification. There is a lot more to the question than that. I know. For although I have not been engaged in politics, I did undergo an experience during my early adolescence that made me well aware that leadership can be a role and nothing else. This was made clear to me fifteen years ago, when, shortly after I was thirteen years old, I became the straw boss of a tobacco plantation up in East Granby, Connecticut.

I might explain that my job at the plantation was the first of several that I held during my summer vacations of that period, for my father believed that I should not fritter away valuable time in boyish idleness. He thought that each summer I should get a job in a different business or industry so that I might have a clear notion, by the time I entered college, of what I really wanted to do or be. "Even if you don't learn what you want to be," he said, "you will at least know some of the things you *don't* want to be. You will earn some spending money, and learn a little of the things that are not taught in school."

I should also explain why this project began when I was thirteen. I was unusually tall for my age, having grown over a foot during my thirteenth year to a height of almost six feet, though I weighed less than a hundred and fifty pounds. The disparity between my height and weight gave me a haggard, stooped appearance, and I looked a good four years older than my actual age. In fact, I am certain today that my parents unconsciously judged my age by my height, and thought of me more or less as a grownup merely because I had grown up.

Anyway, I was enthusiastic myself about this summer project. I'm not sure just how my father happened to hear of the tobacco plantation, but one day, shortly after my graduation from eighth grade, I was interviewed by the president of the Majestic Tobacco Company, who seemed to be under the impression that I had just completed college rather than grammar school. He was an enormous Dutchman named Simon. He offered me a Majestic cigar, which I discreetly declined, and then explained that the company was initiating a new training program. "We want to get bright young men interested in the business," he said. "Start them from the ground up. Have them get the feeling of tobacco and the way it's grown. The pay won't be much to start with, but if you work up there this summer and show promise, it may lead to almost anything." Mr. Simon stressed that no one at the plantation would know I was a "trainee," and that I must therefore achieve whatever progress I might make "on my own."

Following my father's instructions, I assumed an aggressive attitude, questioning Mr. Simon in detail about the company's executive promotion policy, insurance benefits, and retirement plan, after which I told him that I was definitely interested. For one thing, though I did not mention this, his office appealed to me. I liked the heavy carpet, the great leather chairs, the moose heads on the walls, and the model ships on his desk. The very smell of the place seemed to promise a perfect synthesis of comfort and adventure, and I decided that a career in tobacco might be just up my alley. When Mr. Simon asked me if I would take the job, I accepted.

THE following Sunday, I took the train from New York to Hartford. I was met at the station by a public-relations representative of the Majestic Tobacco Company, who drove me out to an antique shop in East Granby. Arrangements had been made for me to room and board there. He introduced me to the shop's proprietress, a Mrs. Sims, explained that a work bus would pick me up every morning at six-thirty, and said I was now on my own. Mrs. Sims then briskly informed me that for twenty-five dollars a week I would receive breakfast, a box lunch, dinner, and my lodging. She then got me a

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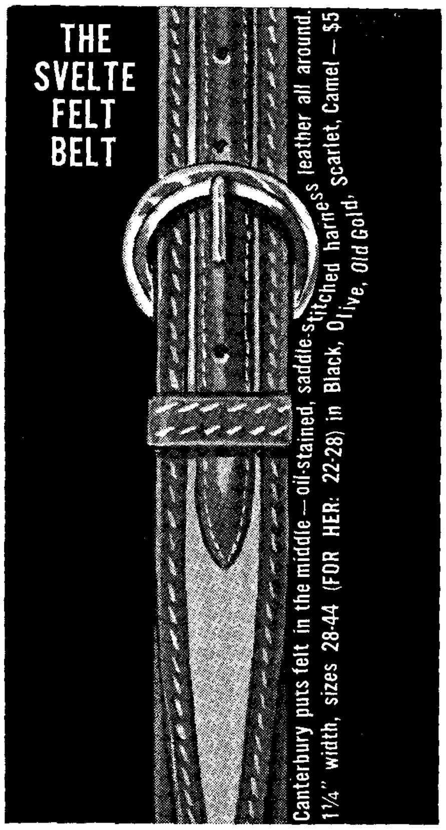

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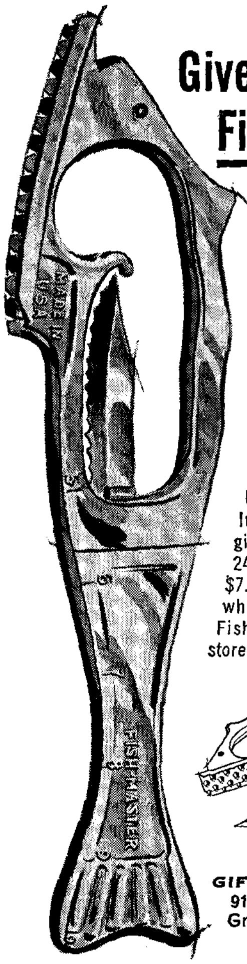
dish of hot pot, a kind of English stew, for dinner.

By seven o'clock the next morning, I was at work under the company's tobacco nets, where the available jobs fell into two general categories—"picking" and "dragging." I was appointed a picker. I was given a heavy burlap bag, the top of which was tied to the back of my belt. I was then taught to work my way along between the rows of tobacco plants, more or less in a sitting position, pushing myself backward and plucking the two bottom leaves from each plant as I went along. The leaves I left there on the ground. The bag served as a seat and as protection. It was an absorbing, if not particularly comfortable, task, and I found the knowledge that I was learning a new industry from the bottom up exhilarating.

During my first lunch hour, I discovered that most of the other pickers were older than I, and somewhat hostile, but a young fellow of fourteen, named Henry, offered me some practical advice. He explained that the pay scale was set according to one's age, beginning at thirty cents an hour for boys of twelve and increasing a nickel an hour for each year over that. "I'm only fourteen," he said, "and they know it, so I only get forty cents an hour. But that's because a friend ratted on me. Usually, you can lie your age up a couple of years and get away with it. If a guy *looks* old, he's in. How about you?"

I lied, saying that I was seventeen, and he suggested that I might as well play it straight. Eighteen was the top economic bracket, at sixty cents an hour, and the extra nickel wasn't worth the risk of detection. "When a guy claims he's eighteen," Henry explained, "they're apt to check on him. And even if he isn't lying, they expect more work out of him. It puts a guy on the spot, and most of these guys are here just to goof off. Unless somebody's breathing down their necks all the time, they just lie out there under the nets, smoking cigarettes and shooting the breeze."

I was grateful to learn this, feeling that in the light of the other workers' laziness my own initiative and industry would be all the more noticeable. My assumption proved correct, for within a week the plantation supervisor, Baxter, complimented me and promoted me to a dragger. With a long hook, I now dragged a canvas container through the tobacco aisles, following in the pickers' paths and filling it up with the freshly plucked leaves. The con-



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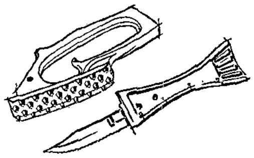

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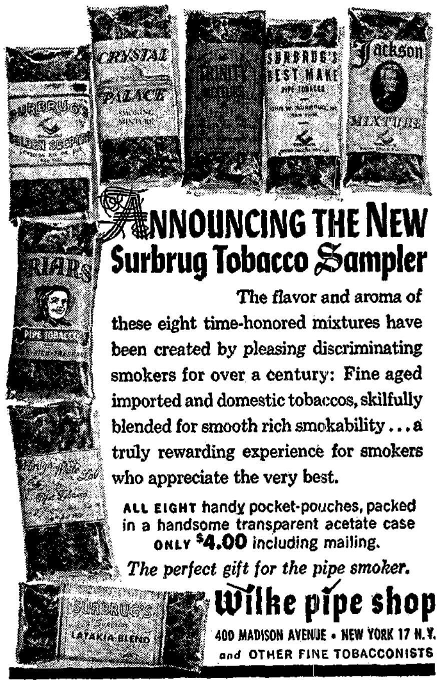

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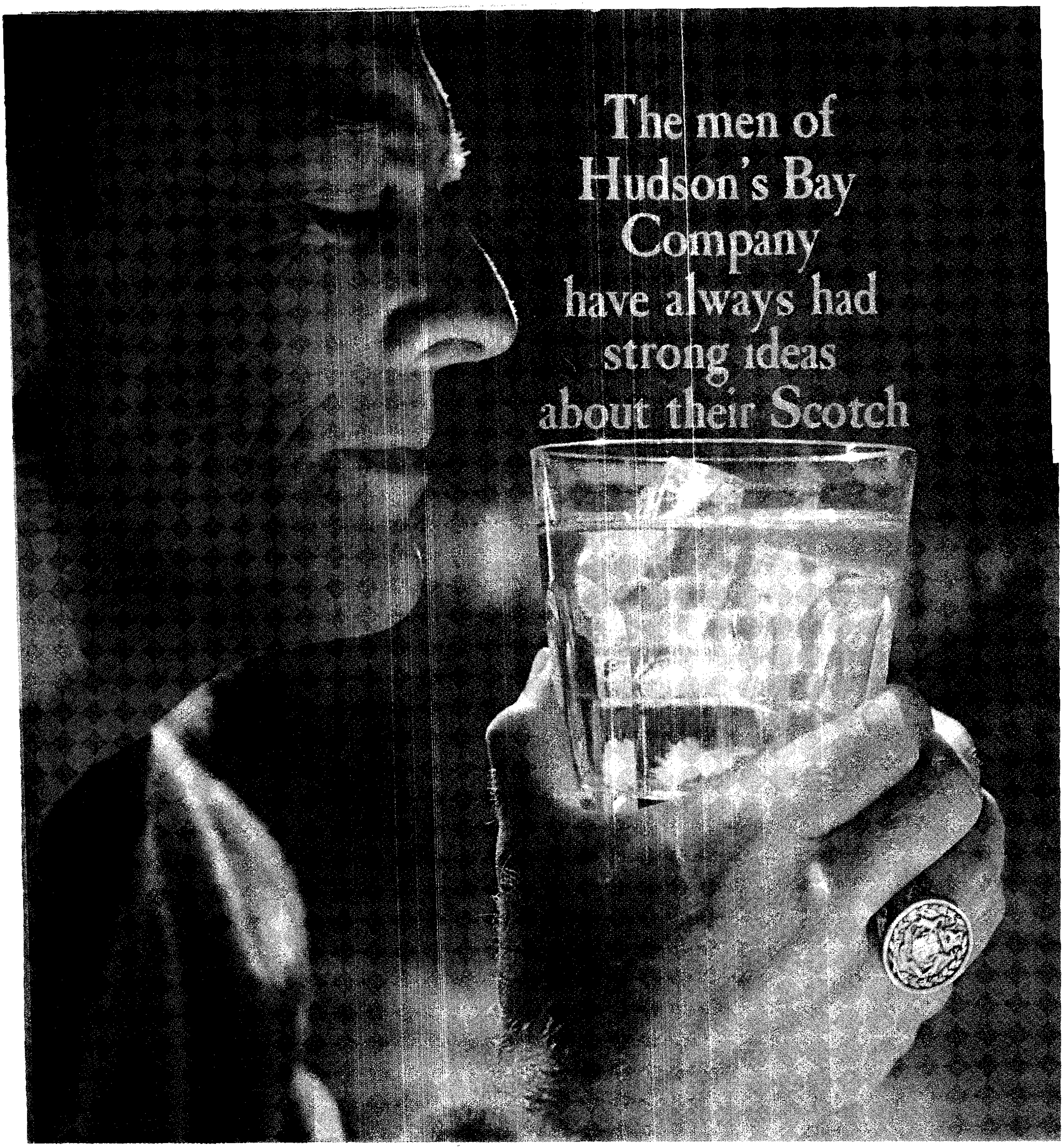
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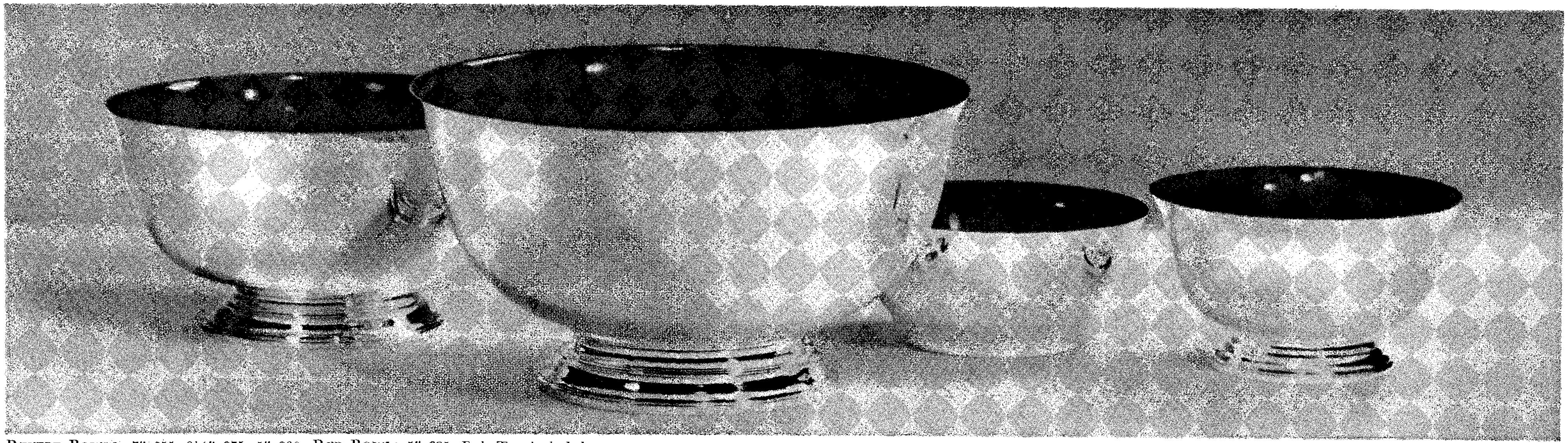

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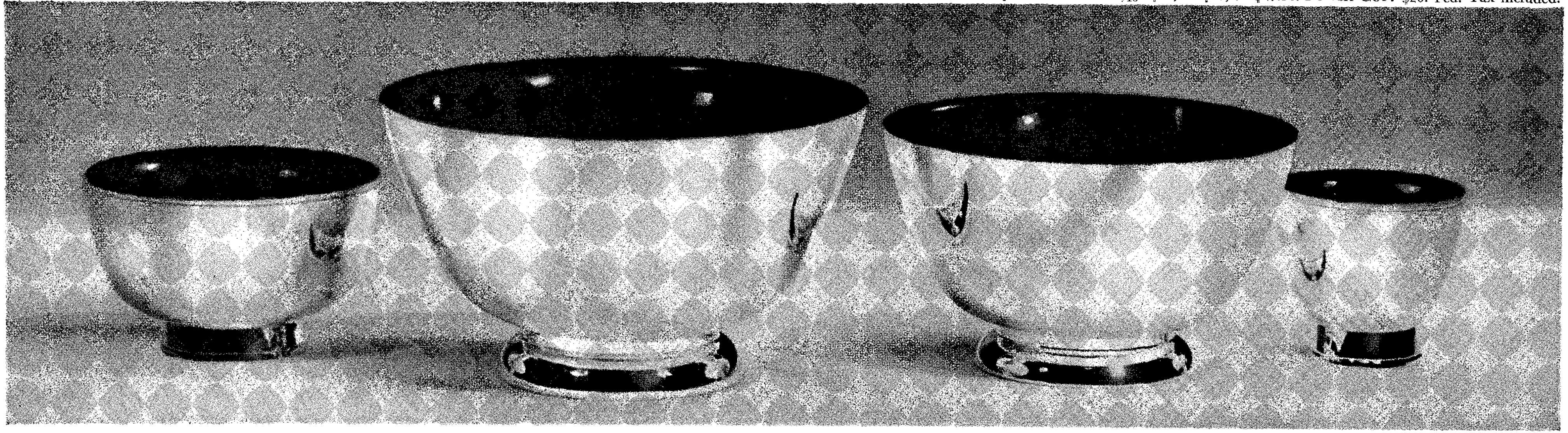

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tainers were heavy when filled with tobacco, and dragging them was hard work. Still, I preferred it to picking, because it permitted me more freedom of movement. I also found that the mere physical arrangement of the leaves into piles in the containers was a challenging operation, for it required unusual delicacy and precision to make each load full, compact, and unimpaired. I took particular pride in this phase of my work, and one day, when several containers of tobacco were outside the nets, awaiting pickup, Baxter singled mine out for praise, saying, "There's a man who knows how to pack leaves." I was filled with pride and with the knowledge that the smallest tasks successfully performed both contribute to and are expressive of our inner moral character.

Not that life was completely idyllic. There were many times during the next two weeks when I was tempted to toss in the sponge, but, remembering the smell of Mr. Simon's office, I persevered. It was not the long hours under the tobacco nets (nine and a half on weekdays, six on Saturdays) that got me down, for I was dedicated to my work and was making progress; it was conditions at the antique shop. For one thing, Mrs. Sims was not overgenerous with her food. Breakfast consisted of three canned grapefruit slices, two soft-boiled eggs, and two rolls. My box lunch held two thin sandwiches and a plum, pear, or apple. At dinner, there were no second helpings, and because of some adolescent complexion trouble the only dessert I could eat was fruit. I did buy some extra bread from Mrs. Sims occasionally, but this was not always easy, for my wages, though I worked over fifty hours a week, were just barely enough to cover my room and board. Sleep was my major after-hours activity, but even it was rendered difficult by my bed. It was extremely narrow, and although I was, too, this did not prevent me from tumbling to the floor, often two or three times a night, when I turned over.

But I tried not to let my personal, or home, life affect the quality of my work; and if this occasionally faltered, I compensated by using a stratagem I have always excelled at—the ability to exhibit, in the presence of my superiors, an expression of intense responsibility and dedication. It was after an unusually successful display of this talent, late one afternoon, that Baxter called me aside. "I've had my eye on you," he said. "We could use a good straw boss around here. Think you can handle it?"

I replied in no uncertain terms that I

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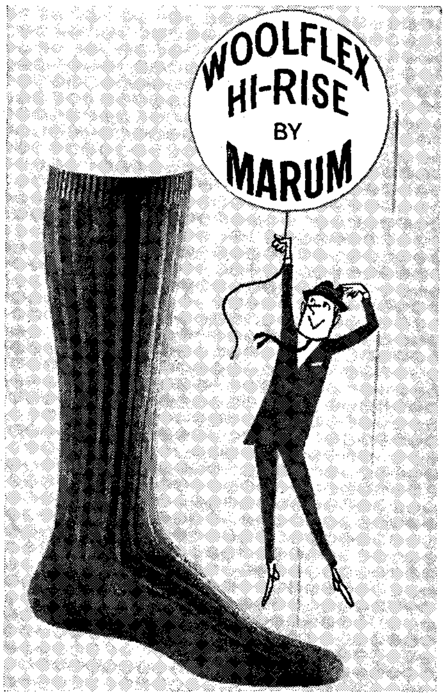

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could indeed handle it. I was already brimming over with a warmth and pride I hadn't experienced since being appointed a monitor in the fifth grade. I was saying to myself over and over, "I'm only thirteen years old, and I'm already a straw boss!" On the way back to the antique shop that evening, I even hit myself a few times to make sure that I was not dreaming. When I told Mrs. Sims of my promotion, she offered me a second helping of hot pot, and when I wrote a proud letter home, I felt the occasion warranted asking for five dollars. Being straw boss was essentially a prestige position and did not entail any increase in pay.

THE next morning, Baxter gave me a spirited briefing on my duties as straw boss. Although I might be called on occasionally to pitch in and help, he said, my main function from then on was supervisory. I was simply to patrol the aisles and make sure that nobody was goofing off. I had the authority to "take down" any worker who became a troublemaker, but I was to avoid employing physical violence. Nor did I have the authority to fire anybody. If I thought such action was desirable, I was to report it to Baxter. "Just don't forget they're all a bunch of lazy, no-good punks," he said. "You got to keep after them."

I guess I had secretly hoped that Baxter might summon the hundred or so workers that were to be in my charge and make some kind of public announcement, such as, "Men, this is your new straw boss. We've made him straw boss because he's a hard worker, he's tough, and he knows tobacco. If you've got any questions or problems about your work, bring them to him. If you do your share of the work, he'll give you an even break. But don't ever cross him. If you do, you'll regret it."

But in the absence of such an introduction, it was up to me to establish my own authority, which I decided might best be done gradually. I started by adopting an educational, suggestive approach—firm, to be sure, but helpful rather than critical. When I observed a picker tackling his task lackadaisically, I inquired "How is it going?" instead of snarling "Get going there!" This procedure was successful for a couple of hours, until it became obvious that its continuance would be repetitious, if not ridiculous. How could I say "How is it going?" to a fellow lying down in a tobacco aisle smoking, when I'd just asked him the same question?

Regretfully, I introduced my "get-

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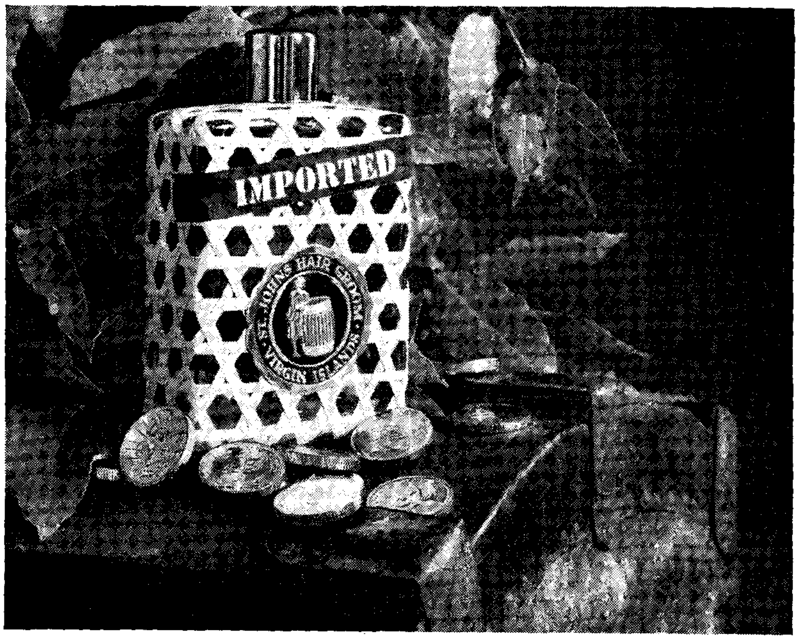
tough" policy, which consisted of saying, in a loud but encouraging voice, "Let's go there!" and hopefully walking off. As a psychological crutch for this new hard line, I devised a little performance that served both to boost my own confidence and to throw my subordinates off guard. I carried about with me a pad of paper and a small pencil, with which I would appear to take notes.

My apparatus came in particularly handy in dealing with Hatter and his like. Hatter was the oldest and meanest of the workers under me, and his nickname derived from his custom of always wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat. He hated me because I'd been made straw boss, but though he met my commands only with sneering defiance, my note-taking seemed to unnerve him. "Let's go there, Hatter!" I'd yell. Then I'd take my pad from my hip pocket and proceed to scribble on it, coldly glancing at him between notations.

"Hey, whaddaya writing down about me?" he'd yell, standing up.

"You'll find out soon enough," I'd say calmly. "Now get back to work." Thus I would manage to make an authoritative exit.

The only workers I didn't need to take notes on were a small group of Jamaicans who, operating on a higher pay scale than the others, picked about three times as much tobacco. Being straw boss over them was quite pleasant, and I became good friends with a large, gentle fellow named Platt, who hummed calypso ballads and told me about night life in Kingston. In return, I told him a little about night life in New York. But whenever I spent too much time straw-bossing the Jamaicans, Baxter would search me out, saying, "Don't waste time with these guys. They don't need any straw boss." And



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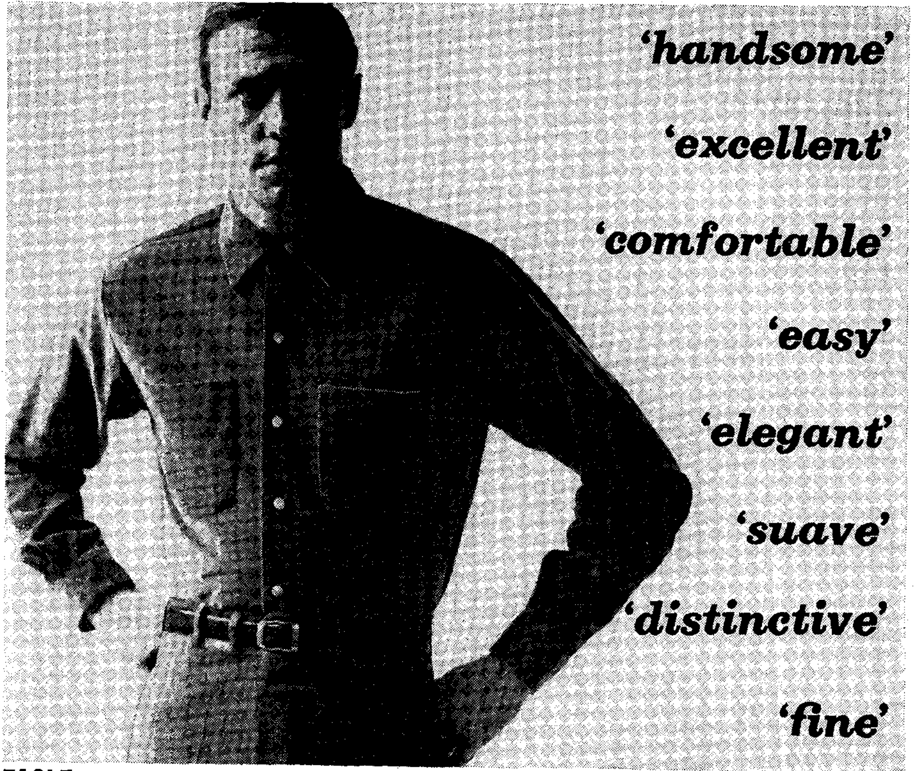

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I'd have to go back to Hatter and the others.

I SOON discovered that the main trouble with being straw boss was that it gave me time to think. When I was not with the Jamaicans, I began to brood about my identity, which had become a little elusive. "I have a name," I would say, "and I am thirteen years old, and I am a straw boss." I would repeat this over and over to myself, but I was not convinced. It appeared to me that I might not be a straw boss at all but a fraud, a wretched hypocrite lacking the true authority of my office. Perhaps I was even a coward. And if I was afraid of being a straw boss on a tobacco farm, how could I ever assume the responsibilities of being a real tobacco executive? Of being a real anything?

My mental state was not improved by my being hungry and sleepy most of the day, and I was beginning to lose what little weight I had. Still, I recognized that my hunger would not have bothered me so much if I'd only known what I was or wasn't. Deciding that my notebook was an unreality, I tore it up. But *I* still seemed unreal, and I would frequently hit myself, hoping that I might wake up.

It was on one unusually dismal afternoon, after hitting myself unusually hard, that a possible solution began to form in my mind. To prove to myself what I was, I would challenge Hatter to a kind of duel. If I won, it would prove that I was a real straw boss; if I lost, it would prove that I wasn't. And regardless of the outcome, if I could bring myself to take on Hatter, it would prove that I was not a coward. I set out to find Hatter, and for the first time since I'd become straw boss I found him actually picking tobacco.

"Well, if it isn't the straw boss," he said, rising from his haunches.

"Get going there!" I said.

"What if I don't?"

"If you don't, this is what," I said, raising my fists. Hatter raised his, and I went in swinging.

I secretly hoped, I think, that Hatter would beat me up, so I'd know for sure that I wasn't a straw boss, after all. Still, I knew I'd just be deceiving myself if I made it too easy for him. I had intended our bout to be legitimate boxing, but as I swung a hard uppercut at Hatter's chin and missed, he caught me by the elbow and, guilefully placing one of his feet behind mine, gave me a vigorous push that sent me to the ground.

"Stupid goddam straw boss!" he said.

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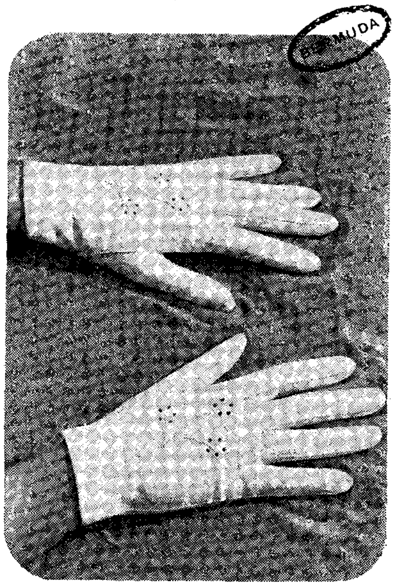
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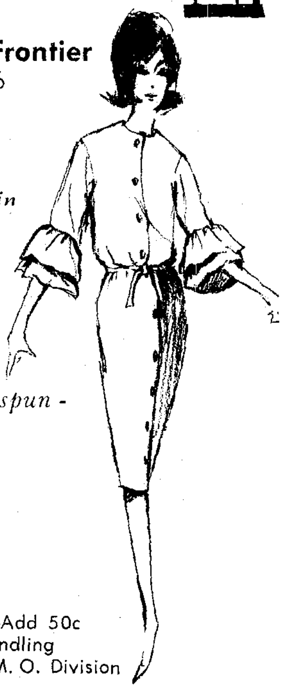
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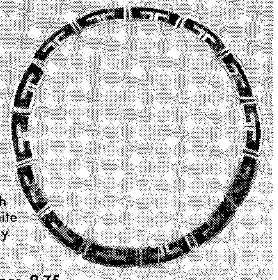
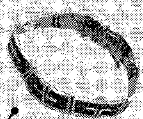
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"I'll show you!" He grimaced, lunged, and managed to grab my left ear, it seemed with the intention of tearing it off. So far, to me, the encounter had simply been a matter of honor or principle, but the ear-bending was so painful that I responded with an involuntary burst of strength and speed; I caught Hatter with a right hook, which freed my ear and sent him sprawling. No sooner was he back on his feet than I drove a left jab to his stomach, which I followed up with a right to the jaw. This maneuver having rocked him, I repeated it twice, and was surprised to see him collapse in a sad heap on the ground. "Leave me alone," he groaned.

This, I realized, was the last thing I'd wanted to happen. And, unfortunately, now that the fight was over, it, too, was beginning to seem unreal. But I had won, and I actually *was* straw boss. There was no escape from it.

IT rained very hard that night, and when I got to work the next morning Baxter announced that the tobacco was too wet for picking. I felt that I'd been granted a day's reprieve from my despair, and was seized by a hopeful, irresistible impulse to hitchhike to Hartford and go to the movies. I had five dollars in my pocket, and for one rainy day could forget that I'd ever been straw boss. I got to Hartford around nine o'clock, and went to the first movie house I found open. In the course of the day, I went to *all* the movies I could find in downtown Hartford. I even managed to forget about my complexion, as well as about being straw boss, and stuffed myself with popcorn and Hershey bars. It was a great feeling, and during the last movie it dawned on me like a revelation that I'd never been a genuine straw boss, and couldn't be, and that if I'd only realized this from the start there would have been no problem. How could you fail at being something you weren't? Being straw boss was definitely not real but a mere role. Now I could *play* the role and make a success of it. With Hatter vanquished, nothing would stand in my way. I could hardly wait to be back at the plantation.

Next morning, the pickers were talking busily among themselves, and I gathered that the word about my beating up Hatter had got around. Then Baxter called me, and I remembered his strictures against physical violence. I figured he was going to give me a little lecture about not being too tough on the workers, but his tone was peculiar. "Where the hell were you yesterday?"

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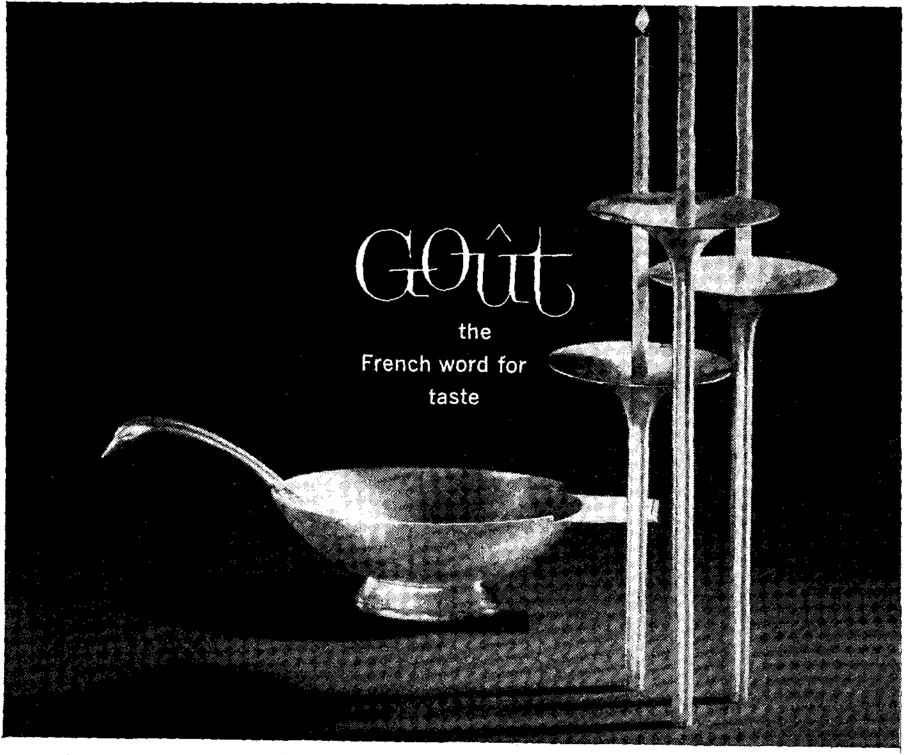

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he asked, swaying ominously above me. He was almost seven feet tall.

"Yesterday?" I asked. "Why, it was raining, so I hitchhiked into Hartford and went to the movies."

"The movies!" he exclaimed. "What kind of a straw boss are you, going to the movies?" He gave a great tug at his trousers, and spat out a quid of tobacco. He must have thought I was about twenty-five.

"It was raining," I repeated. "You said there was no work."

"For the kids!" he exclaimed. "For the kids! A straw boss is *always* supposed to be on the job. There's always work in the sheds. You thought a straw boss was a soft job, huh? Well, you're no straw boss. You're just a punk. Another little goddam punk!"

What could I say? That he was right, but wrong? That I wasn't a straw boss, but that now that I realized it I could be? No, he would not have understood the revelation I'd had in the movies. He was still staring at me in a peculiar disillusioned way, as if I'd let him down. Then he asked suddenly, "How old are you, anyway?"

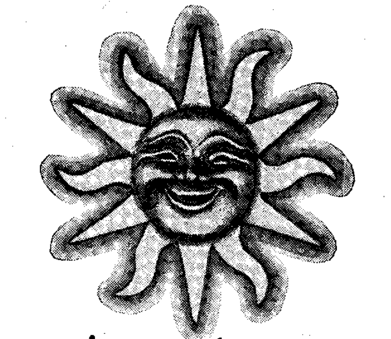
I wasn't much of a liar under pressure, and, at this point, I was starting to get slightly irritated. Less from fear than from defiant pride, I answered, "Thirteen."

"Thirteen?" He drew his arm back, as if he were going to belt me. "Go on! Get back there under the nets with the rest of them, or I'll toss you off the plantation."

So I was back where I'd started—a picker once more—and my hourly wages were decreased to thirty-five cents, to correspond to my real age. But I didn't mind. I wrote to my mother that they weren't paying as much overtime as they had been, and she began sending me an extra ten dollars a week. It more than made up the difference, and enabled me to buy plenty of extra bread from Mrs. Sims.

The next week, Baxter made Hatter straw boss. It was strange, because Hatter was an even worse straw boss than I had been. He was obviously not the sort to realize that it was just a role, and, anyway, all the other kids knew that he was a lazy goof-off, and he never had a chance. And, of course, I had beaten him up. The morale of the workers reached a new low under him, and you could see that Hatter himself was miserable.

Personally, I found it quite a relief being back under the nets again, just like anybody else, free and complaining



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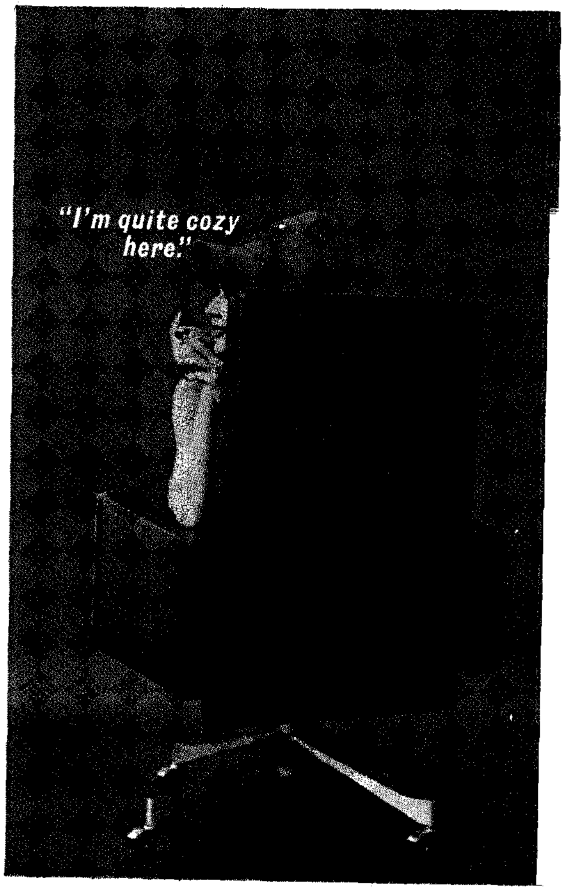
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and irresponsible, grubbing along the ground, my grimy sack under me, smoking cigarettes on the sly with the other pickers, and heckling Hatter. And the public knowledge that I was thirteen, instead of making me an object of ridicule, as I'd feared, seemed to invest me with a certain stature and glory. "You sure had them buffaloed for a while," one of the older pickers said to me one day. "Hell, if you hadn't gone to the movies that day, you'd probably still be straw boss. What a laugh!"

As for the Jamaicans, they seemed to regard the affair with their customary mild amusement, and Platt made up a little ballad he used to break into when he saw me, a kind of rhymeless calypso that went:

O that straw-boss man,
Way up from New York town—
O here comes the straw boss,
Watch out, Mr. Hatter, man.
O hey! O hey!

Eventually, in my late-found glory, I began to dote on my past. "I'm only thirteen years old, and I've already been a straw boss," I said to myself with gratitude and wonder. And by the end of the summer I even managed to regain two pounds. —GROVER AMEN

•

RAPID PIETY DEPARTMENT

[*Testimonial letter received by the Better Reading Program, Inc., Chicago*]

Here is a note that might be of interest to you in your advertising. As you may or may not know, every Roman Catholic Priest has the strict obligation of reciting what he calls his Divine Office every day. Since this changes every day, most priests must read it. It takes the average priest between one hour and one-and-a-half hours to do this each day. After using your rapid reading kit for only a few days, I have been able to save as much as 35 minutes in this daily task. In talking to other priests about the kit, I have mentioned about the time it has saved me in reciting my Office. Invariably, I have received the same answer, "Get me one of those kits." If you want to sell your kits to priests, mention this point and you will end up with more than half of the American priests on your mailing list.

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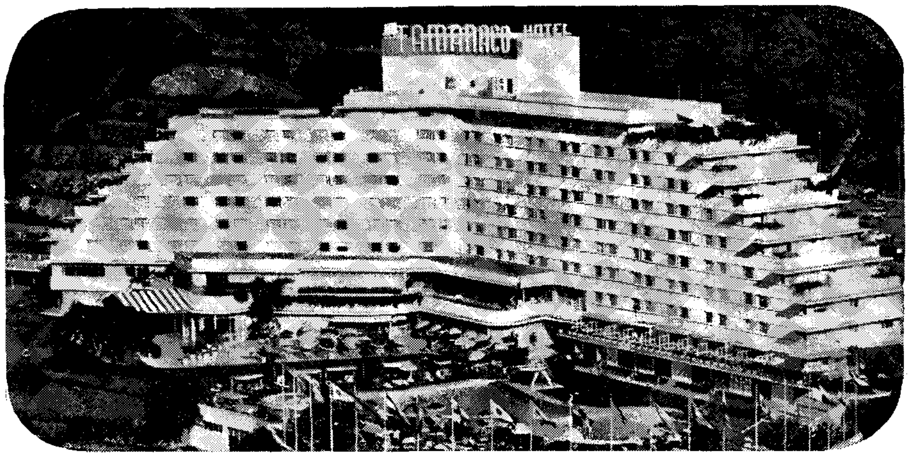

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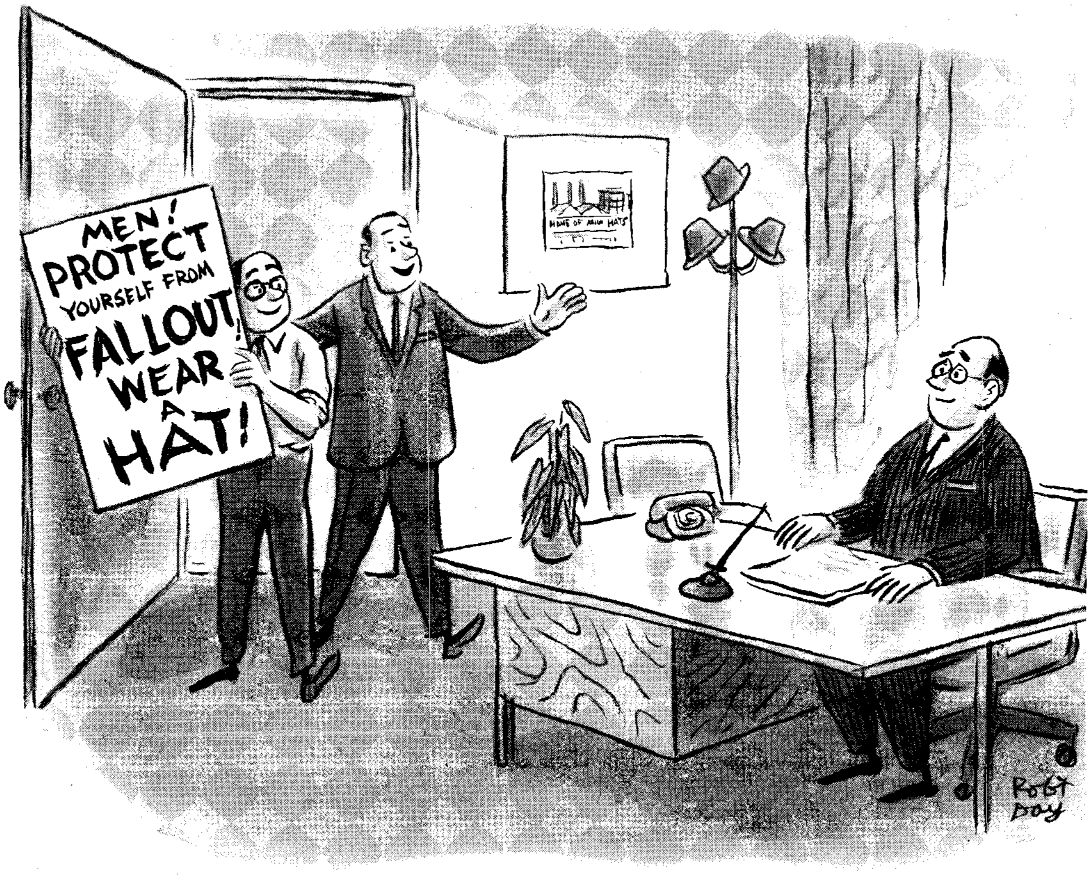
SIMMONS

BOOKS

The Smallest Giant in the World, and the Tallest Midget

THIS is the Year of the Ox. It is a fortunate year for bilingual children and for children who like poetry. Every year is a good one for Science. There are also a number of odd, very fine books that don't easily fit into a sprawling, aerial review of this kind and that are beyond my expectations. I should like to begin with one of these, and afterward turn to books for very young children.

"The Phantom Tollbooth" (ages eight and up), by Norton Juster, illustrated by Jules Feiffer (Epstein & Carroll), is my first experience of opening a book with no special anticipation and gradually becoming aware that I am holding in my hands a newborn classic, still sticky from its chrysalis. A morality tale, it has for its Everyman a city boy named Milo, who doesn't know what to do with himself—not just sometimes but all the time. His toys and games all bore him, and he can't see the point of anything, especially schoolwork. One day he returns from school, dreading another long, empty afternoon, to find in his room an enormous package. On the outside it says, "One Genuine Turnpike Tollbooth—Easily Assembled at Home, and for Use by Those Who Have Never Traveled in Lands Beyond." He immediately puts the booth together, and then, because he has nothing better to do, he sets up the three signs that came with it: "Slow Down Approaching Tollbooth," "Please Have Your Fare Ready," "Have Your Destination in Mind." Without much hope, he consults a map that he finds in the package and settles on Dictionopolis as his destination. Climbing into his electric car, which he hasn't played with in months, he drives up to the booth, deposits his coin, and finds himself speeding along an unfamiliar road. As he looks back, neither the booth nor his room nor the apartment house is in sight. What has started as make-believe is now real. Dictionopolis, the city of words, is ruled over by King Azaz the Unabridged, whose brother, the Mathemagician, is the ruler of Digitopolis, the city of numbers. King Azaz and the Mathemagician profoundly disagree about everything. They have two adopted sisters, Rhyme and Reason, who were greatly loved for their gentle ways and their ability to settle all controversies fairly and reasonably until one day the two rulers appealed to them to decide which is more important—words or numbers. The sisters answered that they are of equal value, and were banished by their enraged brothers. From that time, nothing has been right in the land. Without the least desire to be a hero, Milo finds himself appointed to make the long and dangerous journey to the Castle in the Air in order to rescue the princesses. King Azaz gives him a box to take with him and says, "In this box are all the words I know. Most of them you will never need, some you will use constantly, but with them you may ask all the questions which have never been answered and answer all the questions which have never been asked." Milo is accompanied by two friends, the grumbling, good-hearted Humbug and Tock, a watchdog with an alarm clock for a body. Passing through a woods, the travellers come upon a house with a door on each of its four sides, and above each door is a brass nameplate—"The Giant," "The Midget," "The Fat Man," "The Thin Man." Milo walks up to the Giant's door and knocks. "Good afternoon," says the perfectly ordinary-sized man who answers the door. "Are you the Giant?" asks the watchdog doubtfully. "To be sure," the man replies. "I'm the smallest giant in the world. What can I do for you?" "Are we lost?" Milo asks. "That's a difficult question. Why don't you go around back and ask the Midget?" says the Giant, and he closes the door. Milo walks to the rear of the house, which looks exactly like the front, and knocks at the Midget's door. "How are you?" inquires a man who looks exactly like the Giant. "Are you the Midget?" Tock asks. "Unquestionably," the man answers. "I'm the tallest midget in the world. May I help you?" After this brush with relativity, the travellers pass the city of Illusions, which you can see just as well with your eyes closed, and



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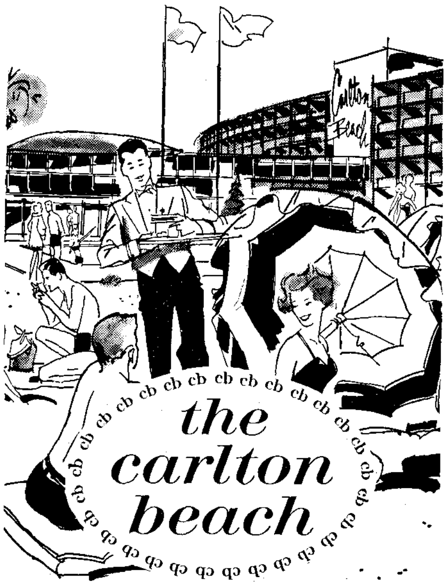

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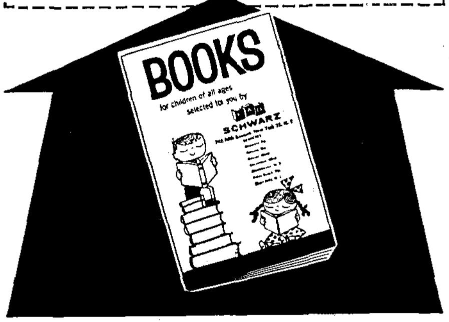
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arrive at the city of Reality, which they can't see at all. The inhabitants explain that it was once a very beautiful city, until someone discovered that you could get wherever you were going much faster if you looked at nothing but your shoes. Gradually the city became uglier and dirtier, and after a while it began to fade away entirely, but no one took any notice. The travellers then come to a fortress where are imprisoned all the sounds that have ever been made. The Soundkeeper gives Milo a little package of sounds to take with him, saying, "Now, remember, they're not for eating, but for listening, because you'll often be hungry for sounds as well as food. Here are street noises at night, train whistles a long way off, dry leaves burning, busy department stores, crunching toast, creaking bedsprings, and, of course, all kinds of laughter." On the outskirts of the city of numbers, the travellers meet a Dodecahedron, a person with twelve faces, his edges and angles neatly labelled with small and capital letters. He explains to them that numbers are not made—you have to dig for them. Not wanting to admit his ignorance, Milo says he doesn't think numbers are important. "*Not important!*" exclaims the Dodecahedron. "If you had high hopes, how would you know how high they were? And did you know that narrow escapes come in all different widths? Would you travel the whole wide world without ever knowing how wide it was?" Other, equally marvellous creatures lie in wait for them—like the Terrible Trivium, a charming but faceless man who, by setting them at meaningless tasks, almost makes the travellers forget their quest. As "Pilgrim's Progress" is concerned with the awakening of the sluggardly spirit, "The Phantom Tollbooth" is concerned with the awakening of the lazy mind. One is also reminded of "Alice in Wonderland"—not to mention the fantasies of James Thurber—as one reads "The Phantom Tollbooth," but the book remains triumphantly itself, lucid, humorous, full of warmth and real invention. Mr. Juster is thirty-two years old and is a practicing architect. According to the jacket, he is preparing a book on urban aesthetics, on a grant from the Ford Foundation. I have great hopes for any city he has a say about.

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prise that this year there are four excellent bilingual picture books, and a great many more that are almost as good. Who could have guessed that One World would be born in the nursery and that children would be pulling down the barriers of language along with their block castles? I don't think bilingual books are really intended to *teach;* they're only to make children comfortable with the idea that a French mouse is *une souris.*

"Le Petit Chien" (ages two to five), by Denise and Alain Trez, with illustrations by the latter (World), has the French text at the beginning, running, as we say, forward, and the English text beginning at the end, and running, as the Japanese say, forward. It's a child-sized pocket book, with appealing pictures of little orange-and-black dogs running in both directions. The dog of the title is the runt of a litter of ten. His brothers tease him, take away his bones, and leave him nothing but soup. One day he squeezes under the gate and goes out into the city. Wandering into a museum, he discovers "*un énorme animal fait entièrement en os!*" He runs off with the largest of the dinosaur's bones, and, making ingenious use of this treasure, he saves the lives of his brothers and becomes their hero. *Ça, c'est tellement agréable, vu de n'importe quel bout.*

"Le Hibou et la Poussiquette" (all ages), by Francis Steegmuller, with pictures by Barbara Cooney (Little, Brown), is a bravura rendering of Edward Lear's poem into French. Instead of "O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love," the Owl sings:

O Minou chérie, ô Minou ma belle,
O Poussiquette, comme tu es rare,
  Es rare,
  Es rare!
O Poussiquette, comme tu es rare!

The Pussy-Cat is indeed a sight to behold, with its olive fur and blue-green eyes, its seductive smile, and its temples wreathed with a garland of wood flowers. The pictures of the congenial pair, "*fous d'amour,*" are straightforward and plausible. Mr. Steegmuller's translation first appeared in this magazine.

"There Is a Dragon in My Bed, and Other Useful Phrases in French and English" (ages five to eight), by Sesyle Joslin and Irene Haas (Harcourt, Brace), is an illustrated handbook for children who find themselves in usual, unusual, and surrealistic situations abroad. The form is this: " 'Je vois le chat' (*zhuh vwa luh sha*)—means—'I see the cat.' *And this is when to say it.*" In the picture, a little girl with a Renoir

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hat leans out of the window of a cab, the roof of which is piled high with luggage marked "A l'Hôtel Ritz," and points to a cat on a lamppost in front of a bistro. There are eleven other cats in sight to practice on. The same little girl, in baggy tweeds and shoulder bag, or negligee, or evening dress, is escorted through the book by a little boy in a large fedora and rolled-up long trousers, or carrying a Rolleiflex or a wooden sword, with a few strands from a horse's tail glued to his upper lip as a moustache. "*Fermez la porte*" is a useful phrase when the mounted Garde Républicaine come riding in through the door of your hotel room, and "*Ouvrez la fenêtre*" gets them out the window. "*Allô? Monsieur l'Agent? J'ai perdu mon enfant!*" is good to know if you've lost your doll. What do you say if you are dining at La Tour d'Argent and the waiter places before you a hen wrapped in a fringed shawl, but shivering? You say, "*Mon poulet est froid.*"

It would be a pleasure to see bilingual books in a greater variety of languages—Russian, for instance, and Italian, and German. There is one in Spanish this year—"The Snow and the Sun" (ages four and up), translated, and illustrated with woodcuts, by Antonio Frasconi (Harcourt, Brace & World). The English and Spanish texts of this old South American folk rhyme are printed side by side, instead of at opposite ends of the book. A cumulative rhyme, similar to our "The Old Woman and her Pig," it begins,

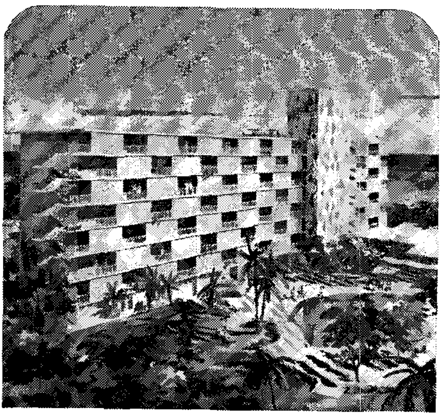
> Snow that hurts my feet,
> why are you bad?
> I am not bad;
> the sun is bad
> that melts me,

and ends, showing the essential innocence of nature,

> Man that corrals the ox,
> Ox that drinks the water,
> Water that quenches the fire,
> Fire that burns the stick,
> Stick that beats the dog,
> Dog that barks at the cat,
> Cat that chases the rat,
> Rat that digs under the wall,
> Wall that stops the wind,
> Wind that blows away the cloud,
> Cloud that covers the sun,
> Sun that melts the snow,
> Snow that hurts my feet,
> why are you bad?
>
> I am not bad;
> the snow is bad
> that hurts my feet.

If the translation is a bit wooden, the woodcuts are as fluid as water.

My only reservation about the now familiar series (ages four to eight) on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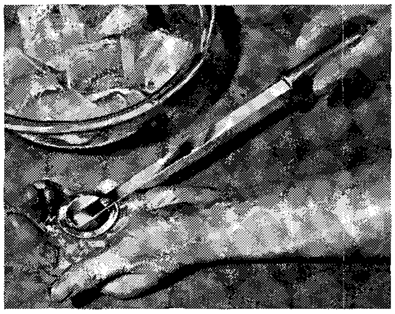
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the great cities of the world—"This Is Paris," "This Is Rome," "London," "Edinburgh," "Venice" (written and illustrated by M. Sasek, and published by Macmillan)—is that the people are all done in the same cartoon style and the human face doesn't change significantly from city to city. The artist's real interests are architecture and social details, and he has tried, successfully, I think, to catch the idiosyncrasies of each city—in New York, the air-conditioners suspended outside innumerable windows, the water tanks on the rooftops, the partially submerged Con Edison workmen. By a fluke or on purpose, I received a copy of "New York" in French (published, if you go looking for it in French bookstores, by Editions Casterman), and it is charming. Viz: In New York "*de multiples organisations* [represented by a lady in mauve with a marten fur piece, a United Hospital Fund decoration crisscrossing her bosom, a change box in her hand] *s'occupent de la santé de votre corps.*" The only mistakes that I noticed are endearing ones: Macy's is conveniently located on Fifth Avenue, and though the book was printed in 1961, "*La ville tout entière,*" M. Sasek informs us, "*est en fièvre lorsque s'opposent les deux équipes new-yorkaises, les Yankees et les Dodgers.*"

MAN'S vision of man is singularly untender at the moment, but this shouldn't have to be the concern of children. I have observed a tendency this year, which I hope doesn't grow on us, for technically very good illustrators—whose use of color, in particular, is often surprising and beautiful—to make ugly people, and animals that are uglier still. Poor little children, barely erect, and with a still frail mastery of the language—to have to tackle these queer, pneumatic, purple-faced people, with their unjointed, sacklike bodies and their misplaced features, who are cropping out all over their storybooks! I just don't believe that certain things that may give pleasure to adults—abstraction and dehumanization—are at all appropriate for children. Let them make their own funny faces—the distortions in their pictures have a very different meaning and effect, and never seem ugly—and let the illustrators of their books make the most beautiful things they can. Here are four picture books that are, in their extremely different ways, all beautiful.

"Once a Mouse" (ages four to eight) is a fable from ancient India, retold by Marcia Brown, with woodcut illustra-

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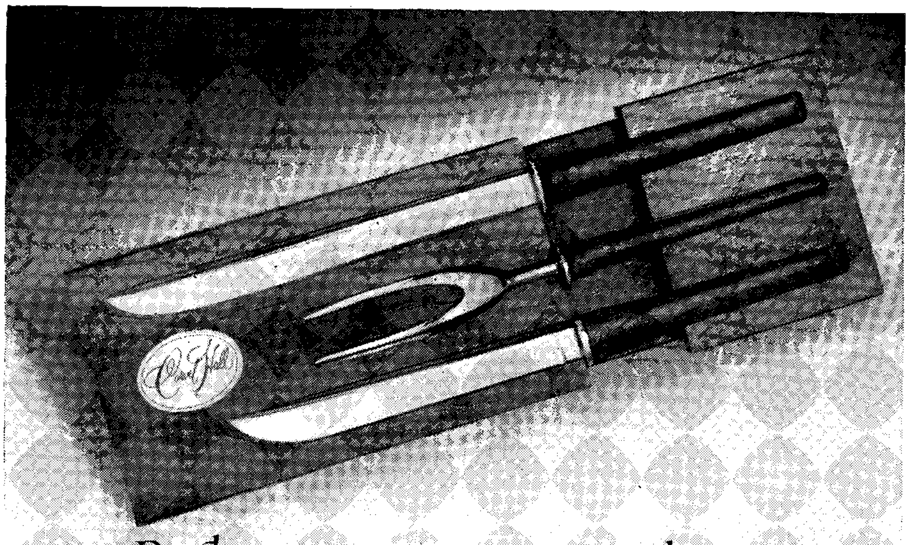

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tions by the author (Scribners). One day a hermit, as he sits thinking about big and little, sees a mouse about to be snatched up by a crow and saves it. Later, the mouse is threatened by a cat, so the hermit changes the mouse into a bigger cat. But then the cat is threatened by a dog, so the hermit changes the cat into a big dog. A hungry tiger comes along, and the hermit changes the dog into a royal tiger. The royal tiger is filled with false pride and swaggers about the jungle. When the hermit reminds him of his humble origin, the tiger doesn't like it at all and determines to kill the holy man, but the hermit, reading his thoughts, turns him back into a mouse, and the mouse scampers off into the jungle. After that, the holy man sits thinking about big and little. The illustrations are remarkably beautiful. The emotional elements of the story—the devoutness and gentleness of the hermit, and the shame and rage of the tiger when he is scolded—are conveyed with just as much intensity as the purely visual ones—the textures of wood and grasses and jungle vines, and the shifting avenues of light.

"A Balloon for a Blunderbuss" (ages two to five), by Bob Gill and Alastair Reid (Harper), is dedicated to fifty-one children—twenty-four girls, twenty-two boys, and five who, from their names, could be either. It seems to me to be clearly a boy's book. It is about trading things. It begins, "I have a butterfly in my hands. What will you give me for my butterfly?" "I will give you a wishbone." Then the wishbone is traded, in the imagination of the first speaker, for a flag, the flag for a straw hat, the hat for a sea horse, the sea horse for a ship in a bottle, the bottle for a gum-ball machine, the gum-ball machine for a brass horn, the horn for a blunderbuss, the blunderbuss for an aerial balloon, the balloon for a trolley car, the trolley car for two rocking horses and a small zoo, the zoo for a tall tower, the tower for a small army, the army for a little town. . . . All these things are pictured in Mr. Gill's illustrations with great style and dash. The authors seem to me to have caught not only a little boy's love of trading and his extravagant imagination but his unbridled possessiveness. At the end, the first voice says, "Think of it! I began with a butterfly in my hands and now I own EVERYTHING!" "Show me your butterfly," says the second voice. "Look!" says the first, opening his hands, and a green butterfly soars off to the top of the final page. When I read this book to my four-year-old daughter,

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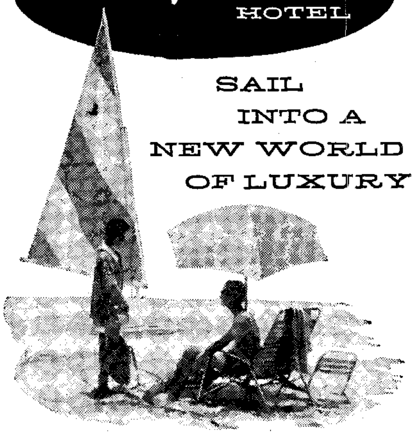

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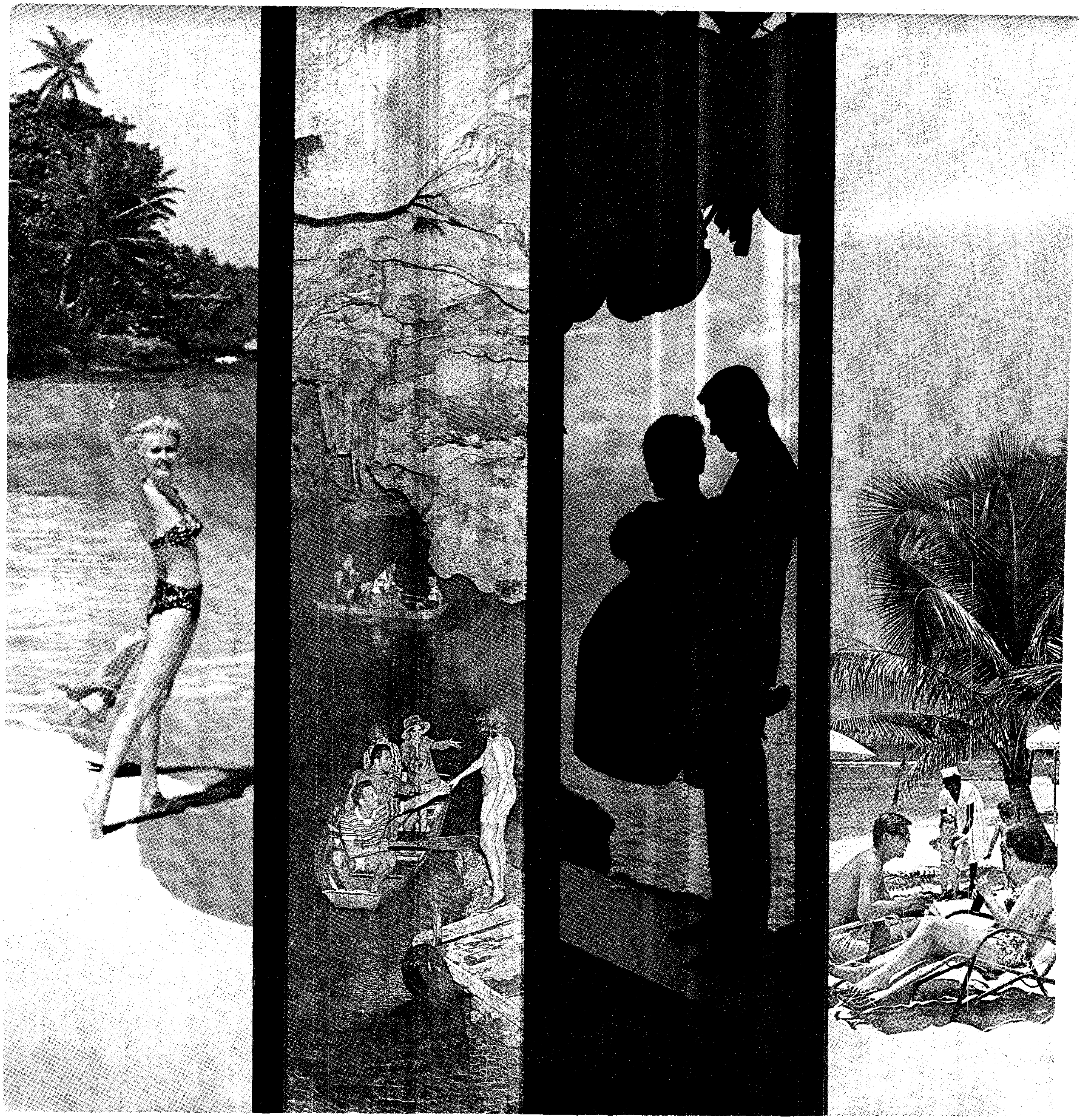

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she said disdainfully that she would have kept the butterfly.

"The Fox Went Out on a Chilly Night" (ages four and up), illustrated by Peter Spier (Doubleday), is a book of pictures to go with the old song:

The fox went out on a chilly night,
and he prayed to the moon to give him
light,
for he'd many miles to go that night
before he reached the town-o, town-o,
town-o . . .

The artist, who was born and brought up in Holland, did not rely on his memory, as an American illustrator might have done, but made an extensive trip through the New England countryside, filling sketchbooks as he went. That fox made a very long trip, too, and as many times as I've looked through the book, I still hold my breath at the beauty of the countryside on that cold autumn night: the sprawling, ramshackle barns and settling stone walls, the thick, bristling growth that covers the rolling land, the farm equipment rusting and crumbling in the fields, the fiery maples, the old, untended graveyards, and the sleeping towns, the ripe disorder of the barnyards, and moonlight, pumpkins, and squash left about wherever they happen to fall.

Adrienne Adams is one of the four or five best illustrators of fairy tales. In her pictures for Hans Christian Andersen's "Thumbelina" (Scribners), the light seems filtered or to come from the underside of the leaves, and the soft, bright colors have a morning freshness. Her velvety mole and neat, industrious mouse are perfection, and Thumbelina herself, drawing the rose-petal counterpane over her walnut-shell bed or pleasantly rowing about in a petal over a dish of flowers, using a couple of horsehairs for oars, has a delicate, waiflike charm that has nothing to do with her miniature size. The drawings are full of imaginative touches, such as the little hair roots pushing down through the ceiling of the field mouse's passage; the mole, leaning back in a spindle chair, smoking a meerschaum pipe; spiders working on Thumbelina's trousseau on looms in the parlor; and a bouquet of bachelor buttons in a silver thimble on the wedding table—embellishments that, one imagines, would have pleased the author. The translation, by R. P. Keigwin, is more graceful than most translations of Andersen fairy tales.

FOR slightly older children there are three books, in English but set in a foreign country, that are well out of the ordinary. "Kashtanka" (ages six to ten),

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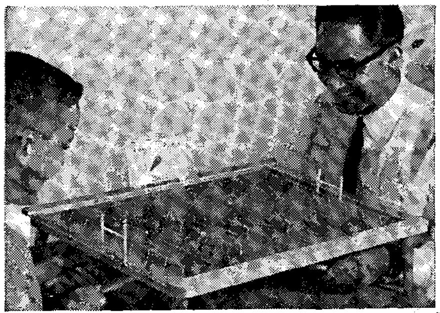

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by Anton Chekhov (Walck), is a story written for children, and yet it is from its first paragraph unmistakably a story by Chekhov; that is to say, ugliness and stupidity and saintliness and loyalty and indifference and death itself all have their accepted place in the social pattern, and every man, lofty or degraded, has the right, and indeed the sacred obligation, to fail in his own way. Kashtanka is a red-haired bitch, a cross between a dachshund and a watchdog of some sort. She belongs to a drunken brute of a cabinetmaker, who mistreats her. The cabinetmaker's son, Fedyushka, amuses himself by playing cruel and malicious tricks on the dog. One snowy day, she gets separated from her master, far from home, and is picked up by a kindly animal trainer who plays the variety circuit. He takes her to his comfortable apartment, which he shares with his three performing artists—a white tomcat, Fyodor Timofeyich; a gander, Ivan Ivanich; and a black and extremely ugly sow, Khavrona Ivanovna. Although now she has plenty to eat and a soft bed and is addressed gently by the name of Tyotka, or Auntie, she misses her master and dreams about her old home, with its delicious smells of varnish and glue and wood shavings. In her dreams she is spoken to in the familiar belittling way: "Kashtanka, you are an insect, nothing more! Compared with a human being, you are like a joiner beside a cabinetmaker." Soon after Auntie joins the ménage, the gander meets with an accident and Auntie takes his place in the vaudeville act. At her first performance she is bewildered by the noise, the bright lights, and the strange clown's costume the animal trainer wears. As she begins her dance there is a shout from the balcony. "*Auntie*?" cries a child's voice. "But that's our Kashtanka!" "So it is!" affirms a drunken, high-pitched voice. "Kashtanka! Fedyushka, God forgive us, it's Kashtanka! *Phweet!*" With a delighted howl the dog leaps from the stage and onto someone's shoulder, and then is passed upward, licking hands and faces on her way, rising higher and higher until she reaches the gallery.

"Trip in a Balloon" (ages six to ten), by Albert Lamorisse (Doubleday), illustrated by photographs, taken in the course of making a movie of the same title, by Claude Lamorisse and Alain Duparc, is a companion piece to "The Red Balloon," which was also done by MM. Lamorisse and Duparc. I like this one even more. It is about a little boy named Pascal, who with his grandfather

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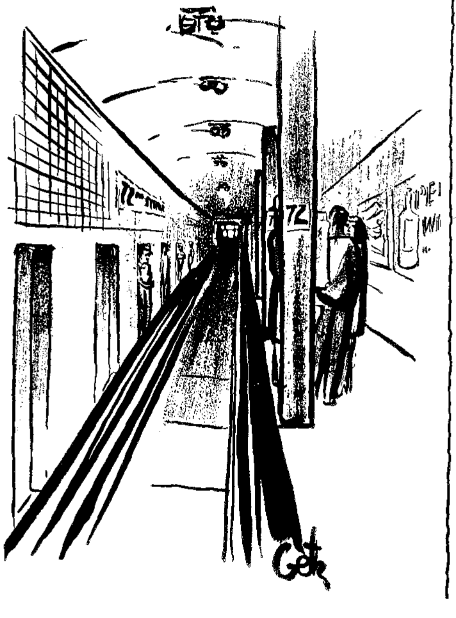
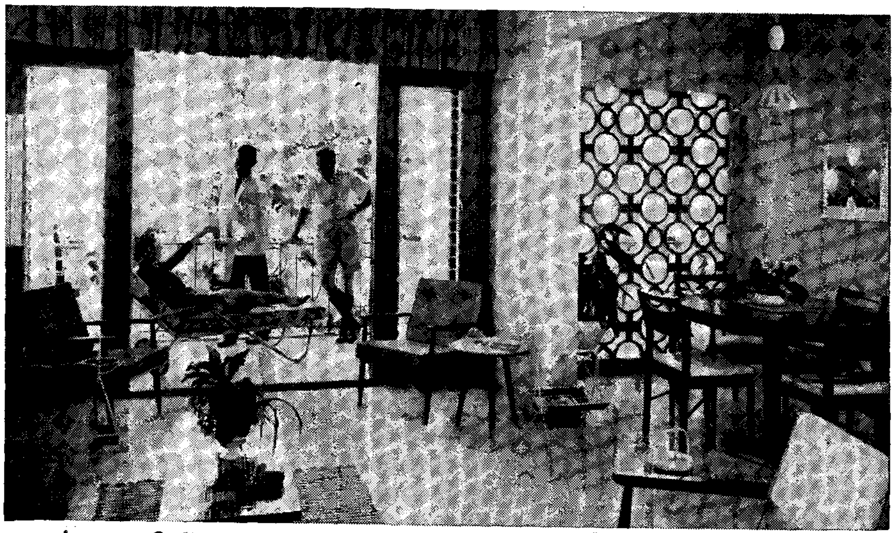
makes a trial flight in a balloon that the grandfather has invented. *Hors de siècle* by temperament, the grandfather has turned his back on modern aviation and has made a balloon that can be steered and that is very economical, since it uses "natural air, ordinary air, the kind one breathes." In this balloon, "any man would be able to fly around peacefully and noiselessly in the fresh air with his family." Lovely to see it hovering just above the sixth-story windows on a Paris street, the people out on their balconies cheering it on; above a wedding breakfast at tables set outside a little stone church in Brittany; over the fields of Auvergne, the steep sides of Mont Blanc. The aeronauts are followed on the ground by a young man named Antoine, who, driving at top speed, is supposed to prepare the landing places and carry extra gear, and who constantly gets himself and the others and the balloon into trouble. There is also a scientific factor the grandfather didn't take into consideration—the well-known Kabinsky phenomenon, according to which the balloon must catch fire and explode. In short, we are, and have been all along, in the footsteps of Jules Verne. Though the story is one excitement after another, the text is always earthbound and matter-of-fact, except for one little flight, in which the grandfather observes to himself (or, rather, imagines the surprise with which some hypothetical pupils would observe to themselves) that "from a certain height man appears to be an artistic animal, a creature both organized and wise. It seems that in ploughing, planting, and harvesting, he has only one idea, to cover the earth lovingly with a fine coat, made of many different pieces of cloth, some rough and some smooth, some





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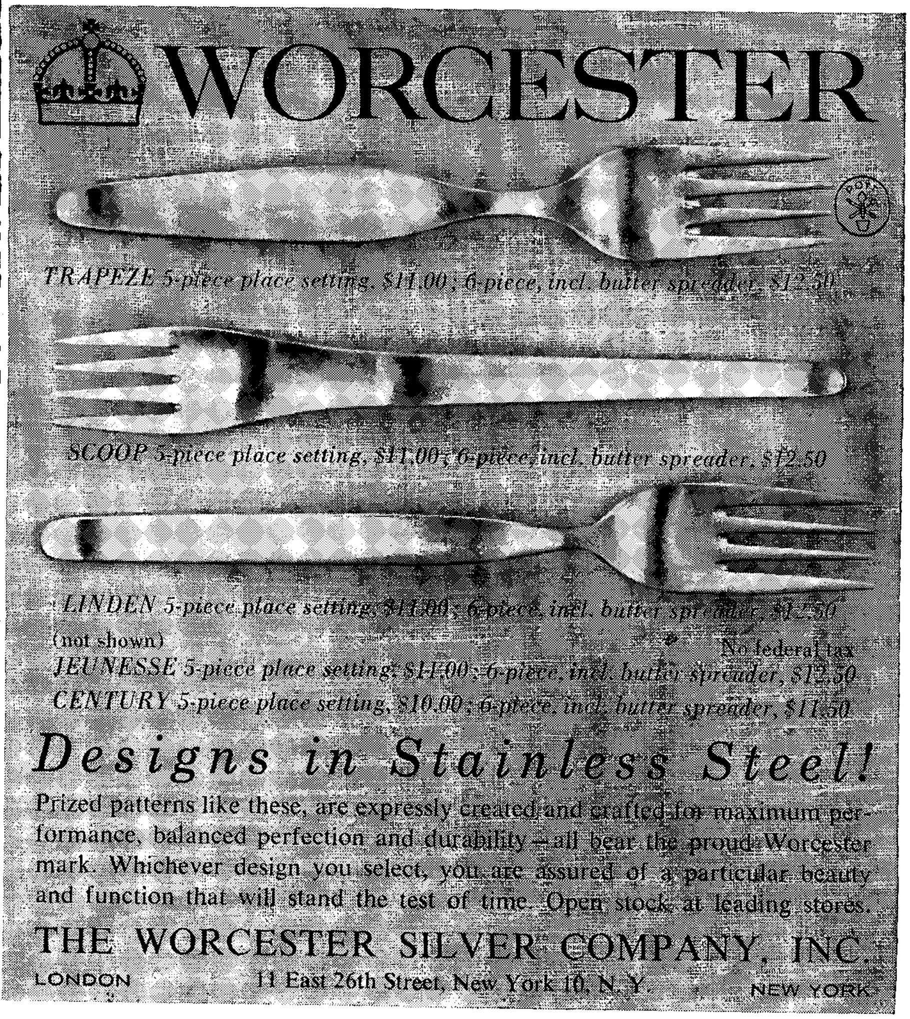

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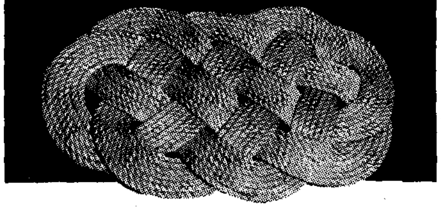

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shining and some dull, of strong and contrasting colors, some dark and some gay, but all of them pretty."

"Keiko's Bubble" (ages six to ten), by Janet Lewis, illustrated by Kazue Mizumura (Doubleday), is the gentle, poignant story of a little Japanese girl, the daughter of a fisherman. On Girls' Day, the Festival of the Dolls, when the old, ornately dressed, and valuable dolls belonging to the family are removed from their wrappings and carefully displayed, Keiko hopes that her present from her father will be a doll to play with, a soft doll dressed in ordinary clothes, like the ones she wears to school, a doll who can sleep beside her on her mat—the doll she has longed for all her life. But the fishing has been bad for a long time, and so instead her father brings her a glass float, a big one, and very expensive, which he badly needs for his net, and then asks her permission to borrow it. Every day after school, Keiko goes down to the sand to see what the catch is and, when it is good, to thank her float. One day, when the net is very heavy, a rope gives and the glass float, which has been held underwater by the weight of the fish, bobs to the surface. Keiko's father sees it. He shouts to his brother, for the wind is very strong. "Look there!" he cries. "Keiko's bubble," says the uncle. He tries to turn the boat so that the wind will carry the float toward him. But the wind is too strong and the net too heavy. The boat will not turn quickly, and Keiko's bubble floats beyond reach. Each night as she is dropping off to sleep, Keiko thinks about her bubble. She thinks that the stars will be reflected from its sides and the moonlight will shine through its glass and be caught inside like smoke. In the morning the sunlight will fill it. Perhaps the crest of a wave will break over it, and the bubble will disappear. But when the water falls away, the bubble will be there again in the sunlight. Clouds will be reflected in its curved sides. So it will go, dancing, floating, gliding. It will be free. It will not be broken. The waves will handle it, and no matter how rough they are, they will always handle it gently. When I was a child in Oregon, walking along the beach after a storm, finding a glass ball that had been carried across the Pacific by the Japanese Current was one of the most magical things that could happen. Reading this book, I was haunted by the recollection of these giant ornaments, some of them still knotted in their intricate webs, collecting dust on the mantelpieces of beach houses. "Keiko's Bubble" is an exquisite

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book, written in prose that has the clarity and hard smoothness and delicate coloring of a glass float.

PEOPLE are sometimes afraid that children won't like poetry, and children are sometimes afraid of the same thing, but in my experience they generally do, if, as with most things, they start young enough. The truth is that children and poets are natural allies. They both say, with Blake, that you never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough. "The Bear Who Saw the Spring," written and illustrated by Karla Kuskin (Harper), is a dialogue in verse for the very young, between a puppy called Louis, embarking on his first spring, and a kindly, knowledgeable bear. Louis, in his enthusiasm, gets everything wrong, which can be counted on to please children. He thinks at first that the bear is a dog, that an egg is a stone, that buds are to eat, that a newly hatched bird is a mouse, and that he can probably fly if he tries. And the bear, in the manner of a superior maître d'hotel steering an out-of-towner through an elaborate menu, patiently straightens him out. The real subject of the book is the sequence of growth and change—of tadpole into frog, bud to flower, caterpillar to butterfly, pond water into ice. All through the poem there is a running parable of the child's own growth, his curiosity about when he was a baby, and the strange fact that he can't remember how it felt not to be able to walk and talk. The frog is skeptical when he is told that he was once a tadpole, and the bird has forgotten all about being an egg. Mrs. Kuskin's drawings are simple and appealing, and the flat exchange of information in the dialogue is somehow right for expressing the lyricism of nature.

"A Book of the Seasons" (ages eight and up), selected and illustrated by Eve Garnett (Robert Bentley), is an anthology of English landscape poetry. There are poems and fragments of poems by Tennyson, Shelley, de la Mare, Wordsworth, Keats, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, Francis Thompson, Edward Thomas, and many less well-known poets. If you want to know who wrote what, you have to turn to the index of first lines, at the back of the book. And if the reader sometimes regrets, as I do, that a particular selection is so brief, the index tells him where to go in search of more, and in any case the brevity of some of the selections is partly responsible for the effect the anthologist wanted—the charm

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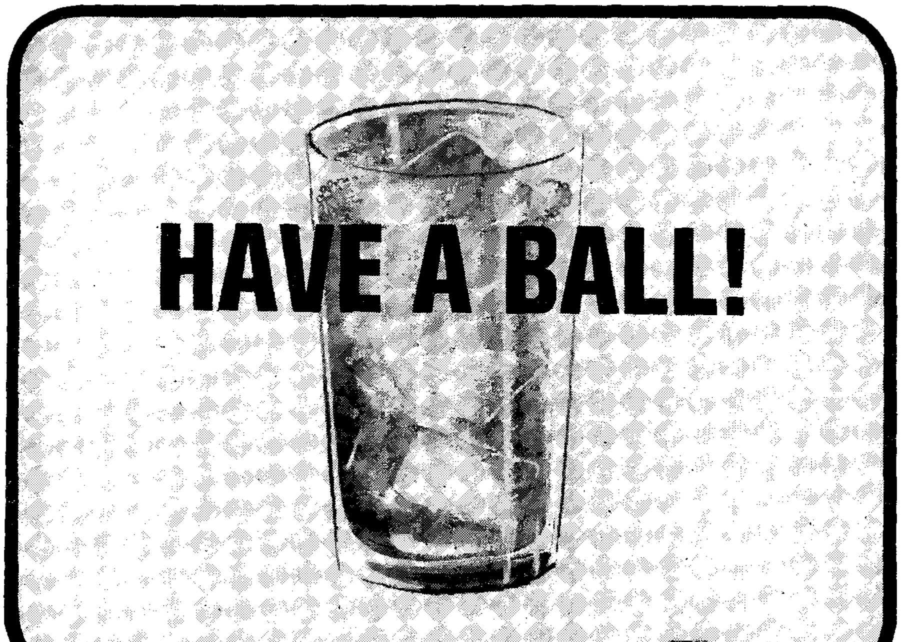

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and flow of the slowly evolving procession of the seasons. Each page is a little drawer, which, when pulled open, reveals—oh, fresh acorn caps on the ground; that blackberries are ripe, or that the wind is weighted with rain; rooks in the treetops, marsh marigolds wide open at the brook's edge. Miss Garnett has surrounded the poetry with delicate pencil drawings of English wild flowers, chestnut trees hung with candles, thatched roofs, barns, meandering brooks, and children everywhere, affectionately, humorously drawn—drawn as part of the landscape, part of the seasons.

"The Man Who Sang the Sillies" (ages eight to twelve), by John Ciardi, with drawings by Edward Gorey (Lippincott), is a book of nonsense poems that really delight children and are a pleasure to read aloud. Mr. Gorey's accomplished drawings are in the extravagant spirit of the text.

The twenty-three poems in "The Penny Fiddle," by Robert Graves, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone (Doubleday), are fanciful, romantic, and sometimes spooky. They are about ghosts, well-scrubbed children, shipwrecks, ghost ships, ministers in their pulpits, beggars, nannies, cats, magic, dreams, vain ladies, and gypsy girls. They were selected by the poet, and his choices are sometimes surprising; why, for example, did he put in the gloomy "Lift Boy" and omit the poem that ends:

> Sovereign against Lollocks
> Are hard broom and soft broom,
> To well comb the hair,
> To well brush the shoe
> And to pay every debt
> So soon as it's due.

The first time I read this collection, I thought to myself, This is a mistake; these poems are not for children at all. Reading them again, I realized that older children than I had been thinking of, children who have a taste for poetry, will surely like them, and like them more the oftener they read them.

"A Bundle of Ballads" (ages ten and up), compiled by Ruth Manning-Sanders (Lippincott), has a few of the very familiar Border ballads, such as "Sir Patrick Spens" and "The Twa Corbies," but most of the poems are not well known. Mrs. Manning-Sanders confesses in the introduction that here and there she has "modernized words and phrases which I thought might not be intelligible to you; trying to keep always to the spirit of the original, and hoping that you will like them well enough to tackle them by and by in their

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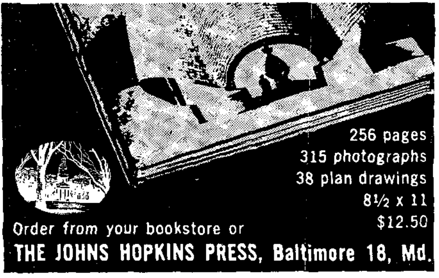

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own dialect, and forget my emendations." And so

> This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
> *Every nighte and alle,*
> Fire, and fleet, and candle-lighte,
> *And Christe receive thy saule*

becomes

> This ae night, this ae night,
> *Every night and all,*
> Fire and sleet and candlelight,
> *And Christ receive thy soul.*

Which will do until the child is old enough to read Middle English. In general, when the original dialect could be retained, it has been, and so effectively that you seem to hear, between the verses, the twang of the minstrel's harp. There is a useful glossary at the back, and the illustrations, by William Stobbs, are also very good.

"I Am! Says the Lamb," by Theodore Roethke, illustrated by Robert Leydenfrost (Doubleday), is divided into two parts—the "Nonsense Poems," which are just that, and excellent ones, and the "Greenhouse Poems," which are not like any other lyric poetry that I know about. As a boy, playing and working in his father's commercial greenhouse, Theodore Roethke formed a secret alliance with the closed and silent vegetable kingdom; as a poet, he continues it. In "Cuttings" and "Cuttings—later," he experiences in his own body, in his blood and bone, the self-creation of a cutting. He describes, with an emotion that is close to anguish, the steaming heat of the hothouse, the fierce straining and press of life in the soil, in the root cellar, in the air, in the forcing house ("nothing would sleep"). Orchids are "limp and damp, delicate as a young bird's tongue." Here is what it was like pulling weeds:

> Under the concrete benches,
> Hacking at black hairy roots,—
> Those lewd monkey-tails hanging from drainholes,—
> Digging into the soft rubble underneath,
> Webs and weeds,
> Grubs and snails and sharp sticks,
> Or yanking tough fern-shapes,
> Coiled green and thick, like dripping smilax,
> Tugging all day at perverse life:
> The indignity of it!—
> With everything blooming above me,
> Lilies, pale-pink cyclamen, roses,
> Whole fields lovely and inviolate,—
> Me down in that fetor of weeds,
> Crawling on all fours,
> Alive, in a slippery grave.

It would be presumptuous to suggest an age for this book.

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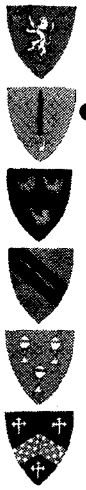

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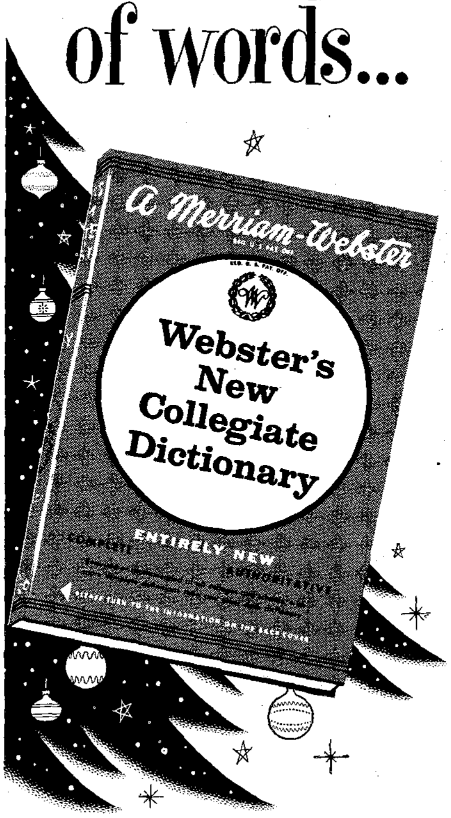

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design for children of five and older: "Printing for Fun," "How to Make Origami," and "Cut and Paste." "Printing for Fun" is a condensation of a six-volume Japanese work, and has full-color designs on every page—actual prints made by Japanese school children between the ages of six and twelve—and I particularly enjoyed the occasional glimpses, in photographs, of bent Japanese heads, heavy sweaters, and small, careful hands, and of a kindergarten group making rubbings in an outdoor playground. The instructions for stamping (using onions, leaves, strings, potatoes, etc.), for clay printing (pressing the designs into the clay with scissors, buttons, thimbles, etc.), for plaster printing (etching in plaster), for printing from glued patterns, for rubbings, and for stencil printing are exact and clear. The materials used are all readily found and inexpensive, and the work of the Japanese children shown here is absolutely delightful.

Origami, or the art of folding paper, which was developed by the Chinese ten centuries ago, has become popular in this country in the past few years, and there are many books on the subject, so "How to Make Origami" needs no special explanation, except to say that this is a de-luxe treatment of the subject. Many of the animals and birds it tells how to make have already been constructed out of beautiful papers, and are lightly glued to ornamental backgrounds, providing children who are still at the age when nothing could be nicer than tearing things out of books with a ready-made (if extremely fragile) menagerie, and older children with an example to follow and a measure of their success.

In the third volume, "Cut and Paste," also a condensation of a larger work, the emphasis is on color. It is illustrated by collages made by Japanese school children, and as soon as my children saw them, they opened the family

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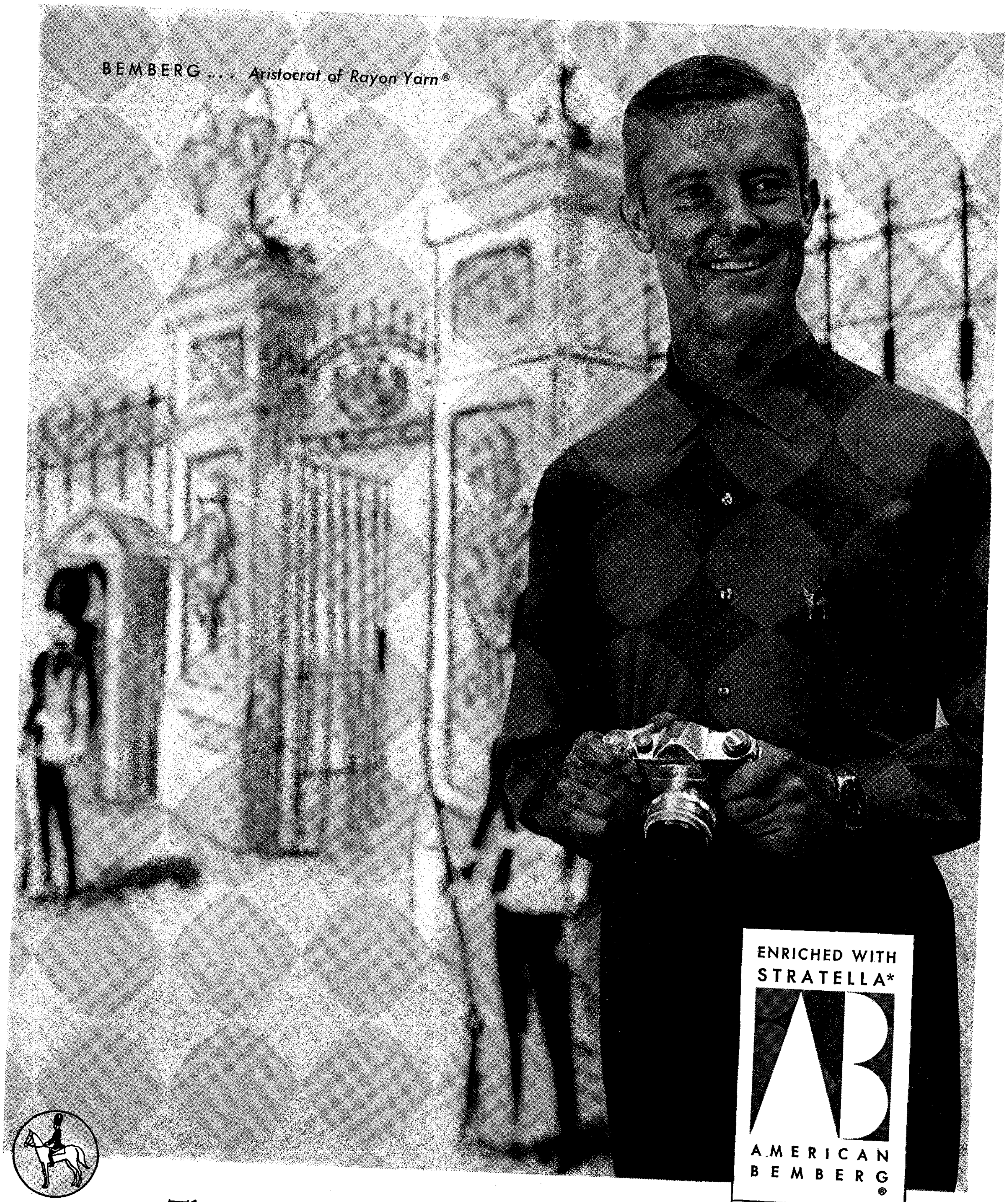

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paste pot and went to work. This is the simplest technique, employing only cloth, paper, yarns, glue, and scissors, and sometimes doing without the scissors and tearing the paper instead.

There is one other book on art—nothing like these—which you might give to a child who is interested in drawing. "A Picture Has a Special Look" (ages five to eight), by Helen Borten (Abelard-Schuman), explores in simple, pleasant full-color drawings some of the textural possibilities that can be achieved by using pen, pencil, crayon, oils, water color, poster paints, pastels, and collage. There is a brief text, but the pictures convey their own meaning.

THE majority of the best biographies for young people are about men—soldiers, explorers, and the like—and so are more interesting, as a rule, to boys than they are to girls. "The Young Fanny Burney" (ages twelve and up), by Winifred Gérin (Nelson), is an exception. As everybody knows who has ever taken a college course in English literature of the eighteenth century, Charles Burney, the composer and historian of music, had, by his first wife, a delightful daughter, Fanny, whose place among English novelists and diarists is secure. The Burneys lived at No. 36 St. Martin's Street, in London, in a house that had been owned in the previous century by Sir Isaac Newton. All London came there for Dr. Burney's musical evenings. Of his eleven children and stepchildren, eight were living at home, and were so lively and gifted and devoted to one another that they aroused the jealousy of the second Mrs. Burney, who was an ill-natured woman and blamed Fanny for anything that went wrong. Fanny was her father's secretary, and copied his manuscripts for the printer. She also acted as his hostess. At odd moments, when her duties permitted, she "scribbled." Mrs. Burney discovered that the girl was keeping a diary and forbade her to continue. She did, however, without her stepmother's knowledge. Installments of the diary were sent to her father's friend Samuel Crisp, an elderly recluse who lived in the country and was the girl's confidant and adviser. At the top of the house in St. Martin's Street there was an observatory, built by the astronomer. Its glass walls looked out over the whole of the city, and it was here that the Burney children gathered surreptitiously to hear Fanny's novel, chapter by chapter, as it was written. Fanny met her social and secretarial duties, which sometimes prevented her from working for months at

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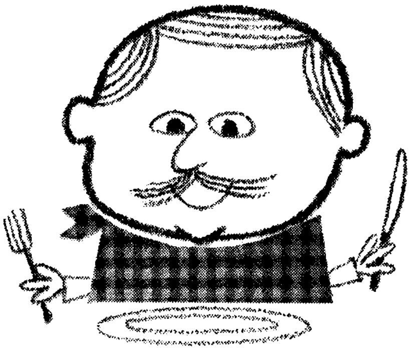

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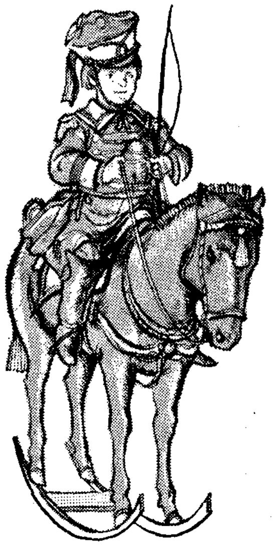

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a time, with perfect patience and good nature, but during the four months it took in those days for a novel to be "noticed" and reviewed she had a breakdown and was sent to Mr. Crisp's to recover. The book ends with her sudden, extraordinary fame as the author of "Evelina." It is clear that Miss Gérin is in love with her shy heroine, with the Burney family, and with the eighteenth century, and she manages, without straining the facts, to create a good deal of suspense over the anonymous publication. The manuscript was painstakingly copied by Fanny in a disguised hand, so the printers wouldn't recognize the handwriting of Dr. Burney's copyist and the publication bring dishonor on her father. It was delivered by Fanny's brother Charles to a bookseller in Fleet Street, with a covering letter requesting that the answer be addressed to "Mr. King at the Orange Coffee House in the Haymarket." Charles came and went by the back stairs, but the secret got out even so. Dr. Burney guessed it, and had the pleasure of dumfounding Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale.

"THE STORY OF NUMBERS" (ages eight to eleven), by Patricia Lauber, illustrated by Mircea Vasiliu (Random House), is an easy-to-read science book that presents its material in historical sequence, as do the three books for older children that follow. I don't see how any other method can approach the historical one in terms of dramatic excitement or comprehensibleness. "The Story of Numbers" begins with the Stone Age, when there was no need for concepts besides "enough" and "not enough." When man first noticed that there was a difference between one deer and two deer, and between one arrowhead and two arrowheads, he made a word for "one deer" and another word for "two deer," but the word for "two deer" bore no relation to the word for "two arrowheads." After that came words for "one," "two," "three," and "many"—because the eye doesn't easily *see* or automatically count more than three objects at a glance. Later, farmers cut tallies in pieces of wood and made rough calendars to plant crops by, and shepherds learned to count their sheep by pebbles, yet they still didn't know how many sheep or how many pebbles they had, but only whether or not there were as many sheep as there were pebbles. Then people learned to count on their fingers, and sometimes on their toes as well, counting in patterns of five, ten, or twenty. Eleven used to mean "one left over," and twelve "two left over." By

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the same process, as it grew more elaborate, eighty (in French) is four twenties. The book goes on to describe (with pictures) Egyptian, Mesopotamian, Mayan, Chinese, and Roman systems of numbers, and then the Hindu number signs and method of counting, which we use, and which came to us by way of Baghdad twelve hundred years ago. I was glad to learn that if you travelled a trillion inches, you would go around the earth six hundred times, and that a vigintillion looks like this: 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. Finally, there is a description of how a simple abacus works, and the author explains, I should think to a child's eternal pleasure and satisfaction, that multiplying is really just a short way of adding, and dividing a short way of subtracting.

"Silkworms and Science" (ages ten to fourteen), by Elizabeth K. Cooper (Harcourt, Brace & World), is a very readable book on the life cycle of the silkworm and the history of silk. For several thousand years, the making of silk was the secret of the court of the emperor of China, and carrying the seeds of the mulberry tree or the eggs of the silk moth out of the country was punishable by death. In other countries, it was surmised that silk came from the colored petals of desert flowers or from the leaves of a tree, or that it was taken, already spun, from the stomach of a worm who dined on his own web. The culture of silkworms is such a painstaking process (given here in detail for anyone wishing to produce his own silk) and the worms themselves, after so many thousands of years of cultivation, are so ill-suited to survival in a harsh world that it is amazing that silk has not become, like the preserving of roses on long sea voyages, a secret buried with the ancient world. Silkworms are as dependent on man as dogs and cats. In some countries, when the eggs are ready to hatch, they are sewn in little bags to the inside of people's clothing to keep them warm. Their wings, through disuse, have become so small and feeble in relation to their plump bodies that they can hardly raise themselves off the ground. Though they are without noses, they are disastrously subject to drafts; they are also without hearts and brains, and die if you feed them wet or dusty leaves, and cannot bear sudden loud noises. Their own noise while, day and night, they bite and tear the leaves of the white mulberry is said to sound like a downpour of rain on a tin roof or the rushing of a mountain stream.

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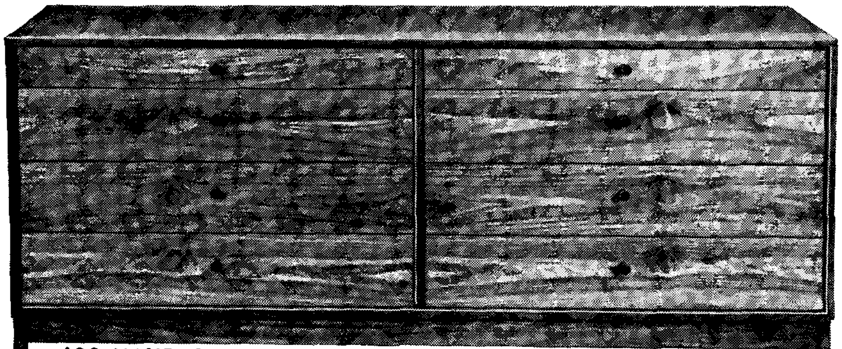

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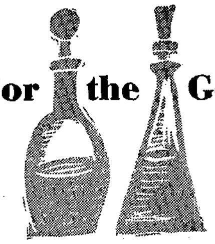

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gists," by Marian T. Place (Putnam), is a survey of the slow deciphering of all that is known of the history and transformation of the earth. The early geologists were mostly French, German, Scottish, English, Canadian, and American. The naked eye and a pair of strong legs were their most important assets. Jean Etienne Guettard, in the eighteenth century, is typical. He began his career as a student of medicine; he was also an amateur naturalist. Sleeping in farmhouses or barns or under the stars, living on milk and cheese and bread and fruit and small game, his pockets bulging with notebooks and field specimens, he covered sixteen hundred miles, all in France, and afterward settled down in a small, unheated room and wrote up his discoveries. It was inevitable that geology should play an important part in the great drama of the nineteenth century—the conflict of religion and science. The German geologist Abraham Gottlob Werner and his supporters maintained that the four layers of rock that were exposed in the countryside Werner knew existed everywhere, in the same order, and were the residual deposit of a universal ocean that had, aeons ago, vanished into space. James Hutton, who was a Scot, and *his* supporters insisted that the processes that are now in operation are those of the past; that heat, probably from the depths of the earth, caused the great upheavals in the earth's crust; and that nowhere was there any sign of a beginning or any prospect of an end. Genesis and the Church were on Werner's side; the facts—as an Englishman, Charles Lyell, was able to prove from the evidence of fossils—were on Hutton's. The early geologists were as brave as they were inquisitive. In his search for facts about the great ice sheet that, according to his deductions, had once covered the earth from the North Pole to Central Europe and Asia, Louis Agassiz drilled a hole a hundred feet deep into a Swiss glacier and had himself lowered into it. At the bottom he was suddenly submerged in a pocket of water and very nearly drowned. All of these men were partly or wholly self-taught in the science of geology, but a young man who wants to become a geologist today is expected, after graduating from college, to decide whether he wants to be an economic, petroleum, engineering, or ground-water geologist, or a paleontologist, stratigrapher, petrographer, photogeologist, mineralogist, geomorphologist, structural geologist, seismologist, or a plain volcanologist. Fifteen thousand geologists are em-

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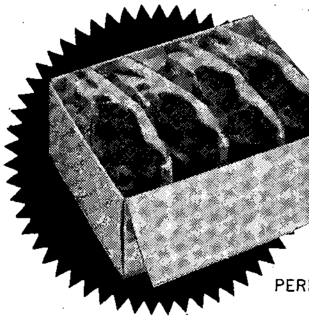

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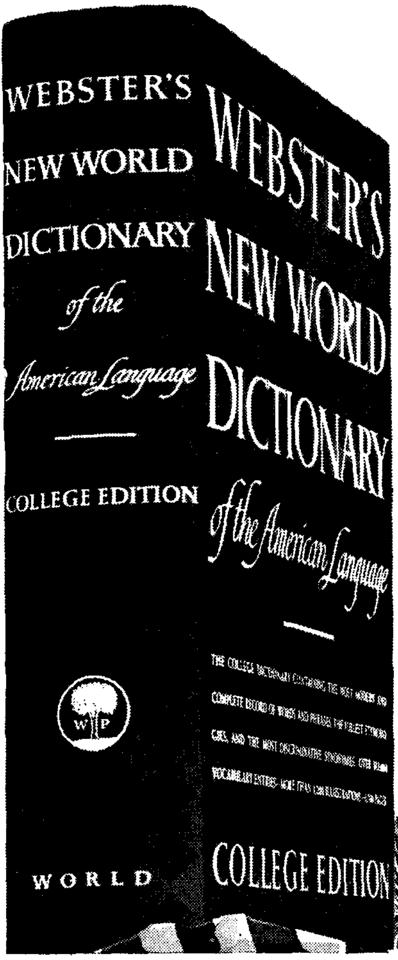
"Searchers of the Sea—Pioneers in Oceanography," by Charles Michael Daugherty (Viking), is a far less technical book. This is probably because—although Aristotle, fishing in the Aegean Sea, collected, studied, and classified one hundred and eight species of marine animals, and Alexander the Great sent his old tutor samples of the flora and fauna that he encountered in his military campaigns and conducted at least one scientific oceanic venture on his own—oceanography is a relatively recent science. It includes, roughly, the study of the varying salinity, depth, currents, temperature, and life of the sea, and of the clues these offer to the earth's history. One of the first oceanographers was Sir Joseph Banks, the botanist who, with Captain Cook, on the Endeavour, made a voyage of discovery around the world. Benjamin Franklin was among the first to recognize the importance of the temperature of the water in ascertaining the paths of ocean currents. Passing back and forth between France and America, he became interested in the Gulf Stream. "I have been attentive to sundry circumstances relating to it, by which to know when one is in it, and besides the gulfweed with which it is interspersed, I find that it is always warmer than the sea on each side of it, and that it does not sparkle in the night. . . . It will appear that the thermometer may be a useful instrument to a navigator, since currents coming from the northward into southern seas will probably be found colder than the water of those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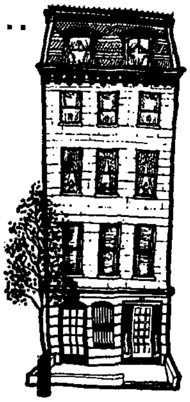

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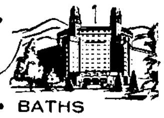

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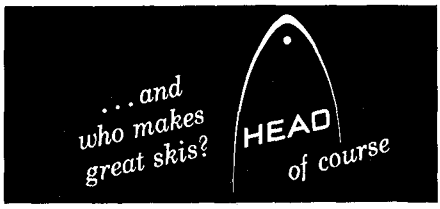
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seas, as the currents from southern seas into northern waters are found warmer. And it is not to be wondered that so vast a body of deep warm water, several leagues wide, coming from between the tropics and issuing out of the gulf into the northern seas, should retain its warmth longer than the twenty days or thirty days required to its passing the banks of Newfoundland." His conclusions were not taken seriously until twenty years later, when the application of his theory became of great practical use to seamen, enabling them, by either using or avoiding the currents, to shorten their voyages, sometimes by a matter of weeks. Still another important figure in oceanography is Nansen, the Arctic explorer, who anchored his specially constructed ship, the Fram, to an iceberg off the northernmost coast of Siberia, let the ice freeze around her, and allowed her to drift for almost three years to prove that a great ocean current moved from the Bering Strait across the polar region toward Greenland. And, finally, there is Piccard, who, applying the principles of ballooning to underwater observation, succeeded in reaching the ocean's floor. Back of these men is a kind of forerunner—Prince Henry the Navigator (1394-1460), who was largely responsible for the maritime exploration, in a single century, of more than half the globe, and who "turned his back on the rest of Europe and made his headquarters on a desolate cape over the rocky coast of southernmost Portugal, as if it were a balcony looking out on a world that was all ocean."

THERE are two new scientific reference books, part of a series in which six more volumes are projected, for young adults and general family use. Very de-luxe in format, awash with illustrations, many of them in full color, and with texts by contemporary science writers, "The Doubleday Pictorial Library of Science—Chemistry, Physics, and Astronomy" was prepared under the supervision of Dr. J. Bronowski and others. The subjects are arranged logically rather than alphabetically, and there are a thousand-word glossary and a good index. "The Doubleday Pictorial Library of Nature—Earth, Plants, and Animals" was edited chiefly by Sir Julian Huxley and James Fisher. Starting with the earth in space, it deals with geology, biology, genetics, evolution, psychology, and geography. It is illustrated by over nine hundred paintings, drawings, and photographs. Appendixes show the classification of plants and animals (including Latin names),

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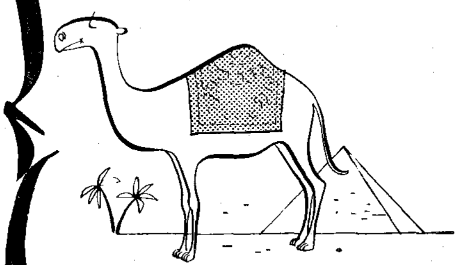

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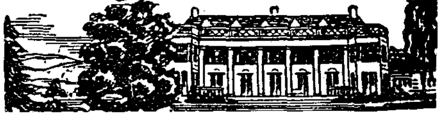

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and explain five hundred natural-history terms. Hans Erni designed both books.

VIRUSES are the smallest giants (that is, living organisms) in the world or the largest midgets (inert molecules), depending, as in "The Phantom Tollbooth," on what door they come out of. In their "dry" state they appear to be molecules and are capable of "living" forever. In their active state, which lasts usually for a few minutes and at most a few hours, they are capable of reproducing themselves thousands of times over, and—what is more significant still—of mutation, thereby allying themselves with the process of evolution. "Viruses and the Nature of Life," by Wendell M. Stanley and Evans G. Valens (Dutton), tells how much is known about viruses at present, how it came to be known, and what scientists are now most anxious to find out. This is the process by which scientists are able to isolate tobacco-mosaic virus: Young tobacco plants are inoculated with the virus, and after a few weeks the leaves of the diseased plants are harvested and frozen. Freezing ruptures the plant cells and makes extraction of the virus easier. The frozen leaves are put through a meat grinder and what comes out has the consistency of hamburger. The hamburger is thawed and then forced through a cloth filter by spinning it in a centrifugal extractor, and in this way the larger cellular debris is separated from the smaller particles, including the virus, which are now suspended in a clear liquid. By means of a machine that acts like a cream separator going at twenty thousand revolutions a minute for an hour or so, the virus is separated from the water and the salts and plant pigments. The liquid is discarded, and the sediment, which contains the virus and larger particles that happened to be in the solution, is dissolved in water. This is spun in a machine that goes too slowly to sediment the virus particles, and this time the sediment is thrown away. The fluid is again put in the cream separator, and the resulting sedimented pellet consists almost entirely of virus particles and water. Just to be on the safe side, the last two processes are repeated two or three times. Out of the hundreds of viruses that have been discovered, there are only twenty about which very much is known. "We have gained," the authors say, "a new perspective through the study of viruses: instead of seeing the objects in our world as divided into two distinct groups [organic and inorganic], we now can see

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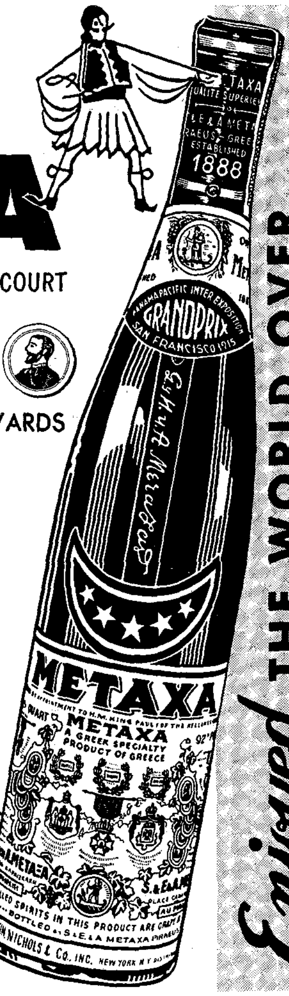
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a single, continuous sequence of gradually increasing complexity. In terms of structure, we can trace a sequence of closely related objects all the way from the atom, through the simple molecule, the macromolecule, the virus, the bacterium, and the jellyfish, to man." Dr. Stanley received the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1946 for his work in virology. Included in the book are six chapters by scientists of the University of California virus laboratory. By way of illustration there are more than two hundred electron micrographs, photographs, charts, and diagrams. The photographs (with magnification of up to a hundred and fifty thousand diameters, or, in terms of volume and weight, enlarged over three quadrillion times) are not only clarifying but sometimes very beautiful. The dual nature of viruses is as exciting as if somebody had discovered that, under certain circumstances, stones breathe—as if he had held a mirror up to a stone and seen the glass cloud over.

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A three-hour "frontal attack against communism," showing Soviet tactics in efforts to dominate the world, will be presented tomorrow over TV Station WPIX, Channel 11.

The program, starting at 8 p.m. and narrated by actor George Murphy, will feature Hollywood celebrities, as well as legislators, investigators and others who have participated in anti-Communist activities.

"All that is necessary for the forces of evil to win in the world is for enough good men to do nothing," commented Edmund Burke of the station.—*The Journal-American.*

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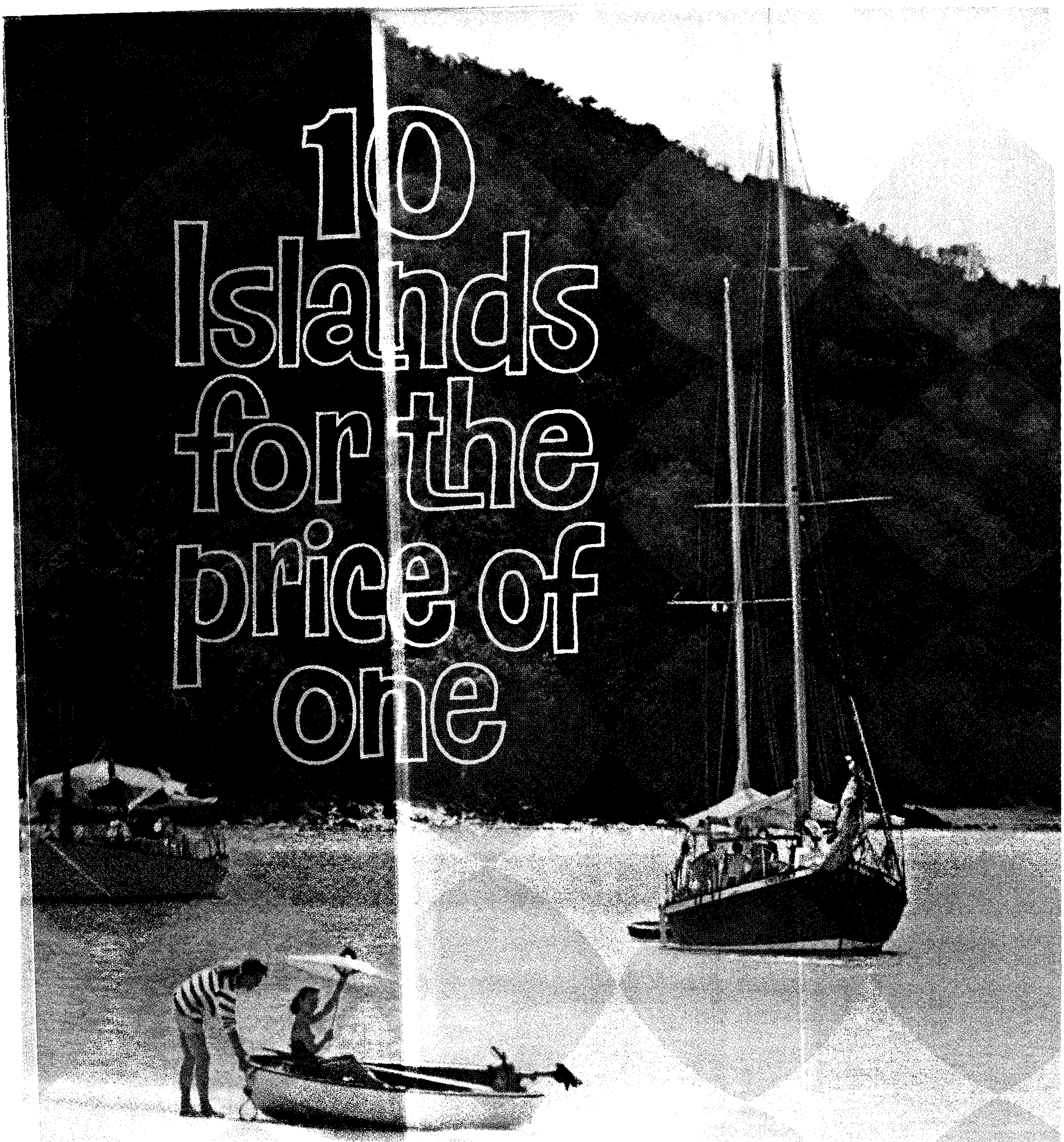

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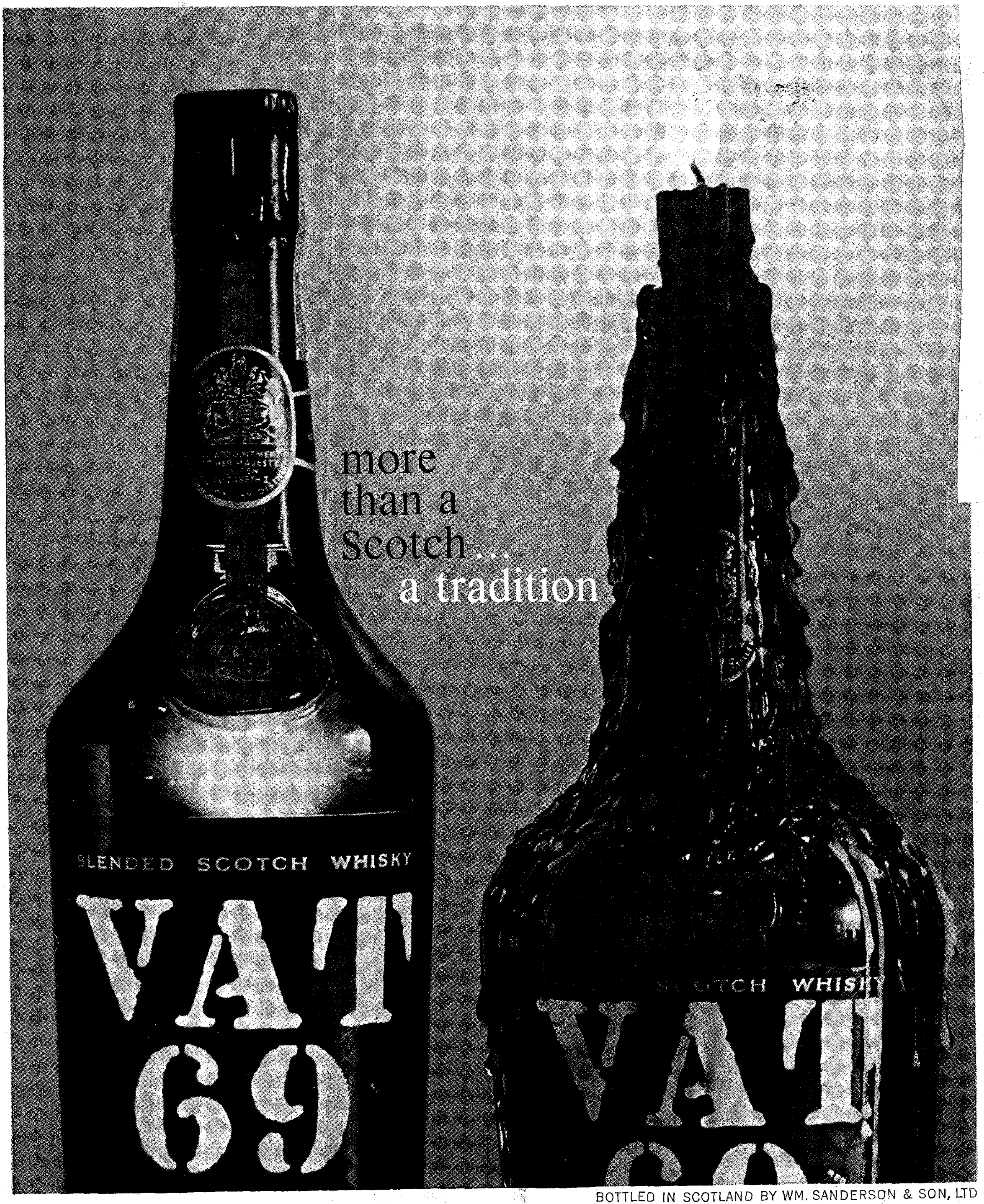
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